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The Mirror

By Laurence Binyon

I

WHERE is all the beauty that hath been ?
Where the bloom ?
Dust on boundless wind ? Grass dropt into fire ?
Shall Earth boast at last of all her teeming womb,
All that suffered, all that triumphed, to inspire
Breath of life in perfect mould, the proud mind's lamp serene,
Nothing ? Space be starry in tremendous choir—
For whom ?

In this deserted chamber, as the evening falls,
Silent curtains move no fold ;
Long has ebbed the floor's pale gold ;
Shadows deepen down the silent walls.
The air is mute as dreams beneath a sleeper's face,
Distant, undivined ;
But every hovering shadow seems to hold
Want untold.
The look of things forsaken, each in its own place,
Memories without home in any mind,
Idle, rich neglect and perfume old—
Over these the glimmer of the twilight fades ;
Infinite human solitude invades
Forms relinquished, hues resigned.

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O little mirror, round and clear,
In solemn-coloured shadow lying
Cold as the moon, pale as a tear,
Beauty's relic and oblivion,
Indifferently to all things as to one
With spiritual silver beam replying,
But void, void, void! desolate as a cave
Abandoned even of the breaking wave,
Or home of youth and mirth, when all its guests are gone!
As I touch thee in the silence here,
Where thou liest alone, apart,
Through the silence of my heart
Thou flashest elfin flames of fear.

Like a sad thought of delight,
Like love-sweetness, like despair,
Come faint spices of the early night
Floating in upon the darkened air.
The air is tender with the sense of dew,
Is tranced, is dim, is heavy, as if there hung
Within the tinges of its shadowy hue
Ghosts of lost flowers, with all their petals young,
And the young beauty they made incense to.
O forlorn mirror, is there nothing thine?
The cup is emptied of its fragrant wine,
The dress is vacant of the breathing form,
And thou that gleam'st
All absence of what once moved gracious, white and warm
In thy clear wells, or luminously mused,
O little mirror long disused,
Laid in this empty bower's recess,
Thou thyself seem'st
The soul and mystery of emptiness.

Yet if I should raise thee now,
As once and oft, thou knowest how,
Hand and slim wrist, smooth as a flower-stem, raised
Thy silent brilliance, and with intent brow
Eyes within thee gazed
Seeking thy oracle,
Shall not from those pellucid secrecies appear
Not I, nor any shape of this dim room,
But all that in thy cave of lambent gloom,
Since long ago dead fingers fashioned thee,

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Ambushed like visions bound in sleeping memory's cell,
Hath dwelt and still may dwell!
All that thy brightness buries as the sea
Wrecked ventures, rusted gold: had I the key,
Mightst thou not ope thy depths, mightst thou not yield
Wonder of wonders, what since time began
Was never yet revealed,
The unmapped, unmeasured, secret heart of man?

Half-shut eyes voluptuously
Lightening, as the bosom swells and glows;
Smile to smile flowering from an ardent thought;
O what moments didst thou deify
With the promise of life crushed to wine
Redder than the cheek's triumphant rose!
—But from deeper places hast thou brought
Nothing? Are not other answers thine?

Hast thou not heard, hast thou not seen,
Hast thou not shown, hast thou not found
Shames unwhispered, terrors bound,
Earthquake pangs of aghast surmise,
When with itself the heart has been
Face to face in an hour profound?
Out of thee what ghosts shall rise,
Shapes, and gestures, and accusing eyes!
World-flattered faces in midnights of pain;
Faces defaced by tiger-lusts insane;
Faces appalled before a self unguessed;
Ashaming dawns on faces fallen and dispossessed!
O what glimpses hast thou flashed in dread,
With what hauntings wast thou visited,
Apparitions of a soul made bare
Shuddering at the thing it looked on there!
But thou art stainless, though the heart has bled,
Thou art silent as the air
Or the wave that closes smooth above the drowner's head.

No man hath seen his own
Soul, for his eyes are sealed
Save for a gleam in the night.
Eyes of eternal light
He needs ere this be revealed,
Eyes that have all things known
From the heights to the world's abyss.

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Mirror, couldst thou show the spirit this,
Then within this narrow room
Were the Judgment and the Doom.
For by so much as its own self it knew
Searched by that burning vision through and through
To the innermost of where it crouched and hid
Amid the husks of the mean deeds it did,
Amid the shadow of all it shunned, the quest
It turned from, and in palterings acquiesced,
To the uttermost of what its eager passion
Caught of the glory springing to re-fashion
Hope and the world, and great with pity saw
Life darkly wrestling with the angel, Law—
By such a measure, molten in that fire,
Should the soul mete itself on God's desire,
Suffer at last all wisdom, and endure
Illumination of a thought all-pure.
O were not this to taste heaven's dawn, or dwell,
Because of knowledge, in the pains of hell ?

II

Where is all the wailing, all the want
Sorrow tore
From Love's bleeding breast ? Extinguished quite ?
Shall the wide-winged glory of hope extravagant,
Shall the laughter, shall the song that sprang to soar
Fall, and no ear hearken, and their failing flight
Echoless waste walls of adamant
Ignore ?

Draw wide the curtain ! Fabulous, remote
Night is come.
Over Earth's lost bosom fragrant breathings float
Into heights of luminous gloom.
But upon the solitary verge extreme
Steals a beam.
Hushed and sudden, ere the eye could note,
Lo, the moon is there !
Innocence of splendour, gazing bare,
Drenches leaves in quiet, thought in dream.

Is it Earth's pale mirror lifted lone
For an answer to her million sighs ?

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Can that far Tranquillity atone
In the gaze of those unnumbered eyes
For the pang and for the moan,
For the heart's dim burial and long dirge,
Luring, as she lures the mutinous sea-surge,
To her will of peace this human tide ?
From a charmed shadow on the shorn hill-side
Hand-in-hand lovers through the trees emerge,
And pause; their very souls are glorified,
Their feet tread airy on immaterial ground,
With marvelling gaze they feel
That well of spiritual light o'erflow
Listening hush, and steal
Fear and trouble, as though
The world were one vast music of ethereal sound
And they a stillness in the midst of it.
Peace, peace and pity ! pardon, pity, peace,
Passing all mortal wit !
O truth long-sought and magically found,
O wonder and release !
O secret of the world long-hidden in day's dust !
They bathe their hearts in that sweet dew, their hands
Thrill clasping in a touch that understands
Nothing magnificent but a divine surrender
Absolving and august.
To distances immersed and tender
Unfolds this vale of struggle hard and pent,
Region of unwon ravishment
In unadventured lands,
A world of leaves and lonely light and leafy scent,
Storied like that old forest of the perilous Fleece.

Sorceress of million nights !
Hast thou charmed indeed the brew,
When with stealth of perverse rites
Mouths that mutter, hands that strew,
Love tormented and malign
Flushed with terror like a maddening wine
Sought another's rue ?
Hecate of the cross-roads, hast thou hearkened
To the sailing witch's mew
And the felon raven's croak
When the shuddering winds were darkened
And the leaves rushed from the withered oak ?

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Ah, not these foul toys would I invoke!
O for some supreme enchanting spell,
Voice of a God crying aloud,
Felt and feared on Earth's heart-strings,
To conjure and to compel
Like a spectre from the shroud
Or like incense-dust that springs
Into fire and fragrant cloud,
Out of thy blind caves and cold recesses
Out of that blank mirror's desert beam
All the unnumbered longings and wild prayers
Infinite heart-broken tendernesses,
Indignations and despairs
That from man's long wound of passion stream,
Sucked like vapour, like a mist of tears
Into that imagined peace, that ecstasy!
O shrine remote, yet thou hast wrought thy part
In every secret and tempestuous heart,
Thou that hast gleamed on thousand battle-crimsoned spears,
Thou that wast radiant on Gethsemane!

She has seen not, she has heard not.
Hearts have leapt for her, but she has stirred not.
Pity she has made, but none has had,
Though her magic mingles with Earth's want
And the trouble of Earth's tender sons,
Thunder of the builded Babylons,
Music of the dreaming poet's chant,
Venture of the steering argosies,
With a light as in divine fulfilment clad
Breathing in for ever syllables of peace.

Peace, is it peace? Yet Earth, dark Earth,
Mother, O Mother, thou that nourishest
In the blind patience of thy teeming breast
Hope without end; who drivest life to birth,
Yet numberest not our dear and sacred dead,
Unheeding of our anguish and lost cries
So thou mayst build beyond us, in our stead,
A race enriched with all for which we bled,
Of haughtier stature and of kinglier eyes;
Thou of whose vast desire strong realms of old,
The dynasty of empires, were but waves
That towered and crashed into their splendid graves,

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For thine unresting hunger to remould
Yet mightier, O insatiable! Doth fear
Not shake thee, Mother, seest thou not ev'n here
In that cold mirror's answer what shall steep
Thee also in oblivion? Thou shalt keep
Of all the fruit of thy most fiery spring,
Stored riches of thy sleepless trafficking,
And proud perfection thou hast travailed for,
Nothing! The beauty that thy body bore
Fresh and exulting (Mother, dost not weep?)
Laughter of streams, young flowers, and starry seas,
Pillar and palace, heaven-faced images
That man has wrought, his tossing heart to ease,
Nothing! To cloud shall vanish the deed done;
The bannered victory, the wrong borne alone,
Nothing! and thou be desolate and none
To feel thy desolation: emptiness,
Night within night, immense and issueless,
Till as a breath upon the mirror dies
Fades the last smoke of thy long sacrifice.

Out of the deeps, a whisper to the silent pole
Trembling through night, answers the soul:
I that am want, I that am grief,
I that am love, I that am mirth,
I that am fear, I that am fire,
Though thou clothe me in beauty brief,
Though I have worn thy sweet attire,
I that am thy sorrow, Earth,
Dwell in the glory of God's desire,
That kneads for ever in the flesh
Of man, to make his spirit afresh,
A marvel more than all thy wandering seas,
And mightier than thy caverned mysteries,
Nor stays nor sleeps, but world on world transfuses
Melted ever to diviner uses,
Through infinite swift changes burning,
Itself the end, no end discerning,
Till all the universe be brought
Into its far perfecting thought.
Then this mind of cloud and rue
Shall in eternal mind be new,
Mirror of God, pure and alone,
See and be seen, know and be known.

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The Clock Dial

By the Hon. Victoria Lady Welby

I

The time flits by and speeds amain,
No passing hour returns again,
Our yesterdays are bygones now,
Who knows the why? Who knows the how?
And yet the clock-hand on the face
Returns, the same one hour to trace.

II

Each day comes fresh, an unrolled span,
A leaf was turned when it began;
Lay gently down each withered day,
As one by one they fade away.
And yet the clock-hand on the face
Returns, the same one hour to trace.

III

We think past happiness has fled,
We think past joy or grief is dead,
The hours wherein our tears were shed,
The hours of watching full of dread.
And yet the clock-hand on the face
Returns, the same one hour to trace.

IV

But things which "come to pass" for men,
As "now" or "then," as "where" or "when,"
Have happened all, are yet to come,
In whole-some being known to some.
For aye the clock-hand on the face
Returns, the same one hour to trace.

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V

The clock-hand moves upon the face
Which also moves in boundless space;
And time is timed in timelessness,
A moment-age to curse or bless.

VI

The future long ago has been,
The past shall yet be newly seen;
And still their orbit moves indeed,
As all things move, in silent speed.

VII

No changeless base is fixed for us,
But joyful life or dolorous
Is ever throb, and pulse, and thrill;
Is swing, and wave, and rush of will.

VIII

And beating heart and ticking clock
Alike deny a rigid rock,
On which were "founded" truths divine—
As though built stone-work could enshrine
The living force of living growth
A ceaseless movement, shaming sloth!

IX

Vibration in the stillest air,
A breath-like rhythm everywhere,
In things of faith, in things of sense,
As we grow less inert and dense,
Is felt, seen, heard, and understood,
Is known as sign of larger good.

X

Our "upward" is but deeper life,
Our "onward" still the ancient strife,
In wealth of action more awake,
In wholeness welcomed for the sake
Of truer service to our Sun. . . .
The same one hour's full record giving—
Each hour sets free fresh springs of living:
And yet the clock-hand on the face
Returns, the same one hour to trace.

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In the Lane

By Thomas Burke

GREEN branches laced a burning sky,
  And all the lane was mottled shade,
When she came by.
Her face is with me to this hour—
I think there was no fairer flower
In all the fields that day.

Now Walworth attics hold me high
  Above a lane where bawling life
Goes sadly by.
But she has made this lane for me
A place where I may daily see
Some beauty pass my way;
Because, in a far distant lane,
She smiled and turned to smile again.

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Paris Nights

By Arnold Bennett

CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

Quite early in the winter evening, before the light had died out of the sky, central Paris was beginning to be pleasurably excited. The aspect of the streets and of the *cafés* showed that. One saw it and heard it in the gestures and tones of the people; one had a proof of it in oneself. The whole city was in a state of delightful anxiety; and it was happy because the result of the night, whatever fate chose to decide, could not fail to be amusing and even thrilling. All the thoroughfares converging upon the small and crowded island which is the historical kernel of Paris, were busier and livelier than usual. In particular, automobiles thronged—the largest, glossiest, and most silent automobiles, whose horns were orchestras—automobiles which vied with motor-omnibuses for imposingness and moved forward with the smooth majesty of trains. There came a point, near the twinkling bridges, where progress was impossible, where an impalpable obstacle intervened, and vehicles stood arrested in long treble files, and mysterious words were passed backwards from driver to driver. But nobody seemed to mind; nobody seemed impatient; for it was something to be thus definitely and materially a part of the organised excitement. Hundreds of clever resourceful persons had had the idea of avoiding the main avenues, and creeping up unobserved to the centre of attraction by the little streets. So that all these ancient narrow dark lanes that thread between high and picturesque architectures were busy with automobiles and carriages. And in the gloom one might see shooting round a corner the brilliant interior of an automobile, with electric light and flowers and a pet dog, and a couple of extremely fashionable young women in it, their eyes sparkling with present joy and the confident expectation of joy to come. And such young women, utterly correct, were doing the utterly correct thing. But all these little streets led at last to the same impalpable obstacle. So that from a high tower,

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for instance, the Tour St. Jacques close by, one might have beheld the black masonry of the centre of attraction as it were beleaguered on every side by the attacking converging files that were held back by some powerful word; while the minutes elapsed, and the incandescent signs of shops and theatres increased in the sky, and the Seine, dividing to clasp the island, darkened into a lamp-reflecting mirror along which tiny half-discerned steamers restlessly plied.

* * * *

Despite the powerful word, the Palace of Justice, the centre of attraction, was tremendously alive and gay with humanity. Traffic could not be stopped, and was not stopped, and those who had sufficient energy and perseverance could insinuate themselves into its precincts. The great gold lamps that flank the staircase of honour gleamed upon a crowd continually ascending and descending. The outer hall was full of laughing chatter and of smoke. And barristers, both old and young, walked to and fro in hieratic converse, waving their cigarettes in sober curves, and on every one of their faces as they gazed negligently at the public was the announcement that they could tell "an they would." All the interminable intersecting corridors were equally vivacious, with their diminishing perspectives of stoves against which groups warmed themselves. Groups of talkers made the circuit of the corridors as it might have been the circuit of a town, passing a given spot regularly, and repeating and repeating the same arguments. And the solemn arched immensity of the Hall of Lost Footsteps was like a Bourse. Here more than anywhere else, one had the sense of audience-chambers concealed behind doors, where fatal doings were afoot; one had the sense of the terrific vastness and complexity of the Palace wherein scores of separate ceremonious activities simultaneously proceeded in scores of different halls. The general public knew only that somewhere within the Palace, somewhere close at hand, at the end of some particular passage, guarded doors hid the spectacle whose slightest episode was being telegraphed to all the cities of the entire civilised world; and the general public was content, even very content, to be near by.

The affair was in essence a trifle; merely the trial of a woman for the murder of her husband. But this woman was an heroic woman; this woman belonged by right of brain and individual force to the great race of Thérèse Humbert. Years before, she had moved safely in the background of a sensational tragedy involving the highest personages of the Republic. And now in the background of her own tragedy there moved somebody so

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high and so potent that no newspaper dared or cared to name his name. All that was known was that this enigmatic and awful individual existed, that he was involved, that had he been less sublime he would have had to appear before the court, that he would not appear, and that justice would suffer accordingly. In the ordeal of extremest publicity, the woman had emerged a Titaness. Throughout all her altercations with judge, advocates, witnesses, and journalists, she had held her own grandly, displaying not only an astounding force of character, but a superb appreciation of the theatrical quality of her *rôle*. She was of a piece with yellow journalism, and the multitude that gapes for yellow journalism. She was shameless. She was caught again and again in a net of lies, and she always escaped. She admitted nearly everything: lyings, adulteries, and manifold deceits; but she would not admit that she knew anything about the murder of her husband. And even though it was obvious that the knots by which she was bound when the murder was discovered were not serious knots, even though she left a hundred incriminating details unexplained, a doubt concerning her guilt would persist in the minds of the impartial. She was indubitably a terrible creature, but she was an enchantress, and she was also beyond question an exceedingly able housekeeper and hostess. She might be terrible without being a murderess.

And now the trial was closing. The verdict, it was stated, would be rendered that night even if the court sat till midnight. It would be a pity to keep an amiable public, already on the rack of impatience for many days, waiting longer. The time was ripe. Further, the woman had had enough. Her resources were exhausted, and to continue the fight would mean an anti-climax. The woman had completely lost the respect of the public—that was inevitable—but she had not lost its admiration. The attitude of the public was cruel, with the ignoble cruelty which is practised towards women in Latin countries alone; she had even been sarcastically sketched in the most respectable illustrated paper in the attitude of a famous madonna; but beneath the inconceivably base jeers, there remained admiration; and there remained, too, gratitude—the gratitude offered to a gladiator who has fought well and provided a really first-class diversion.

* * * *

The supper-restaurants were visited earlier and were much more crowded than usual on that night. It was as though the influence of the trial had been aphrodisiacal. Or it may have been that the men and women of pleasure wished to receive the

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verdict in circumstances worthy of its importance in the annals of pleasure. Or it may have been that dinner had been deranged by the excitations connected with the trial and that people felt honestly hungry. I went into one of these restaurants, in a square whose buildings are embroidered with inviting letters of fire until dawn every morning throughout the year. A stern attendant took me up in a lift, and instantly I had quitted the sternness of the lift I was in another atmosphere. There was the bar, and there the illustrious English barman, drunk. For in these regions the barman must always be English and a little drunk. The barman knows everybody, and not to know his Christian name and the feel of his hand is to be nobody. This barman is a Parisian celebrity. But let an accident or a misadventure disqualify him from his work, and he will be forgotten utterly in less than a week. And in his martyred old age he will certainly recount to charitable acquaintances who find him ineffably tedious, how he was barman at the unique Restaurant Lepic in the old days when fun was really fun, and the most appalling iniquity was openly tolerated by the police.

The bar and the barman and the cloak-room attendant (another man of genius) are only the prelude to the great supper-hall, which is simply and completely dazzling, with its profuse festoons of electric bulbs, its innumerable naked shoulders, arms, and bosoms, its fancy costumes, its bald heads, its music, clatter, and tinkle, and its desperate gaiety. To go into it is like going into a furnace of sensuality. It can be likened to nothing but an orange-lit scene of Roman debauch in a play written and staged by Mr. Hall Caine. One feels that one has been unjust in one's attitude to Mr. Hall Caine's claims as a realist.

Although the restaurant will positively not hold any more revellers, more revellers insist on coming in, and fresh tables are produced by conjuring and placed for them between other tables, until the whole mass of wood and flesh is wedged tight together and waiters have to perform prodigies of insinuation. The effect of these multitudinous wasters is desolating, and even pathetic. It is the enormous stupidity of the mass that is pathetic, and its secret tedium that is desolating. At their wit's end how to divert themselves, these bald heads pass the time in capers more antique and fatuous than were ever employed at a village wedding. Some of them find distraction in monstrous gorging—and beefsteaks and fried potatoes and spicy sauces go down their throats in a way to terrorise the arthritic beholder. Others merely drink. Some quarrel, with the boneless persistency of intoxication. One falls humorously under a table, and is humorously

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fished up by the red-coated leader of the orchestra: it is a marked success of esteem. Many are content to caress the bright odalisques with fond, monotonous vacuity. A few of these odalisques, and the waiters, alone save the spectacle from utter humiliation. The waiters are experts engaged in doing their job. The industry of each night leaves them no energy for dissoluteness. They are alert and determined. Their business is to make stupidity as lavish as possible, and they succeed. To see them surveying with cold statistical glances the field of their operations, to listen to their indestructible politeness, to divine the depth of their concealed scorn—this is a pleasure. And some of the odalisques are beautiful. Fine women in the sight of heaven! They too are experts, with the hard preoccupation of experts. They are at work; and this is the battle of life. They inspire respect. It is—it is the dignity of labour.

Suddenly it is announced that the jury at the Palace are about to deliver their verdict. Nobody knows how the news has come, nor even who first spoke it in the restaurant. But there it is. Humorous guffaws of relief are vented. The fever of the place becomes acute, with a decided influence on the consumption of champagnes. The accused lady is toasted again and again. Of course, she had been, throughout, the solid backbone of the chatter; but now she was all the chatter. And everybody recounted again to everybody else every suggestive rumour of her iniquity that had appeared in any newspaper for months past. She was tried over again in a moment, and condemned and insulted and defended, and consistently honoured with libations. She had never been more truly heroic, more legendary, than she was then.

The childlike company loudly demanded the verdict, with their tongues and with their feet.

A beautiful young girl of about eighteen, the significant features of whose attire were long black stockings and a necklace, said to a gentleman who was helping her to eat a vast *entrecôte* and to drink champagne:

"If it comes not soon, it will be too late."

"The verdict?" said the fatuous swain. "How?—too late?"

"I shall be too drunk," said the girl, apparently meaning that she would be too drunk to savour the verdict and to get joy from it. She spoke with mournful and slightly disgusted certainty, as though anticipating a phenomenon which was absolutely regular and absolutely inevitable.

And then, on a table near the centre of the room, instead of

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plates and glasses appeared a child-dancer who might have been Spanish or Creole, but who probably had never been out of Montmartre. This child seemed to be surrounded by her family seated at the table—by her mother and her aunts and a cousin or so, all with simple and respectable faces, naively proud of and pleased with the child. From their expressions, the child might have been cutting bread and butter on the table instead of dancing. The child danced exquisitely, but her performance could not moderate the din. It was a lovely thing gloriously wasted. The one feature of it that was not wasted on the intelligence of the company was the titillating contrast between the little girl's fresh infancy and the advanced decomposition of her environment.

She ceased, and disappeared into her family. The applause began, but it was mysteriously and swiftly cut short. Why did every one by a simultaneous impulse glance eagerly in the direction of the door? Why was the hush so dramatic? A voice —whose?—cried near the doorway:

"*Acquittée!*"

And all cried triumphantly: "*Acquittée! Acquittée! Acquittée! Acquittée!*" Happy, boisterous Bedlam was created and let loose. Even the waiters forgot themselves. The whole world stood up, stood on chairs, or stood on tables; and shouted, shrieked, and whistled. But the boneless drunkards were still quarrelling, and one bald head had retained sufficient presence of mind to wear a large oyster-shell facetiously for a hat. And then the orchestra, inspired, struck into a popular refrain of the moment, perfectly apposite. And all sang with right good-will:

"*Le lendemain elle était souriante.*"

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL BALLET AT THE OPÉRA

Sylvain's is the only good restaurant in the centre of Paris where you can dine in the open air, that is to say, in the street. Close by, the dark, still mass of the Opéra rises hugely out of the dusk and out of the flitting traffic at its base. Sylvain's is full of diners who have no eyes to see beyond the surfaces of things.

By virtue of a contract made between Sylvain's and the city, the diners are screened off from the street and from the twentieth century by a row of high potted evergreens. Pass within the screen, and you leave behind you the modern epoch. The Third Republic recedes; the Second Empire recedes; Louis-Philippe has never been, nor even Napoleon; the Revolution has not begun to announce itself. You are become suddenly a

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grand seigneur. Every gesture and tone of every member of the *personnel* of Sylvain's implores your excellency with one word: "Deign!"

It is curious that while a modern shopkeeper who sells you a cigar or an automobile or a quarter of lamb does not think it necessary to make you a noble of the *ancien régime* before commencing business, a shopkeeper who sells you cooked food could not omit this preliminary without losing his self-respect. And it is the more curious since all pre-democratic books of travel are full of the cheek of these particular shopkeepers. Such tales of old travellers could scarcely be credited, in spite of their unison, were it not that the ancient tradition of rapacious insolence still survives in wild and barbaric spots like the cathedral cities of England.

Your excellency, attended by his gentlemen-in-waiting (who apparently never eat, never want to eat), in the intervals of the ceremonious collation will gaze with interest at the Opéra, final legacy of the Empire to the Republic. A great nation owes it to itself to possess a splendid opera-palace. Art must be fostered. The gracious amenities of life must be maintained. And this is the State's affair. The State has seen to it. The most gorgeous building in Paris is not the legislative chamber, nor the hall of the University, nor the clearing-house of charity. It is the Opéra. The State has paid for it, and the State pays every year for its maintenance. That is, the peasant chiefly pays. There is not a peasant in the farthest corner of France who may not go to bed at dark comforted by the thought that the Opéra in Paris is just opening its cavalry-sentinelled doors, and lighting its fifteen thousand electric candles, and that he is helping to support all that. Paris does not pay; the *habitués* of the Opéra do not pay; the yawning tourists do not pay; the grandiose classes do not pay. It is the nation, as a nation, that accepts the burden, because the encouragement of art is a national duty. (Moreover, visiting monarchs have to be diverted.) Of one sort or another, from the tenor to the vendor of programmes, there are twelve hundred priests and priestesses of art in the superb building. A few may be artists. But it is absolutely certain that all are bureaucrats.

The Opéra is the Circumlocution Office. The Opéra is a State department. More, it is probably the most characteristic of all the State departments, and the most stubbornly reactionary. The nominal director, instead of being omnipotent and godlike, is only a poor human being whose actions are the resultant of ten thousand forces that do not fear him. The Opéra is above all

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the theatre of secret influences. Every mystery of its enormous and wasteful inefficiency can be explained either by the operation of the secret influence or by the operation of the bureaucratic mind. If the most tedious operas are played the most often, if the stage is held by singers who cannot sing, if original artists have no chance there, if the blight of a flaccid perfunctoriness is upon nearly all the performances, if astute mothers can sell the virginity of their dancing daughters to powerful purchasers in the wings, the reason is a reason of State. The Opéra is the splendid prey of the high officers of State. If such a one wants an evening's entertainment, or a mistress, or to get rid of a mistress, the Opéra is there, at his disposition. The *foyer de la danse* is the most wonderful seraglio in the western world, and it is reserved to the Government and to subscribers. Thus is art fostered, and for this does the peasant pay.

Nevertheless the Opéra is a beautiful and impressive sight in the late, warm dusk of June. Against the deep purple sky the monument stands up like a mountain; and through its innumerable windows—holes in the floor of heaven—can be glimpsed yellow clusters of candelabra and perspectives of marble pillars and frescoed walls. And at the foot of the gigantic *façade* little brightly coloured figures are running up the steps and disappearing eagerly within: they are the world of fashion, and they know that they are correct and that the Opéra is the Opéra.

* * * *

I looked over the crimson plush edge of the box down into Egypt, where Cleopatra was indulging her desires; into a civilisation so gorgeous, primitive, and far-off that when compared to it the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries seemed as like as two peas in their sophistication and sobriety. Cleopatra had set eyes on a youth, and a whim for him had taken her. By no matter what atrocious exercise of power and infliction of suffering, that whim had to be satisfied on the instant. It was satisfied. And a swift homicide left the Queen untrammelled by any sentimental consequences. The whole affair was finished in a moment, and the curtain falling on all that violent and gorgeous scene. In a moment this Oriental episode, interpreted by semi-Oriental artists, had made all the daring prurient suggestiveness of French comedy seem timid and foolish. It was a revelation. A new standard was set, and there was not a vaudevillist in the auditorium but knew that neither he nor his interpreters could ever reach that standard. The simple and childlike gestures of the slave-girls as with their bodies and their veils they

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formed a circular tent to hide Cleopatra and her lover—these gestures took away the breath of protest.

The St. Petersburg and the Moscow troupes, united, of the Russian Imperial Ballet, had been brought to Paris, at vast expense and considerable loss, to present this astounding spectacle of mere magnificent sanguinary lubricity to the cosmopolitan fashion of Paris. There the audience actually was, rank after rank of crowded toilets rising to the dim ceiling, young women from the Avenue du Bois and young women from Arizona, and their protective and possessive men. And nobody blenched, nobody swooned. The audience was taken by assault. The West End of Europe was just staggered into acceptance. As yet London has seen only fragments of Russian ballet. But London may and probably will see the whole. Let there be no qualms. London will accept also. London might be horribly scared by one-quarter of the audacity shown in *Cleopatra*, but it will not be scared by the whole of that audacity. An overdose of a fatal drug is itself an antidote. The fact is, that the spectacle was saved by a sort of moral nudity, and by a naive assurance of its own beauty. Oh! It was extremely beautiful. It was ineffably more beautiful than any other ballet I had ever seen. An artist could feel at once that an intelligence of really remarkable genius had presided over its invention and execution. It was masterfully original from the beginning. It continually furnished new ideals of beauty. It had drawn its inspiration from some rich fountain unknown to us occidentals. Neither in its scenery, nor in its grouping, nor in its pantomime was there any clear trace of that Italian influence which still dominates the European ballet. With a vengeance it was a return to nature and a recommencement. It was brutally direct. It was beast-like; but the incomparable tiger is a beast. It was not perverse. It was too fresh, zealous, and alive to be perverse. Personally I was conscious of the most intense pleasure that I had experienced in a theatre for years. And this was Russia! This was the country that had made such a deadly and disgusting mess of the Russo-Japanese War.

* * * *

The box was a stage-box. It consisted of a suite of two drawing-rooms, softly upholstered, lit with electric light, and furnished with easy-chairs and mirrors. A hostess might well have offered tea to a score of guests therein. And as a fact there were a dozen people in it. Its size indicated the dimensions of the auditorium, in which it was a mere cell. The curious thing about it was the purely incidental character of its relation to the

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stage. The front of it was a narrow terrace, like the mouth of a bottle, which offered a magnificent panorama of the auditorium, with a longitudinal slice of the stage at one extremity. From the terrace one glanced vertically down at the stage, as at a street-pavement from a first-story window. Three persons could be comfortable, and four could be uncomfortable, on the terrace. One or two more, by leaning against chair-backs and coiffures, could see half of the longitudinal slice of the stage. The remaining half-dozen were at liberty to meditate in the luxurious twilight of the drawing-room. The Republic, as operatic manager, sells every night some scores, and on its brilliant nights some hundreds, of expensive seats which it is perfectly well aware give no view whatever of the stage: another illustration of the truth that the sensibility of the conscience of corporations varies inversely with the size of the corporation.

But this is nothing. The wonderful aspect of the transaction is that purchasers never lack. They buy and suffer; they buy again and suffer yet again; they live on and reproduce their kind. There was in the hinterland of the box a dapper, vivacious man who might (if he had wasted no time) have been grandfather to a man as old as I. He was eighty-five years old, and he had sat in boxes of an evening for over sixty years. He talked easily of the heroic age before the Revolution of '48, when, of course, every woman was an enchantress, and the farces at the Palais Royal were *really* amusing. He could pipe out whole pages of farce. Except during the *entr'actes* this man's curiosity did not extend beyond the shoulders of the young women on the terrace. For him the spectacle might have been something going on round the corner of the next street. He was in a spacious and discreet drawing-room; he had the habit of talking; talking was an essential part of his nightly hygiene; and he talked. Continually impinging, in a manner fourth-dimensional, on my vision of Cleopatra's violent afternoon, came the "*Je me rappelle*" of this ancient. Now he was in Rome, now he was in London, and now he was in Florence. He went nightly to the Pergola Theatre when Florence was the capital of Italy. He had tales of kings. He had one tale of a king which, as I could judge from the hard perfection of its phraseology, he had been repeating on every night-out for fifty years. According to this narration he was promenading the inevitable pretty woman in the Cascine at Florence, when a heavily moustached person *en civil* flashed by, driving a pair of superb bays, and he explained not without pride to the pretty woman that she looked on a king.

"It is *that*, the king?" exclaimed the pretty *ingénue* too loudly.

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And with a grand bow (of which the present generation has lost the secret) the moustaches, all flashing and driving, leaned from the equipage and answered: "Yes, madame, it is *that*, the king."

"*Et si vous aviez vu la tête de la dame . . . !*"

In those days society existed.

I should have heard many more such tales during the *entr'acte*, but I had to visit the stage. Strictly I did not desire to visit the stage, but as I possessed the privilege of doing so, I felt bound in pride to go. I saw myself at the great age of eighty-five recounting to somebody else's grandchildren the marvels that I had witnessed in the *coulisses* of the Paris Opéra during the unforgettable season of the Russian Imperial Ballet in the early years of the century, when society existed.

At an angle of a passage which connects the auditorium with the tray (the stage is called the tray, and those who call the stage the stage at the Opéra are simpletons and lack guile) were a table and a chair, and, partly on the chair and partly on the table, a stout respectable man: one of the twelve hundred. He looked like a town-councillor, and his life-work on this planet was to distinguish between persons who had the entry and persons who had not the entry. He doubted my genuineness at once, and all the bureaucrat in him glowered from his eyes. Yes! My card was all right, but it made no mention of madame. Therefore, I might pass, but madame might not. Moreover, save in cases very exceptional, ladies were not admitted to the tray. So it appeared! I was up against an entire department of the State. Human nature is such that at that moment, had some power offered me the choice between the ability to write a novel as fine as *Crime and Punishment* and the ability to triumph instantly over the pestilent town-councillor, I would have chosen the latter. I retired in good order. "You little suspect, town-councillor," I said to him within myself, "that I am the guest of the management, that I am extremely intimate with the management, and that, indeed, the management is my washpot!" At the next *entr'acte* I returned again with an omnipotent document which instructed the whole twelve hundred to let both monsieur and madame pass anywhere, everywhere. The town-councillor admitted that it was perfect, so far as it went. But there was the question of my hat to be considered. I was not wearing the right kind of hat! The town-councillor planted both his feet firmly on tradition, and defied imperial passports. "Can you have any conception," I cried to him within myself, "how much this hat cost me at Henry Heath's?" Useless! Nobody ever

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had passed, and nobody ever would pass, from the auditorium to the tray in a hat like mine. It was unthinkable. It would be an outrage on the Code Napoléon. . . . After all, the man had his life-work to perform. At length he offered to keep my hat for me till I came back. I yielded. I was beaten. I was put to shame. But he had earned a night's repose.

* * * *

The famous, the notorious *foyer de la danse* was empty. Here was an evening given exclusively to the ballet, and not one member of the corps had had the idea of exhibiting herself in the showroom specially provided by the State as a place or rendezvous for ladies and gentlemen. The most precious quality of an annual subscription for a seat at the Opéra is that it carries with it the entry to the *foyer de la danse* (provided one's hat is right); if it did not, the subscriptions to the Opéra would assuredly diminish. And lo! the gigantic but tawdry mirror which gives a factitious amplitude to a room that is really small, did not reflect the limbs of a single dancer! The place had a mournful, shabby-genteel look, as of a resort gradually losing fashion. It was tarnished. It did not in the least correspond with a young man's dreams of it. Yawning tedium hung in it like a vapour, that tedium which is the implacable secret enemy of dissoluteness. This, the *foyer de la danse*, where the insipidly vicious heroines of Halévy's ironic masterpiece achieved, with a mother's aid, their ducal conquests! It was as cruel a disillusion as the first sight of Rome or Jerusalem. Its meretriciousness would not have deceived even a visionary parlour-maid. Nevertheless, the world of the Opéra was astounded at the neglect of its hallowed *foyer* by these young women from St. Petersburg and Moscow. I was told, with emotion, that on only two occasions in the whole season had a Russian girl wandered therein. The legend of the sobriety and the chastity of these strange Russians was abroad in the Opéra like a strange, uncanny tale. Frankly, Paris could not understand it. Because all these creatures were young, and all of them conformed to some standard or other of positive physical beauty! They could not be old, for the reason that a ukase obliged them to retire after twenty years' service at latest; that is, at about the age of thirty-six, a time of woman's life which on the Paris stage is regarded as infancy. Such a ukase must surely have been promulgated by Ivan the Terrible or Catherine! . . . No! Paris never recovered from the wonder of the fact that when they were not dancing these lovely girls were just honest misses, with apparently no taste for bank-notes and spiced meats, even in the fever of an unexampled artistic and fashionable success.

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Amid the turmoil of the stage, where the prodigiously original peacock-green scenery of *Schehezerade* was being set, a dancer could be seen here and there in a corner, waiting, preoccupied, worried, practising a step or a gesture. I was clumsy enough to encounter one of the principals who did not want to be encountered; we could not escape from each other. There was nothing for it but to shake hands. His face assumed the weary, unwilling smile of conventional politeness. His fingers were limp.

"It pleases you?"

"Enormously."

I turned resolutely away at once, and with relief he lapsed back into his preoccupation concerning the half-hour's intense emotional and physical labour that lay immediately in front of him. In a few moments the curtain went up, and the terrific creative energy of the troupe began to vent itself. And I began to understand a part of the secret of the extreme brilliance of the Russian ballet.

* * * *

The brutality of *Schehezerade* was shocking. It was the Arabian Nights treated with imaginative realism. In perusing the Arabian Nights we never try to picture to ourselves the manners of a real Bagdad; or we never dare. We lean on the picturesque splendour and romantic poetry of certain aspects of the existence portrayed, and we shirk the basic facts: the crudity of the passions, and the superlative cruelty informing the whole social system. For example, we should not dream of dwelling on the more serious functions of the caliphian eunuchs. In the surpassing fury and magnificence of the Russian ballet one saw eunuchs actually at work, scimitar in hand. There was the frantic orgy, and then there was the barbarous punishment, terrible and revolting; certainly one of the most sanguinary sights ever seen on an occidental stage. The eunuchs pursued the fragile and beautiful odalisques with frenzy; in an instant the seraglio was strewn with murdered girls in all the abandoned postures of death. And then silence, save for the hard breathing of the executioners! . . . A thrill! It would seem incredible that such a spectacle should give pleasure. Yet it unquestionably did, and very exquisite pleasure. The artists, both the creative and the interpretative, had discovered an artistic convention which was at once grandiose and truthful. The passions displayed were primitive, but they were ennobled in their illustration. The performance was regulated to the least gesture; no

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detail was unstudied; and every moment was beautiful; not a few were sublime.

And all this a by-product of Russian politics! If the politics of France are subtly corrupt; if anything can be done in France by nepotism and influence, and nothing without; if the governing machine of France is fatally vitiated by an excessive and unimaginative centralisation—the same is far more shamefully true of Russia. The fantastic inefficiency of all the great departments of State in Russia is notorious and scandalous. But the Imperial ballet, where one might surely have presumed an intensification of every defect (as in Paris), happens to be far nearer perfection than any other enterprise of its kind, public or private. It is genuinely dominated by artists of the first rank; it is invigorated by a real discipline; and the results achieved approach the miraculous. The pity is that the moujik can never learn that one, at any rate, of the mysterious transactions which pass high up over his head, and for which he is robbed, is in itself honest and excellent. An alleviating thought for the moujik, if only it could be knocked into his great thick head! For during the performance of the Russian Imperial ballet at the Paris Opéra, amid all the roods of toilets and expensive correctness, one thinks of the moujik; or one ought to think of him. He is at the bottom of it. See him in Tchekoff's masterly tale, *The Moujiks*, in his dirt, squalor, drunkenness, lust, servitude, and despair! Realise him well at the back of your mind as you watch the ballet! Your delightful sensations before an unrivalled work of art are among the things he has paid for.

* * * *

Walking home, I was attracted, within a few hundred yards of the Opéra, by the new building of the Magasins du Printemps. Instead of being lighted up and all its galleries busy with thousands of women in search of adornment, it stood dark and deserted. But at one of the entrances was a feeble ray. I could not forbear going into the porch and putting my nose against the glass. The head-watchman was seated in the centre of the ground-floor chatting with a colleague. With a lamp and chairs they had constructed a little domesticity for themselves in the middle of that acreage of silks and ribbons and feathers all covered now with pale dust-sheets. They were the centre of a small sphere of illumination, and in the surrounding gloom could be dimly discerned gallery after gallery rising in a slender lacework of iron. The vision of Bagdad had been inexpressibly romantic; but this vision also was inexpressibly romantic. There was something touching in the humanity of those simple

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men amid the vast nocturnal stillness of that organism—the most spectacular, the most characteristic, the most spontaneous, and perhaps the most beautiful symbol of an age which is just as full of romance as any other age. The human machine and the scenic panorama of the big shop have always attracted me, as in Paris so in London. And looking at this particular wonderful shop in its repose I could contemplate better the significance of its activity. What singular ideals have the women who passionately throng it in the eternal quest! I say "passionately," because I have seen eyes glitter with fierce hope in front of a skunk boa or the tints of a new stuff, translating instantly these material things into terms of love and adoration. What cruelty is hourly practised upon the other women who must serve and smile and stand on their feet in the stuffiness of the heaped and turbulent galleries eleven hours a day six full days a week; and upon the still other women, unpresentable, who in their high garrets stitch together these confections! And how fine and how inspiriting it all is, this fever, and these delusive hopes, and this cruelty! The other women are asleep now, repairing damage; but in a very few hours they will be converging here in long hurried files from the four quarters of Paris, in their enforced black, and tying their black aprons, and pinning on their breasts the numbered discs which distinguish them from one another in the judgment-books of the shop. They will be beginning again. The fact is that Bagdad is nothing to this. Only people are so blind.

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The Dark Lady of the Sonnets

By Bernard Shaw

Fin de siècle 15–1600. *Midsummer night on the terrace of the Palace at Whitehall, overlooking the river. The palace clock chimes the four quarters, and strikes eleven. A Beefeater on guard. A Cloaked Man approaches.*

THE BEEFEATER. Stand. Who goes there? Give the word.

THE MAN. Marry! I cannot. I have e'en clean forgotten it.

THE BEEFEATER. Then cannot you pass here. What is your business? Who are you? Are you a true man?

THE MAN. Far from it, Master Warder. I am not the same man two days together: sometimes Adam, sometimes Benvolio, and anon the Ghost.

THE BEEFEATER [*recoiling*] A ghost! Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

THE MAN. Well said, Master Warder. With your leave I will set that down in writing; for I have a very poor and unhappy brains for remembrance. [*He takes out his tablets and writes*] Methinks this a good scene, with you on your lonely watch, and I approaching like a ghost in the moonlight. Stare not so amazedly at me; but mark what I say. I keep tryst here to-night with a dark lady. She promised to bribe the warder. I gave her the wherewithal: four tickets for the Globe Theatre.

THE BEEFEATER. Plague on her! She gave me two only.

THE MAN [*detaching a tablet*] My friend: present this tablet and you will be welcomed at any time when the plays of Will Shakespear are in hand. Bring your wife. Bring your friends. Bring the whole garrison. There is ever plenty of room.

THE BEEFEATER. I care not for these new-fangled plays. No man can understand a word of them. They are all talk. Will you not give me a pass for The Spanish Tragedy?

THE MAN. To see The Spanish Tragedy one pays, my friend. Here are the means. [*He gives him a piece of gold.*

THE BEEFEATER [*overwhelmed*] Gold! Oh, sir, you are a better paymaster than your dark lady.

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THE MAN. Women are thrifty, my friend.

THE BEEFEATER. 'Tis so, sir. And you have to consider that the most openhanded of us must e'en cheapen that which we buy every day. This lady has to make a present to a warder nigh every night of her life.

THE MAN [*turning pale*] I'll not believe it.

THE BEEFEATER. Now you, sir, I dare be sworn, do not have an adventure like this twice in the year.

THE MAN. Villain: wouldst tell me that my dark lady hath ever done thus before? that she maketh occasions to meet other men?

THE BEEFEATER. Now the Lord bless your innocence, sir, do you think you are the only pretty man in the world? A merry lady, sir: a warm bit of stuff. Go to! I'll not see her pass a deceit on a gentleman that hath given me the first piece of gold I ever handled.

THE MAN. Master Warder: is it not a strange thing that we, knowing that all women are false, should be amazed to find our own particular drab no better than the rest?

THE BEEFEATER. Not all, sir. Decent bodies, many of them.

THE MAN [*intolerantly*] No. All false. All. If thou deny it, thou liest.

THE BEEFEATER. You judge too much by the Court, sir. There, indeed, you may say of frailty that its name is woman.

THE MAN [*pulling out his tablets again*] Prithee say that again: that about frailty: the strain of music.

THE BEEFEATER. What strain of music, sir? I'm no musician, God knows.

THE MAN. There is music in your soul: many of your degree have it very notably. [*Writing*] "Frailty: thy name is woman!" [*Repeating it affectionately*] "Thy name is woman."

THE BEEFEATER. Well, sir, it is but four words. Are you a snapper-up of such unconsidered trifles?

THE MAN [*eagerly*] Snapper-up of—— [*he gasps*] Oh! Immortal phrase! [*He writes it down.*] This man is a greater than I.

THE BEEFEATER. You have my lord Pembroke's trick, sir.

THE MAN. Like enough: he is my near friend. But what call you his trick?

THE BEEFEATER. Making sonnets by moonlight. And to the same lady too.

THE MAN. No!

THE BEEFEATER. Last night he stood here on your errand, and in your shoes.

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THE MAN. Thou, too, Brutus! And I called him friend!

THE BEEFEATER. 'Tis ever so, sir.

THE MAN. 'Tis ever so. 'Twas ever so. [*He turns away, overcome.*] Two gentlemen of Verona. Judas! Judas!!

THE BEEFEATER. Is he so bad as that, sir?

THE MAN [*recovering*] Bad! Oh no. Human, Master Warder, human. We call one another names when we are offended, as children do. That is all.

THE BEEFEATER. Ay, sir: words, words, words. Mere wind, sir. We fill our bellies with the east wind, sir, as the Scripture hath it. You cannot feed capons so.

THE MAN. A good cadence. By your leave.

[*He makes a note of it.*

THE BEEFEATER. What manner of thing is a cadence, sir? I have not heard of it.

THE MAN. A thing to rule the world with, friend.

THE BEEFEATER. You speak strangely, sir—no offence. But, an't like you, you are a very civil gentleman; and a poor man feels drawn to you, you being, as 'twere, willing to share your thought with him.

THE MAN. 'Tis my trade. But alas! the world for the most part will none of my thoughts.

[*Lamplight streams from the palace door as it opens.*

THE BEEFEATER. Here comes your lady, sir. I'll to t'other end of my ward. You may e'en take your time about your business: I shall not return too suddenly unless my sergeant come prowling round. 'Tis a fell sergeant, sir: strict in his arrest. Go'd'en, sir; and good luck. [*He goes.*

THE MAN. "Strict in his arrest"! "Fell sergeant"! [*As if tasting a ripe plum*] O-o-o-h! [*He makes a note of them.*

[*A Cloaked Lady gropes her way from the palace, and wanders along the terrace, walking in her sleep.*

THE LADY [*rubbing her hands as if washing them*] Out, damned spot. You will mar all with these cosmetics. God made you one face; and you make yourself another. Think of your grave, woman, not ever of being beautified. 'Twill not out. All the perfumes of Arabia will not wash away these freckles.

THE MAN. "All the perfumes of Arabia"! "Beautified"! "Beautified"! a poem in a single word. Can this be my Mary? [*To the Lady.*] Why do you speak in a strange voice, and utter poetry for the first time? Are you ailing? You walk like the dead. Mary. Mary.

THE LADY [*echoing him*] Mary. Mary. Who would have thought that woman to have had so much blood in her! Is it

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my fault that my counsellors put deeds of blood on me? Fie! If you were women you would have more wit than to stain the floor so foully. Hold not up her head so: the hair is false. I tell you yet again, Mary's buried: she cannot come out of her grave. I fear her not: these cats that dare jump into thrones though they be fit only for men's laps must be put away. What's done cannot be undone. Out, I say. Fie! a queen, and freckled!

THE MAN [*shaking her arm*] Mary, I say: art asleep?

[*The Lady wakes, starts, and nearly faints. He catches her on his arm.*

THE LADY. Where am I? What art thou?

THE MAN. I cry you mercy: I have mistook your person all this while. Methought you were my Mary—my mistress.

THE LADY [*outraged*] Profane fellow: how do you dare?

THE MAN. Be not wroth with me, lady. My mistress is a marvellous proper woman. But she does not speak so well as you. "All the perfumes of Arabia"! That was well said: spoken with good accent and excellent discretion.

THE LADY. Have I been in speech with you here?

THE MAN. Why, yes, fair lady. Have you forgot it?

THE LADY. I have walked in my sleep.

THE MAN. Walk ever in your sleep, fair one; for then your words drop like honey.

THE LADY [*with cold majesty*] Know you to whom you speak, sir, that you dare express yourself so saucily?

THE MAN [*unabashed*] Not I, nor care neither. You are some lady of the Court, belike. To me there are but two sorts of women: those with excellent voices, sweet and low, and cackling hens that cannot make me dream. Your voice has all manner of loveliness in it. Grudge me not a short hour of its music.

THE LADY. Sir, you are overbold. Season your admiration for a while with——

THE MAN [*holding up his hand to stop her*] "Season your admiration for a while——"

THE LADY. Fellow: do you dare mimic me to my face?

THE MAN. 'Tis music. Can you not hear? When a good musician sings a song, do you not sing it and sing it again till you have caught and fixed its perfect melody? "Season your admiration for a while": God! the history of man's heart is in that one word admiration. Admiration! What was it? "Suspend your admiration for a space——"

THE LADY. A very vile jingle of esses. I said, "Season your——"

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THE MAN [*hastily picking it up*] Season! ay, season, season, season. Plague on my memory, my wretched memory! I must e'en write it down. [*He begins to write, but stops, his memory failing him.*] Yet tell me which was the vile jingle? You said very justly: mine own ear caught it even as my false tongue said it.

THE LADY. You said, "for a space." I said, "for a while."

THE MAN. "For a while" [*he writes it*]: Good! [*Ardently*] And now be mine neither for a space nor a while, but for ever.

THE LADY. Odds my life! Are you by chance making love to me, knave?

THE MAN. Nay: 'tis you who have made the love: I but pour it out at your feet. I cannot but love a lass that sets such store by an apt word. Therefore vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman—no: I have said that before somewhere; and the wordy garment of my love for you must be fire-new——

THE LADY. You talk too much, sir. Let me warn you: I am more accustomed to be listened to than preached at.

THE MAN. The most are like that that do talk well. But though you spake with the tongues of angels, as indeed you do, yet know that I am the king of words——

THE LADY. A king, ha!

THE MAN. No less. We are poor things, we men and women.

THE LADY. Dare you call me woman?

THE MAN. What nobler name can I tender you? How else can I love you? Yet you may well shrink from the name: have I not said that we are but poor things? Yet there is a power that can redeem us.

THE LADY. Gramercy for your sermon, sir. I hope I know my duty.

THE MAN. This is no sermon, but the living truth. The power I speak of is the power of immortal poesy. For know that vile as this world is, and worms as we are, you have but to invest all this vileness with a magical garment of words to transfigure us and uplift our souls till earth flowers into a million heavens.

THE LADY. You spoil your heaven with your million. You are extravagant. Observe some measure in your speech.

THE MAN. You speak now as Ben does.

THE LADY. And who, pray, is Ben?

THE MAN. A learned bricklayer who thinks that the sky is at the top of his ladder, and so takes it on him to rebuke me for flying. I tell you there is no word yet coined and no melody yet sung that is extravagant and majestical enough for the glory that lovely words can reveal. It is heresy to deny it: have you

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not been taught that in the beginning was the Word? that the Word was with God? nay, that the Word was God?

THE LADY. Beware, fellow, how you presume to speak of holy things. The Queen is the head of the Church.

THE MAN. You are the head of my Church when you speak as you did at first. "All the perfumes of Arabia"! Can the Queen speak thus? They say she playeth well upon the virginals. Let her play so to me; and I'll kiss her hands. But until then, you are my Queen; and I'll kiss those lips that have dropped music on my heart. [*He puts his arms about her.*

THE LADY. Unmeasured impudence! On your life, take your hands from me.

The Dark Lady comes stooping along the terrace behind them like a running thrush. When she sees how they are employed, she rises angrily to her full height, and listens jealously.

THE MAN [*unaware of the Dark Lady*] Then cease to make my hands tremble with the streams of life you pour through them. You hold me as the lodestar holds the iron: I cannot but cling to you. We are lost, you and I: nothing can separate us now.

THE DARK LADY. We shall see that, false lying hound, you and your filthy trull. [*With two vigorous cuffs, she knocks the pair asunder, sending the man, who is unlucky enough to receive a right-handed blow, sprawling on the flags*] Take that, both of you!

THE CLOAKED LADY [*in towering wrath, throwing off her cloak and turning in outraged majesty on her assailant*] High treason!

THE DARK LADY [*recognising her and falling on her knees in abject terror*] Will: I am lost: I have struck the Queen.

THE MAN [*sitting up as majestically as his ignominious posture allows*] Woman: you have struck WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

QUEEN ELIZABETH [*stupent*] Marry come up!!! Struck William Shakespear quotha! And who in the name of all the sluts and jades and light-o'-loves and fly-by-nights that infest this palace of mine, may William Shakespear be?

THE DARK LADY. Madam: he is but a player. Oh, I could have my hand cut off——

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Belike you will, mistress. Have you bethought you that I am like to have your head cut off as well?

THE DARK LADY. Will: save me. Oh, save me.

ELIZABETH. Save you! A likely saviour, on my royal word! I had thought this fellow at least an esquire; for I had hoped

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that even the vilest of my ladies would not have dishonoured my Court by wantoning with a baseborn servant.

SHAKESPEAR [*indignantly scrambling to his feet*] Baseborn! I, a Shakespear of Stratford! I, whose mother was an Arden! baseborn! You forget yourself, madam.

ELIZABETH [*furious*] S'blood! do I so? I will teach you——

THE DARK LADY [*rising from her knees and throwing herself between them*] Will: in God's name anger her not further. It is death. Madam: do not listen to him.

SHAKESPEAR. Not were it e'en to save your life, Mary, not to mention mine own, will I flatter a monarch who forgets what is due to my family. I deny not that my father was brought down to be a poor bankrupt; but 'twas his gentle blood that rendered him unskilful in trade. Never did he disown his debts. 'Tis true he paid them not; but it is an attested truth that he gave bills for them; and 'twas those bills, in the hands of base tradesmen, that were his undoing.

ELIZABETH [*grimly*] The son of your father shall learn his place in the presence of the daughter of Harry the Eighth.

SHAKESPEAR [*swelling with intolerant importance*] Name not that inordinate man in the same breath with Stratford's worthiest alderman. John Shakespear wedded but once: Harry Tudor was married six times. You should blush to utter his name.

THE DARK LADY, ELIZABETH *crying out together* { Will: for pity's sake—— / Insolent dog——

SHAKESPEAR [*cutting them short*] How know you that King Harry was indeed your father?

ELIZABETH { Zounds! Now by—— [*she stops to grind her teeth with rage.*

THE DARK LADY { She will have me whipped through the streets. Oh God! Oh God!

SHAKESPEAR. Learn to know yourself better, madam. I am an honest gentleman of unquestioned parentage, and have already sent in my demand for the coat-of-arms that is lawfully mine. Can you say as much for yourself?

ELIZABETH [*almost beside herself*] Another word; and I begin with mine own hands the work the hangman shall finish.

SHAKESPEAR. You are no true Tudor: this baggage here has as good a right to your royal seat as you. What maintains you on the throne of England? Is it your renowned wit, your wisdom that sets at naught the craftiest statesmen of the Christian world? No. 'Tis the mere chance that might have happened to any milkmaid, the caprice of nature that made you the most

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wondrous piece of beauty the age hath seen. [*Elizabeth, on the point of striking him, lets her hands drop.*] That is what hath brought all men to your feet, and founded your throne on the impregnable rock of your proud heart, a stony island in a sea of desire. There, madam, is some wholesome blunt honest speaking for you. Now do your worst.

ELIZABETH [*with dignity*] Master Shakespear: it is well for you that I am a merciful prince. I make allowance for your rustic ignorance. But remember that there are things which be true, and are yet not seemly to be said—I will not say to a queen; for you will have it that I am none—but to a virgin.

SHAKESPEAR [*bluntly*] It is no fault of mine that you are a virgin, madam, albeit 'tis my misfortune.

THE DARK LADY [*terrified again*] In mercy, madam, hold no further discourse with him. He hath ever some lewd jest on his tongue. You hear how he useth me—calling me baggage and the like to your Majesty's face.

ELIZABETH. As for you, mistress, I have yet to demand what your business is at this hour in this place, and how you come to be so concerned with a player that you strike blindly at your sovereign in your jealousy of him.

THE DARK LADY. Madam: as I live and hope for salvation——

SHAKESPEAR [*sardonically*] Ha!

THE DARK LADY [*angrily*]—ay: I'm as like to be saved as thou that believest naught save some black magic of words and verses—I say, madam, as I am a living woman I came here to break with him for ever. Oh, madam, if you would know what misery is, listen to this man that is more than man and less at the same time. He will tie you down to anatomise your very soul; he will wring tears of blood from your humiliation; and then he will heal the wound with flatteries that no woman can resist.

SHAKESPEAR. Flatteries! Oh, madam, I put my case at your royal feet. [*He kneels.*] I confess to much. I have a rude tongue; I am unmannerly; I blaspheme against the holiness of anointed royalty; but oh, my royal mistress, AM I a flatterer?

ELIZABETH. I absolve you as to that. You are far too plain a dealer to please me.

THE DARK LADY. Madam: he is flattering you even as he speaks.

ELIZABETH [*a terrible flash in her eyes*] Ha! Is it so?

SHAKESPEAR. Madam, she is jealous; and, heaven help me, not without reason. Oh, you say you are a merciful prince; but that was cruel of you, that hiding of your royal dignity when you found me here. For how can I ever be content with this

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black-haired, black-eyed, black-avised devil again now that I have looked upon real beauty and real majesty ?

THE DARK LADY [*wounded and desperate*] He hath sworn to me ten times over that the day shall come in England when black women, for all their foulness, shall be more thought on than fair ones. [*To Shakespear, scolding at him*] Deny it if thou canst. Oh, he is compact of lies and scorns. I am tired of being tossed up to heaven and dragged down to hell at every whim that takes him. I am ashamed to my very soul that I have abased myself to love one that my father would not have deemed fit to hold my stirrup—one that will talk to all the world about me—that will put my love and my shame into his plays and make me blush for myself there—that will write sonnets about me that no man of gentle strain would put his hand to. I am all disordered: I know not what I am saying to your Majesty: I am of all ladies most deject and wretched——

SHAKESPEAR. Ha ! At last sorrow hath struck a note of music out of thee. " Of all ladies most deject and wretched——"

[*He makes a note of it.*

THE DARK LADY. Madam: I implore you give me leave to go. I am distracted with grief and shame. I——

ELIZABETH. Go. [*The Dark Lady tries to kiss her hand.*] Go. [*The Dark Lady goes. Shakespear is about to pursue the subject; but Elizabeth forbids him with unanswerable majesty.*] No more. The rest is silence.

SHAKESPEAR [*appreciatively*] Good. Good.

ELIZABETH. What mean you by good ?

SHAKESPEAR. " The rest is silence." I shall kill somebody with that—in a play.

ELIZABETH. You have been cruel to that poor fond wretch, Master Shakespear.

SHAKESPEAR. I am not cruel, madam; but you know the fable of Jupiter and Semele. I could not prevent my lightnings scorching her.

ELIZABETH. You have an overweening conceit of yourself, sir, that displeases your Queen.

SHAKESPEAR. Oh, madam, can I go about with the modest cough of a minor poet, belittling my inspiration and making the mightiest wonder of your reign a thing of naught ? I have said that " not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive " the words with which I make the world glorious or foolish at my will. Besides, I would have you think me great enough to grant me a boon.

ELIZABETH. I hope it is a boon that may be asked of a virgin

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Queen without offence, sir. I mistrust your forwardness; and I bid you remember that I do not suffer persons of your degree—if I may say so without offence to your father the alderman—to presume too far.

SHAKESPEAR. Oh, madam, I shall not forget myself again; though by my life, could I make you a serving wench, neither a queen nor a virgin should you be for so much longer as a flash of lightning might take to cross the river to the Bankside. But since you are a queen and will none of me, nor of Philip of Spain, nor of any other mortal man, I must e'en contain myself as best I may, and ask you only for a boon of State.

ELIZABETH. A boon of State already! You are becoming a courtier like the rest of them. You lack advancement.

SHAKESPEAR. "Lack advancement"! By your Majesty's leave: a queenly phrase. [*He writes it down.*

ELIZABETH [*striking the tablets out of his hand*] Your tables begin to anger me, sir. I am not here to write your plays for you.

SHAKESPEAR. You are here to inspire them, madam. For this, among the rest, were you ordained. But the boon I crave is that you do endow a great playhouse, or, if I may make bold to coin a scholarly name for it, a National Theatre, for the better instruction and gracing of your Majesty's subjects.

ELIZABETH. Why, sir, are there not theatres enow on the Bankside and in Blackfriars?

SHAKESPEAR. Madam: these are the adventures of needy and desperate men that must, to save themselves from perishing of want, give the sillier sort of people what they best like; and what they best like, God knows, is not their own betterment and instruction, as we well see by the example of the churches, which must needs compel men to frequent them, though they be open to all without charge. Only when there is a matter of a murder, or a plot, or a pretty youth in petticoats, or some naughty tale of wantonness, will your subjects pay the great cost of good players and their finery, with a little profit to boot. To prove this I will tell you that I have written two noble and excellent plays setting forth the advancement of women of high nature and fruitful industry even as your Majesty is: the one a skilful physician, the other a sister devoted to good works. I have also stole from a book of idle and wanton tales two of the most damnable foolishnesses in the world, in the one of which a woman goeth in man's attire and maketh impudent love to her swain, who pleaseth the groundlings by overthrowing a wrestler; whilst, in the other, one of the same kidney sheweth her wit by saying

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endless naughtinesses to a gentleman as lewd as herself. I have writ these to save my friends from penury, yet shewing my scorn for such follies and for them that praise them by calling the one *As You Like It*, meaning that it is not as *I* like it, and the other *Much Ado About Nothing*, as it truly is. And now these two filthy pieces drive their nobler fellows from the stage, where indeed, I cannot have my lady physician presented at all, she being too honest a woman for the taste of the town. Wherefore I humbly beg your Majesty to give order that a theatre be endowed out of the public revenue for the playing of those pieces of mine which no merchant will touch, seeing that his gain is so much greater with the worse than with the better. Thereby you shall also encourage other men to undertake the writing of plays who do now despise it and leave it wholly to those whose counsels will work little good to your realm. For this writing of plays is a great matter, forming as it does the minds and affections of men in such sort that whatsoever they see done in show on the stage, they will presently be doing in earnest in the world, which is but a larger stage. Of late, as you know, the Church taught the people by means of plays; but the people flocked only to such as were full of superstitious miracles and bloody martyrdoms; and so the Church, which also was just then brought into straits by the policy of your royal father, did abandon and discountenance the art of playing; and thus it fell into the hands of poor players and greedy merchants that had their pockets to look to and not the greatness of this your kingdom. Therefore now must your Majesty take up that good work that your Church hath abandoned, and restore the art of playing to its former use and dignity.

ELIZABETH. Master Shakespear: I will speak of this matter to the Lord Treasurer.

SHAKESPEAR. Then am I undone, madam; for there was never yet a Lord Treasurer that could find a penny for anything over and above the necessary expenses of your government, save for a war or a salary for his own nephew.

ELIZABETH. Master Shakespear: you speak sooth; yet cannot I in any wise mend it. I dare not offend my unruly Puritans by making so lewd a place as the playhouse a public charge; and there be a thousand things to be done in this London of mine before your poetry can have its penny from the general purse. I tell thee, Master Will, it will be three hundred years and more before my subjects learn that man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that cometh from the mouth of those whom God inspires. By that time you and I will be dust

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beneath the feet of the horses, if indeed there be any horses then, and men be still riding instead of flying. Now it may be that by then your works will be dust also.

SHAKESPEAR. They will stand, madam: fear not for that.

ELIZABETH. It may prove so. But of this I am certain (for I know my countrymen) that until every other country in the Christian world, even to barbarian Muscovy and the hamlets of the boorish Germans, have its playhouse at the public charge, England will never adventure. And she will adventure then only because it is her desire to be ever in the fashion, and to do humbly and dutifully whatso she seeth everybody else doing. In the meantime you must content yourself as best you can by the playing of those two pieces which you give out as the most damnable ever writ, but which your countrymen, I warn you, will swear are the best you have ever done. But this I will say, that if I could speak across the ages to our descendants, I should heartily recommend them to fulfil your wish; for the Scotch minstrel hath well said that he that maketh the songs of a nation is mightier than he that maketh its laws; and the same may well be true of plays and interludes. [*The palace clock chimes the first quarter. The Warder returns on his round.*] And now, sir, we are upon the hour when it better beseems a virgin Queen to be abed than to converse alone with the naughtiest of her subjects. Ho there! Who keeps ward on the Queen's lodgings to-night?

THE WARDER. I do, an't please your Majesty.

ELIZABETH. See that you keep it better in future. You have let pass a most dangerous gallant even to the very door of our royal chamber. Lead him forth; and bring me word when he is safely locked out; for I shall scarce dare disrobe until the palace gates are between us.

SHAKESPEAR [*kissing her hand*] My body goes through the gate into the darkness, madam; but my thoughts follow you

ELIZABETH. How! to my bed!

SHAKESPEAR. No, madam, to your prayers, in which I beg you to remember my theatre.

ELIZABETH. That is my prayer to posterity. Forget not your own to God; and so good night, Master Will.

SHAKESPEAR. Good night, great Elizabeth. God save the Queen!

ELIZABETH. Amen.

[*Exeunt, she to her chamber, he, in custody of the Warder, to the gate nearest Blackfriars.*

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Prelude to a Hodgiad

By Maurice Hewlett

To write the history of a nation and leave out the inhabitants of it would seem, in these days, a daring feat, and yet it has been done. Dr. William Hunt has conceived and Messrs. Longmans have ushered upon the town *A Political History of England* in twelve volumes, a portly series upon that goodly theme. Allowing to each volume a minimum of 300,000 words, we reach the considerable total of three million and a half words for the book, a number by no means excessive if there is sufficiency of new matter or brilliancy of handling to justify it. Short of that, it must be confessed that the prospect of adding such a book to the already groaning shelf devoted to England's history is not cheerful. Each volume, it ought to be said, has its own author, and coherence, plan, design are left to the mastery of the two editors, Dr. Hunt and Mr. Reginald Lane-Poole—such mastery as they can attain unto, after such inspiration upon their writers as they may have been able to bestow. To my mind—with the view of history as an art which I happen to have—that plan is against design, and no editor in the world may hope to overcome the fatal weakness inherent in it. He may produce ideas, he cannot express an idea; he may give you the facts, he cannot relate those facts. But such a view is against the modern doctrine, I am aware, which will never be altered until another Gibbon is born in England. This is the day of specialists, not of artists. Dr. Hunt's History is avowedly after the fashion of the fashionable magazine.

The plan of this political history is set out at the beginning of each volume in a kind of Advertisement to the reader. We may suppose the individual authors to have had it before them, on their desks, as they laboured. They must, therefore, have been invited, as the reader is now invited, to consider chiefly the course of politics in our country. In other words, they are to give and we are to study the history of England "as a State or body-politic"—that is, of a negotiable entity called England or, later in date, Great Britain, in its relation of attraction or repul-

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sion or balance between other such entities, chiefly European. This is to be the main drift of the narrative: the entity is given, posited, taken for granted. Of what it may have consisted; of what integers, molecules, atoms, parts, whatever you please to call them; of how these developed, changed, fused, or segregated; of what Whig statesmen used to call "the state of the nation"; in fact, of its domestic, internal concerns, we may or may not learn something, because, we are next told, "as the life of a nation is complex, and its condition at any given time cannot be understood without taking into account the various forces acting upon it, notice of religious matters and of intellectual, social, and economic progress will also find a place in these volumes." It is to be hoped that they have, since it is difficult to realise a history of any body-politic unless the successive changes which may have modified that body are explained and accounted for; indeed, I may as well say at once that, according to my idea of history itself, and of bodies-politic themselves, religious matters, intellectual, social, and economic progress pretty well exhaust the subject. These seem to me the substance; the traffickings of body with body, those tactics which are called "politics" by the newspapers are the accidents. In what else the life of a nation really consists but in such things as these I find myself quite unable to conceive. Here then I am at issue with Dr. Hunt and his Paladins, one of whom, Professor Adams of Yale, in a volume of 458 pp. dealing with the period 1066–1216, devotes eight pages to "Feudalism" and two and a half to the Domesday Survey. One had thought the time had gone by for conceptions of history, of the πόλις, and of England which could be satisfied by such treatment as this. Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, responsible for the first volume, at any rate, is not so satisfied. In his survey of the thousand years between Cæsar's and the Norman Conquest, he manages to give a whole chapter, which could hardly be bettered, upon the state of the Saxon kingdom just before that second momentous event in our annals. But when one handles a History of England which disposes of the Domesday survey in a couple of pages one knows, more or less, what one is about to receive.

To Dr. Hunt and his friends the English πόλις is a world-power, appreciable only by the relation of it with other such artificial societies, "politic" is the science of the conduct of this world-power in that relation, and its history very much like a game of chess, or a series, rather, of such games. The King to him is a functionary before he is a man, armies are strategic pieces, statesmen are agents, and the English people are "the

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populace," the mob, the masses or what not. So far as persons, beings, that is, with reasonable souls in human flesh, enter into his volumes at all they are personages—kings and their sons, prelates, barons; then chancellors, lords treasurers; then Secretaries of State, generals, admirals; lastly Prime Ministers and their Cabinets, and leaders of the Opposition. Much is made of treaties and alliances, marchings and counter-marchings, congresses, pragmatic sanctions and such like. Much, in their place, is made of Pitt and Fox, much of Gladstone and Disraeli. We have, in fact, the old, old conception of the history of a people as the history of its ruling despots, and history treated not as an art, not as a critical expression of life, viewed from within outwards, as a progress in time, but as a science of apparent facts in combination, action and reaction. I don't say that such a conception is not justified by what has actually happened. I admit that, until 1884, the enormous majority of the English had no more to do with the conduct of their own affairs than any old cab-horse upon the nearest rank. But I do say that of such histories we have had a sufficiency, and I submit that the time has come when a different view of the matter as it affects us and our country should be proposed; when it should be suggested that history is a form of epic, that the body-politic is subject to the law of evolution like other bodies, and that England does not consist of ruling families, descendants in title of foreign adventurers, either partaking of their natures or dividing their substance.

Here, briefly anticipated, are the essential points of difference between two schools, differences which, no doubt, are of old standing, but which, I think, have never been so emphasised as by Dr. Hunt and his friends. It can hardly perhaps be put more tersely, unless you say that where, with my masters in history, the family is the unit and England the field of observation, with Dr. Hunt it is England that is the unit and Europe the field; that where, with my masters, history is the life of men treated lyrically, with Dr. Hunt it is the record of a World-state; that to me and my friends the real English are the peasants and artisans, the wage-earning classes, to Dr. Hunt and his there are no specific English at all, but only a Great Power, England, in conflict with other Great Powers. So put, these are fundamental differences enough, but not mutually exclusive. Dr. Hunt would not, I am sure, deny that the mob had souls, and that those souls had successive states of being of which to embody the view in an historical work would be exceedingly interesting, however difficult. Nor would he deny that such a work, done with any kind of adequacy, would be a History of England. Now, it does so

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happen that some seven, eight, or nine years ago I projected a History of the English in twelve sections; and nowadays I see no better way of dealing with Dr. Hunt's than quoting my Advertisement against his, and setting out my sections to confront his volumes in the tented field. My book, I find, was to be called (somewhat arrogantly—but I was younger then) *The English Epic*. Doing it to-day, I should certainly change that title for *The Hodgiad*. It was thus conceived:

"This is to be a history of the English, and mainly of the wage-earning English, of the most English, least altered, least considered, most important section of English-speaking people: I mean the Peasantry. It is to be, in a real sense, the Epic of Hodge. In so far as it is a History of England in the ordinary sense"—that is, in Dr. Hunt's sense—"it will be that as seen through Hodge's eyes, and as from century to century or year to year it touched him and he saw it pass. What will be epic in it will be the fact that it will form a continuous story, with a national hero and national ideas. Nothing ordinarily accepted as material to England or the English will be left out; the actors will be very real persons, the drama a very tense drama. Kings and archbishops, lords chancellor, soldiers, poets, merchants, and all the rest of them will come and go; but Hodge of Hogs Corner will never be out of the scene. He will loom, impend, bide his time: in that enormous patience of his will the drama consist. To trace him from where we find him in the beginning, as bondman hobbled to the soil, to where he is now, a free elector in a free commonwealth; to indicate where, with moral certainty, he is soon to be, by virtue of majority-rule, throned at Westminster, holder of the sceptre of England, will be the real matter of this book."

Then follows a digest of my volumes, which later on I may compare with those of the twelve champions of politics; but it is my immediate business to make good my pretension hat I have imagined a history which does not cease to be one because it is also an epic, and is not less an epic in that its hero is a people figured as a man. After all's said, was not Hector all Troy, Odysseus all Greece? Sang there not in pious Æneas the blood as well as the task *romanam condere gentem?* Hodge is my hero, and Hodge, I say, is England, or, if you choose, an England with which it is time to reckon, an England, be it said, profoundly unaffected by the gambits and matings of World-powers, unaffected alike by the chivalry of the Black Prince and the gallantry of Raleigh, by the Great Reformation and the Whig Revolution, by the battle of Crécy and that of Waterloo, by

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what Pitt said of Fox, or his Prince of Lord Sidmouth, by Nelson or by Wellington, by Charles the First or Oliver the First. The things which did, indeed, affect Hodge, and remain in his bones to this hour, were systems or notions rather than persons: feudalism, tenant-right, Lollardry, Jack Cadery, Wycliffe's Bible, Latimer's preaching, Wesley's and Whitefield's. Tom Paine meant more for him than Napoleon, Cobbett than Lord Castlereagh, not as being more, but as signifying more. Music touched him always, soldiering never; the land always, but not England in particular. He never was a Whig, never a Tory. John Bull is the English yeoman, but Hodge is the *ascriptus glebæ*. He is essentially the man *of* the soil, a kind of stonecrop, not the man *upon* the soil, who may have been put there by the market-gardener. Changeless he is, and his England, whose incarnation he is, is still unchanged. Church and manor and vill, about them the hedgerowed fields, the tillage and the pasture. There was the Domesday picture, and there is our picture still as we scramble through the lanes in our motors or watch the sliding furrows from our trains. Church, guildhall and burgh, market-place, bridge-house and tolls. That was the town of the Norman kings, that is the town of the Hanoverian. And that is Hodge's doing, over whom kings come and kings go. He marks not time by their exits and entrances, but as of old by the wheeling of the world about the sun—by ploughing and seed-time and harvest; or by the church-clock which warns him of Candlemas and Lady Day, of Lammas and Michaelmas.

The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe and flagat;
And his name was called Jolly Jolly Wat,
For he was a good herd's boy.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepherd upon a hill was laid,
The dog to his girdle was taid,
He had not slept but a little braid,
But Gloria in excelsis was to him said.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

There he was then; there (God bless him!) he is now. What are kings to Hodge? Norman, Angevin, Welshman, Scotchman, German: all our kings have been foreigners since Hastings, and most of their satraps too. Percys, Bigods, Longuevilles, Talbots, Nevills, Tiptofts; Bentincks, Temples, Grenvilles,

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Russells and the rest of them, aliens all. Perhaps, since such government had to be, it was better that they were imported from outside. Hodge of Hogs Corner has outlived them, and lives yet. *They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same and thy years shall have no end. The children of thy servants shall continue; and their seed shall be established before thee.*

Now, of course, Hodge (turned as he is from peasant to artisan, from countryman to town-dweller, but still pious pagan, still immovable) is king, though he doesn't know it. His kingship dates from 1884. A definite stage in his never-told story will be reached when he finds it out. I cannot afford to be misunderstood in the matter. I believe in Hodge, I respect him. I hail him King of England, not only because by majority-rule he is so, but because he is the only Englishman fit to be king; because he is the only man in England true to his nature, sincere in effort and simple in habit. The rest of us, deserving what we are to get, seem to me to be living at once by artifice and in frivolity. We float in an atmosphere of pretence which we cannot justify, inflated by sham privilege which must soon, luckily, make us ridiculous. When Hodge sees us indeed for what we are he will order the bauble out of the way, and then step over us—to his proper place. There was to have been my task—to trace him up through servitude to the throne.

My first section roughly coincides with Dr. Hunt's second volume, though, while omitting or curtailing much of Professor Adams's detail, I should have included a good deal of Dr. Hodgkin's. I should have called it the *Book of the Land*, devoted it in bulk to Domesday and what, before and after, is necessary to the understanding of the survey, and I should have ended it with the accession of Henry II. My reason for that would have been that Henry's struggles with the Church, the absences of Richard and the presences of John were all mainly responsible for what we find in my second section—the rise of the estates, the crystallisation of the burghs, and the establishment of Parliament. My second volume would have covered the years 1154-1307, and would have been called *The Estates*. Dr. Hunt's third treats of 1216-1377, which is neither an artistic nor a reasonable division, because at least half of the reign of Edward the Third belongs to the critical Lollard-Wycliffe period. I have not fully read Professor Tout's volume on that period, but I see that he devotes about twenty pages to what would have formed the backbone of a volume of my book, while two whole chapters are given to

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the Hundred Years War and other futile brigandage in France. My second volume would have had to go far and wide for its facts; but they are to be had to one who knows where to find them. To Hodge and his mates of the glebe the advent of the mendicant friars was of more moment than Magna Charta. Those genial enthusiasts gave him the first glimmerings of a voice. To ascertain the condition of his body you must look at the records of the assizes; at those of the Archdeacon's Visitations, which are to be had here and there, if you want to know the state of his soul.

My third volume would begin and end with Civil War. Edward the Second's accession was the signal for the one, Henry the Sixth's for the other. I should have called it *The Slaves Rise*, and chronicled in it, practically, the end of serfdom. That institution, as such, did not outlive the War of the Roses. There too feudalism and chivalry perished. Civil War, pestilence and famine, the Statute of Labourers, and a very real moral unrest in the people lift the curtain upon ugly fermentations in the pitchy dark. White-faced, pinched, tear-struck creatures rise, throw up their hands, implore, and sink again into the brew. Black death and famine we read of, and then, from inevitable vents, evangelical piety, communistic ethics, rationalism, satanism, anarchism, a foretaste of a Jacquerie. Wat Tyler and Geoffrey Litster, John Bull and Jack Straw are protagonists in this abortive drama.

For with the Rose wars we sink back again, and Hodge disappears into the blood and the mist. What he thought of Barnet and Hexham, Towton and St. Albans we may perhaps divine by means of the spirit. There's little to do but to chronicle and comment with the pen dipped, so to speak, in Hodge's staid blood. Jack Cade, who gets two pages from Professor Oman, would get more from the singer of *The Hodgiad;* for it would be Jack who guided his pen. But of all that was to affect him in days to come nothing could have changed him more than one event of this time of discord. Caxton set up his press at Westminster, and the halfpenny newspaper was then and there conceived. One does not lay too much stress upon a simplification of the sort; one is neither a moralist nor a rhetorician. Hodge, we say, was to be King by the nature of things; whether by means of cheap printing or cheap lives, whether by a gospel or a butchery, or slow fulfilment of natures, whether in eighteen-hundred, or nineteen-hundred, or twenty-hundred matters not. But Caxton's achievement was notable; and the beginning of the wool-industry, and the sheep-pastures which changed the

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face of the country, touched Hodge's stomach, and through that his bile: such things would mean more to my history than they do to the Chichele Professor, to whom, so far as I can discover, they mean nothing at all. He confines himself to the usual chronicle of wars, intrigues and Court news. He writes a history of England and omits the English. Such things I cannot understand—but luckily we have his earlier published volume on the Revolt of 1381 to fall back upon.

Roses and Blood would bring me to 1509, a more reasonable break for my purpose than 1485, which is Professor Oman's. I regard Henry VII.'s reign as a settling down of the ferment into new combinations which did not make any mark until the next dispensation. To Henry VIII. and his time I give a whole volume, though I include in it Edward VI. and his, and Mary and hers. *The Book of the Law* I call that—for the moral law, as we know it still, dates from the reformed preachers. Catholic England dies the death, or, more truly, takes to its bed. Ideas of God and his neighbours dimly present themselves to Hodge afield. Not only is it possible that God cannot be made by the priest, but (that once admitted) it is possible he can be made by every man—possible also he cannot be made at all. And as for his neighbour, if the priest cannot make God, he cannot, perhaps, anoint the King. Jack, then, may be as good as his master. For if the King can out the Church, a man can out the King. Peering intently one should discover, I believe, some such dim forms themselves, actually in the land. Tenant-right—the growth of enclosure—the foundation of grammar schools—the settlement of equity: such things must be chronicled, even if we cut down Charles V. and Francis, Wolsey, and the great divorce, and Thomas Cromwell by half. England and Hodge blundered on together while the monasteries toppled and royal women lost their silly heads.

It is satisfaction to be able to say that Hodge and his England are not entirely left out of Mr. Fisher's volume upon Henry VIII. Under the date 1488 he has a useful page upon the state of the land; in his eighth chapter he has more. He is alive to the enclosure question, and though he does not cite at length, as I think he should, the reports of the commissioners of 1517, nor do more than refer to Mr. Leadam's book, *The Domesday of Enclosures*, he does allow for the state of things which these documents disclose; and that is something—in a Political History of England. Let me hasten also to say, he gives full significance and most just emphasis to the *Utopia*—the most significant document by far between Langland and Tom Paine; and that he has a

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chapter upon the Lincolnshire rebellion of 1536, and the Pilgrimage of Grace, reactionary movements which flood the light upon Hodge in his remote pastures. Mr. Fletcher's volume, in a word, is admirable for my purpose, realising as it does a broader conception of the State than seems to have been possible to his colleagues.

That wonderful eighty years between the accession of Elizabeth and the death of James the First have from Dr. Hunt's historians the full treatment which they demand of political students of his stamp. The World-state was, in fact, in the making. England had never yet been what she was now preparing to be. Under the early Angevin Kings she had been the nucleus of a great European Power: she was under Elizabeth's adventurers to set the foundation of a Colonial Empire as great as that of Spain. That the roof (to continue the figure) was never put upon that overweening house, that there never was to be the Empire which Drake and Raleigh may have dreamed of, and which Philip—for an hour—actually had, is a question for later study. That which the Armada began was made impossible by the American War of two hundred years on. Dr. Hunt's History gives two volumes to Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, and is naturally occupied in the record of them with the Civil War and with Cromwell's tyranny. To the historian of Hodge that war is unimportant, since his hero was no more concerned in that than in the struggle of York and Lancaster or of John and the Baronage. He was not changing kings; Amurath succeeded Amurath, and he watched the strife; if he fought it was at his master's bidding, indifferently Cavalier or Roundhead. He was not then a Puritan; nonconformity was not for him. To the despot Monarch succeeded the despot House of Commons; to that, for a brief hour, one Mr. Cromwell of Huntingdon.

But there are some useful pages in Professor Pollard's volume (1547–1603) upon Kett's rebellion and the agrarian discontent, some valuable pages, and some shrewd reflections. "'A revolution of the rich against the poor' is not a fair description of the Reformation," says he; "but it indicates with some approach to accuracy the economic development which preceded and accompanied religious change; and it is easier to see in the Reformation an outcome of social revolution than to discern in the social revolution an outcome of religious reformation" (p. 28). That, of course, is perfectly sound, and the real interest of the history of our peasantry depends upon the amount of attention bestowed by the historian upon the infiltration, here a

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little and there a little, of the social, moral and religious renascence whose beginning it is almost impossible to discern, whose end (so far as we are concerned) is to be the revolution which is at hand. The moral watershed of the Christian era is to be found somewhere between the years 1500–1700. Perhaps, in England, privilege reached its apex under Henry VIII. Up to his time despotism climbed from strength to strength; after him it slid towards democracy and self-government. Whether the Pisgah-vale to which we have looked so long, to which we surely slip, be socialism, communism, or self-respecting anarchy, where the family resumes possession and the tribe is finally disintegrated—who knows that? The interest, at any rate, to the student of Hodge in Dr. Hunt's two volumes 1547–1666 is to be sought rather in such pages as Professor Pollard's upon agrarian distress, in the gradual recognition of tenant-right, in the struggle between the Crown and the Masses for equitable justice, and in the preparation of the minds of the peasantry for the religious reformation of the eighteenth century. For, it is to be repeated, the English of Roundhead times were not Puritans, and the English of our times are.

As Professor Pollard says in a wise passage (p. 457), "the chief service which autocracy can render to its subjects is to make its continuance unnecessary." As England plodded on towards the eighteenth century, though she had sloughed her autocracy, it seems that she had only, by so doing, uncovered an oligarchy. The Restoration stands for a mark of satiety. England went to sleep, and the Revolution established the Whig oligarchy, which was hardly attacked seriously till 1794, when we hear the first mutterings of Reform. It's true that it changed its coat. Whig gave way to Tory as the Court gained its legs; but *plus ça changeait, plus c'était la même chose.* A House of Commons, to all intents self-chosen, not elected, saw the beginning of Cabinet government, and in spite of a brief revival of representative institutions immediately after the Reform Bill, Cabinet government has persisted. On its last legs, we have it now. It has been remarked more than once that two revolutions are necessary to abolish the tyranny of privilege. In the first you overthrow your feudal tyrants, but in the act set up your *bourgeois.* That has happened in France since 1789; it has happened elsewhere. In England, it may be, we shall want three. Down went King and Peers in 1689, up came Commons: but the Commons, so called, were the county families, a less enlightened despot than the others. After the reform of the electorate in 1832 came in the *bourgeois régime;* then came 1884; and Hodge, it seems,

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since that quiet revolution, is beginning to show that he knows his power.

Of that long and dreary stretch of years, 1689 to 1832, it would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that not one page is given to the state of the working classes in England by Dr. Hunt and his colleagues; for Dr. Hunt himself supplies an exception to this sweeping charge. Professor Lodge covers the Restoration and Revolution; Mr. Leadam the Augustan age, without a word upon Hodge. Politics, in their modern sense of intrigue between Whig chiefs and Tory chiefs, absorb Mr. Leadam, who, social economist as he is, most surely knows that such things do not and never can express the history of a people. I grant him that materials are hard to come by, that original research, hardly yet attempted, is essential to any kind of success. But it is precisely from the likes of him that I should have looked for it. There was Hodge rooted to the glebe while Marlborough fought in Flanders and intrigued at home, while Sackville shirked at Minden, and Frederick of Wales was alive and was dead. What was he doing, he who numbered his millions to Mr. Leadam's two thousand or so of privileged persons? Was he preparing to modify his habits, or his religion? He was indeed, but it will hardly be believed that the name of Whitefield is not in the index to Mr. Leadam's volume—nor the word Methodist. John Wesley has two references to his name—and here they are. At p. 486 we read: "With the new Oxford movement of Methodism under the Wesleys and George Whitefield the use of hymns began to spread. John and Charles Wesley published twenty-three collections of hymns, to which both brethren contributed, between 1737 and 1786. Many of them survive." Yes, and a good deal more has survived with them which is ignored by historians of this type. But let us take the second reference—page 488. Here, sandwiched between *George Barnwell* and Blair's *Grave*, we are told of Wesley's *Appeal*, with its "despondent picture of contemporary society, its vices and corruption." There is more to be got of real history, in my poor opinion, out of such despondent pictures as the Wesleys' and Whitefield's, and Hogarth's, than out of the whole of Mr. Leadam's five-hundred-paged record of futile marching and caballing. The history of Methodism is absolutely essential to any political history of England in the proper sense of those three words politics, England, and history. And Mr. Leadam ignores it.

Dr. Hunt's own volume, which covers the period of 1760–1801, contains an admirable chapter on social and economic

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progress which, amplified paragraph by paragraph, would serve for a history of the time by itself. Nor are these serious matters altogether omitted from the volume 1801–1837: it would be impossible that they should be. It is, however, a curious vagary in editorship that the rise of Methodism should be omitted from one volume, and the formation of the Catholic Apostolic Church receive a paragraph in another! For the rest, Dr. Brodrick's treatment of domestic matters was as perfunctory as his interest in them was slight, and his successor in authorship, Mr. Fotheringham, has not been able, probably, to enkindle these wooden pages.

But, in the history of the English, the century and a half covered by the last three volumes of this great work conceals the turning-point. The great migration of Hodge from the country to the town began; it was machinery, trade, and high wages which called him. Trades unions, with their infinitely elastic powers of concerted action, date from this crucial time. From the town, then, with its quickened intelligence, its excitement and the buzzing of its printing presses, some kind of a consciousness ebbed back into the country. Hodge dimly perceived that he too could have a hand in destiny. The new Franchise of 1884, the Ballot—grasped and handled at once in the town—began to be played with gingerly in the country. Hodge and his town cousins held the balance of power—held all the power if they only knew it.

They did not know it in 1884; they don't, most of them, know it in 1910. But they are beginning to know it; they are beginning to organise their vote. When that is done, Hodge will be King of England, and the two-thousand privileged may retire. No history of a people could have a more dramatic ending than could be given to ours—to end upon the edge of so immense a discovery—the discovery by a whole people that they, and not the ruling caste, have the helm of the ship of State under their hand.

This is a history which has still to be written, a history of the English—a history of some forty millions of folk.

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Czar Peter and Jordans

By Una Birch

WALKING through a back street of London one May morning, I halted at the window of a curiosity shop. It harboured every kind of rubbish, from stuffed pike to odd volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and seemed the sort of place in which it might still be possible to find treasures. Animated by this hope, I pushed open the door to the sound of prolonged ringing and, in answer to my request for permission to examine his things, the old man who kept it said he did not mind my "having a look round." My look round the front shop was a disappointment; there was nothing in it that anybody could possibly want, but my researches into a dark and rather noisome back room brought me face to face with an iron figure in seventeenth-century clothes striking at an anvil. I took it into the front shop and asked the old man what it was.

"It's a hornament for putting beside the fire. I've 'ad it years and years. Bought it at a gentleman's 'ouse down Clerkenwell way," he answered.

"Do you know who it is meant to be?" I asked, blowing the dust off it.

"In the cattylog they said it was the Czar of Roossia, but I don't think it likely 'e'd be 'ammering at a forge. You wouldn't catch our King doing that—not much!" and he laughed a wheezy laugh.

His remark had started a train of recollections in my mind. Now he spoke of it, the figure in my hand did resemble a tall effigy in the Winter Palace at Petersburg; the effigy, seven feet high, that looks so enormous beside the small stuffed horse which the guide tells you is "Peter the Great's charger." Of course it was meant for Czar Peter working in the forge at Deptford. He was just the sort of person to catch the fancy of those old designers of brass and china groups for cottage ornament. I remembered all the Napoleons I had seen, the "Bonys" in brass and crockery; the Wesleys, the Shakespeares, the Rob

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Roys, and, remembering, bought Czar Peter and carried him away under my arm to show to Serena.

Serena was delighted with the figure, which she pronounced to be " of the date," and, as she always has a point of view that is different from other people's, I waited patiently till she had finished turning it round on the table before I spoke again.

" And so this must have been done when he was to outward seeming a Quaker," said Serena.

" A Quaker, Serena ? What do you mean ? " I asked.

" Oh, don't you remember when he was at Deptford working, William Penn used to go and see him and persuade him to go to Friends Meetings ? He used to go quite regularly and behave very solemnly, but he never really became a Friend. William Penn liked him very much, he listened so earnestly to his admonitions."

It was quite a new view of Czar Peter to me, and I was more glad than ever to have got the iron figure. Certainly it was dressed very plainly, now I came to think about it, in a long-skirted coat, knee-breeches, and shovel hat, and looked as unlike an emperor as anything one could imagine.

From Peter the Great we fell to talking of Quakers, and especially of William Penn, a figure heroic to me for his constancy to the ideal of freedom. Imprisoned in terrible places for liberty of conscience, he stood beside the martyrs to that liberty—whether it were a quartering, like that of Cornish in Cheapside, or a burning in Tyburn, like that of Elizabeth Gaunt. For defending persecuted Catholics he was called a Jesuit, for persuading Kings to tolerance, a courtier and a sycophant ; which only shows how deeply a just man may be misunderstood.

" The only portrait painted of Penn depicts him as an ensign in armour, with long auburn hair and a lace ruffle," said Serena ; " do you remember—it amuses me to think of it—that Pepys, meeting him on his return from Saumur, said he was ' a most modish person ' speaking ' perfect French ' ? "

" I didn't know, but tell me more about him," I said.

" I can't tell you very much, but after he had been imprisoned for conscience' sake in the Tower of London, and in the Hole at Newgate, and after he had written many books and married and had children, he made his Holy Experiment, which is the reason so many Americans go to Jordans."

" Holy Experiment ? " The expression was new to me.

" Yes, an ideal democracy, a free and virtuous State in which the people should rule themselves—Pennsylvania—he called that his Holy Experiment. He lived for a while there with his

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second wife. We must read about it together some day," she ended, almost abruptly.

Serena comes of Quaker stock, and therefore knows a great deal more about Penn's life—the detail of it—than I shall ever do. I only remembered that, like young Gibbon, he had been converted at Oxford to a religion of which his father did not approve, and whereas Gibbon was sent to Lausanne to rid him of Catholicism, Penn was sent to Saumur to purge him of Non-conformity. I remembered, too, the text of the famous sermon at Cork, preached by Thomas Loe: "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world"—the sermon that persuaded Penn to declare himself a member of the despised sect of Friends. I vaguely knew, too, that Pennsylvania was called after him, although American history has always bored me very much.

During luncheon Serena asked me if I had ever been to "the Mecca of the Friends."

"I don't even know what it means," I answered.

"It is a Meeting House and graveyard called Jordans," said Serena. "People from Pennsylvania go there now to see where the founder of their State lies buried, and some Americans wish to remove his remains to Philadelphia."

"Is Jordans far away, Serena?"

"No," said she, "it is close to Chalfont, where Milton and Thomas Ellwood lived during the Great Plague. We could go there one day if you liked."

"Let us go now, as quickly as we can," I said eagerly.

Serena agreed, and we went by train to Beaconsfield, and then along the high road made our way on foot towards Jordans. It was just the sort of day I delighted in, beginning with a find in a curiosity shop and ending with an unpremeditated excursion.

A by-road, shaded by beeches, led us away from the noisy motor thoroughfare to the quiet valley which holds the dust of early Friends. Lime-trees pollarded in years long past screen the graveyard from the road and give a cloistral sense of seclusion to the place. With its white door opening upon the field of sleep stands the Meeting House against a background of beeches. The steep tiled roof, the windows with diamond panes, the white wooden shutters hooked back against the weathered brick walls, glowing ruddy in the afternoon light, made me think of old houses in Haarlem and Gouda.

"It looks Dutch and demure," said Serena. "One would think one was two centuries away from the world of flats and

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motors and aeroplanes. The stillness, the green graves, the simplicity, seem to bring

> "A gift of quietness, ease, and peace,
> Cooling the brow as with a mystic dew
> Dropping from twilight trees."

A stream of quiet flowed through our hearts, I think, as we loitered by the oaken paling before going into the room in which splendid souls had once listened for the still small voice of God. As we stood in the doorway the room lay bare to our eyes in its austere entirety of wainscoted walls, whitewashed ceiling, oaken benches and platform. We sat down on one of the benches without speaking, too much imbued by the quiet of the place to wish to speak, but presently the custodian came and persuaded us to go to the gallery which, by an arrangement of wooden shutters, could be converted into a living-room.

Neither Serena nor I were in the least interested in this contrivance, nor have we ever any wish to be told things, and so, though we listened civilly to what was said, we soon broke away to the adjacent acre, leaving the informing voice for silence unbroken save for a chaffinch's song. At the head of the graveyard stood tall lime-trees, branched like candelabra, and set in their midst, as though it were some altar to Nature, rose a great green mound, the common grave of some Quaker family.

"Grey and green—grey and green," said Serena to me, "wherever we look—the boles of the lime-trees, the oaken palings that fence the cemetery, the equal tombstones, the turf below, the foliage above; a sedate and natural harmony proper to the place and all that it signifies."

I noticed that the headstones of a humble height bore no eulogies, or texts or hymns. Their plain surfaces are simply graved with the names of those whom they commemorate with such reserve and decency. We saw William Penn's name and that of his first wife Gulielma, whom he had met hard by at Chalfont, and we read the names of his children; the monuments were set very close together.

On this May evening, sitting beneath a high ash-tree in this field of forgotten and unforgotten dead, we spoke of fancies, of impressions, but no more of facts. We spoke of the contrast between this place and those other enclosures where men have displayed their pretensions and their arrogance, and have, as it were, challenged mortality and flaunted their possessions in the face of death. Through the solemn candelabra-like lime-trees at the head of the graveyard, we caught a white vision of fruit

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trees, from which the blasts of May were wafting petals like snow upon the emerald turf, and with a certain sense of fitness we heard the voice of the custodian telling some wanderer of " Friend Joseph Rule, who had white hair, a white suit and carried a white Bible under his arm when preaching—and when he died the snow fell so fast upon his coffin that he was proved the white Quaker to the end."

" Glad and grave is this garden of souls," said Serena, " planted informally with flowers and natural mounds, as God alone plants the acres that are left to Him."

She rose to go, and with one last look I turned to follow.

The old hollies at the angle of the field loomed black against the budding hawthorns; an occasional Lent lily and cowslip reared their heads above the sheltering grass, a robin trilled on Gulielma's grave.

I had never thought to have occasion to be grateful to Czar Peter, but, from to-day, I look upon him as my friend.

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Rahmah

By Viator

THOUGH a Moorish saw has it, " let not thy daughters live upon the roof," on the roofs it is that all Moroccan women do live, for which good reason Josselin, captain in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, lay upon the little housetop, investigating its sacrosanctity.

In the shimmer of the early morning fire, the old crenellated walls, gateways and mud houses of Rabat glinted dazzling white among the palm groves and the gardens nestling against the seared brown upland, and high above the city the tower of Hassan pointed red and sinister. Across the creek, beyond the fringe of foam that lay across the bar, Salli, the pirate city, gleamed in its fortress cove like a mirage of white dust. Upon the hills a line of camels melted into the quivering blue. In the torrid haze the Moorish whiteness scintillated as with a sense of cruelty.

But the man in the Moorish woman's cloak had no eyes for the beauty of the old Corsair stronghold. He was gazing at a girl in blood-red silks who leant against the roof-parapet of a house an easy stone's-throw away, half child, half savage, smiling with the abandon of the captive Oriental woman. The massive silver bands upon her bare legs and arms and the huge discs that hung from her ears glittered against the blood-red of her silken caftan, and as she stood there with her hair of raven black, her whiteness, and the corded tassels, coins, and jewellery spangling about her, she had the allure of a wild animal.

Every day for nearly two weeks he had watched her. At first he had regarded it as rather a joke, then, one morning, he had seen her move; gliding like a panther with swaying play of hip, tall, lissome, straight as a palm, and for every kiss that he had blown her, she had flashed him two with childlike gestures of entreaty.

He had practically nothing to do at Rabat, whither, owing to his knowledge of Arabic, he had been sent by his colonel to assist in the negotiations which with the usual shilly-shally of Oriental

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contrivance were not only hung up for the time but seemed likely to be prolonged for months indefinite.

He was aware of the difficulties, the dangers. Probably she could neither read nor write. He thought of the medicine-men, the "wise women" of the city, the arifas or negresses who watch over the harem, but Rabat was the centre of Moorish hostility—the more he thought about the means of access the more hopeless they seemed to be to him.

So one morning, thinking he might possibly come across her in the market-place, he got into the orange slippers and dress of the Moor, and folding the white hood well about his head, he sauntered out in search of counsel.

It was the busiest hour of the day. The *sók* or market-place was a maelstrom of barter, hubbub, and animation. He watched a Jew mechanically shaving the throat of a chicken, preparing it for its purchaser. He mingled with the crowd around the snake-charmers, the story-tellers, and the medicine-men amid the din and traffic and stench of cooking-oil and the vociferations of the donkey-boys with their ceaseless yells, "*Zeed!*" "*Arrak!*" himself dexterously pushing the soft noses of the animals out of his way; strolled through the lanes of booths and fly-plagued alleys, through the rows of salesmen squatting before their wares under huge umbrellas of every colour under the sun; looked in at the slave market, bought slimy, oozing sweets of a little girl, and finally found himself staring at a caravan of camels munching their food, lying with their legs tucked in under their bellies.

He was amused with the camels when suddenly he felt a light tap on the arm. At his side, grinning, grimacing, stood one of those negro minstrels who wander about from place to place as the public clowns of the country. Black and pungent, in stature almost a dwarf and naked but for a rude sack covering about his loins and left shoulder, with shells and coins jangling from a mass of grey tangled locks, as he stood there with his enormous lips artificially extended, his eyes rolling in their white sockets, and gnarled fingers twisting about like the tentacles of a sea-monster, Josselin thought he had never seen a more simian negro of a man; and yet with all his African clownery not entirely unsympathetic, not perhaps without his humanities.

The negro minstrel writhed and chortled, rolled his eyes, beat the huge iron castanets which he held in his hands and shook his protruding stomach about like a carpet-bag.

"You damned Englishman!" he said presently, in quite intelligible English, edging up to Josselin with the capers of a baboon.

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"Ha ha!" he yelled, "ha ha! Me old damned nigger of Soudan. Me been American Exhibition. Old Soudan nigger, he vely good man." Then the fellow began to dance. Shutting his eyes as if in ecstasy, and wailing in the high-pitched tones of lamentation characteristic of savage song, he twisted his stomach almost into his face, kicked his stumpy legs about, yelled, shouted, laughed, and squirmed till the perspiration rolled down into his eyes and, with a hideous gesture, stopped, put out an enormous tongue and scratched his head.

"Old Soudan nigger he damned good feller. He vely good man of Soudan."

As he gave a handful of copper coins to the man, Josselin had an idea. Here in this clown was a possible messenger. For Morocco he was a travelled man; he knew that white men had money; he was not a Mohammedan. As clown he was free to dance in the courts of Moorish houses—to amuse the women; so having sufficient English Josselin determined to parley with the man.

"More dance?" chortled the minstrel, flapping his loose belly about: "old nigger he lub moneys!"

But Josselin stopped him with a two-peseta piece.

"Do you want money?" he asked dryly.

The dwarf executed a gesture of hideous obscenity. "Allah!" he shouted, "old damned Soudan nigger, he vely good man."

Josselin pulled out a five-peseta piece and, throwing it on the ground, moved slowly away to a remote corner of the market-place.

For a moment the minstrel looked puzzled, eyeing the silver coin on the ground with his head on one side like a monkey, then he pounced upon it, bit it and finding it good, stowed it away in a small wallet secreted among his rags. A shifty craft played in his beady eyes. He watched the receding form of Josselin, then with a strange grunt shuffled after him, hanging out his tongue like a thirsty animal. When Josselin stopped under the shade of a cluster of palms, the minstrel cringed, mumbling at his side.

Scenting something unusual, he had slung his castanets across his neck and stood, awaiting developments, chewing at the tuft of goat's beard that sprouted like a bush from under his chin.

"Now listen," said Josselin. "I want you to take a message to a Moorish woman."

The dwarf surveyed him in consternation.

"Old damned Soudan nigger," he began, but words failed

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him. Instead, he executed a series of obscene gestures, dancing round and round in a frenzy.

"I'll give you twenty pesetas if you do," Josselin observed when the negro had finished his performance. "If you want it, let me know," and he turned in Eastern fashion away. But he only took a few steps. As he was wondering what the dwarf would do, a black hand clutched him by the sleeve.

"Twenty pesetas," the minstrel muttered, using his fingers like an abacus. "Old damned nigger, he lub moneys. He vely good man."

"Good!" said Josselin. "Follow me then," and without another word he strode on into the city.

The dwarf followed; now shouting clownish greetings to passers-by, now bawling out lewd staves of song, talking and laughing to himself, his long tongue shooting in and out like a piston-rod.

In front of the house inhabited by the Moorish girl, Josselin unfolded the small piece of matting, which, in Moorish custom, he carried for the purpose, and sat down. Then he jerked a hand towards the big house opposite.

"Who lives there?" he inquired.

The minstrel grinned, chuckled, and thrust his beard in his mouth again.

"Mulendi. He rich Moor," he blurted out at length.

"How many wives has he?"

Again the dwarf gasped. Strange sounds came from his flabby lips.

Then he put up two black fingers.

"Wise man," said Josselin to himself, but the dwarf took no notice of that remark.

"How many negress slaves?"

When the dwarf saw another peseta appearing he blew his cheeks out and popped them in again with a bang like the drawing of a cork.

"Ha ha! Johrah, she big, black slave. She vely fine woman; she know old Soudan nigger."

This was unexpected intelligence for Josselin. He knew that these negress slaves were almost free to go where they pleased, and that, naturally venal, they were generally ready to help human nature in distress.

He turned towards the dwarf and addressed him for the first time in Arabic. When the dwarf heard the good Arabic, his flabby lips fell apart; the tongue shot out; his whole expression changed into a servile, almost human, civility.

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"Listen," said Josselin. "This is what you are to do. Get hold of your beautiful negress and obtain from her the name of the lovely thin girl with black hair who lives in the house there. You give the slave much money. I give you much money."

Seeing that the dwarf, now supinely attentive, had absorbed his words, Josselin continued:

"And tell her that if she talks to man or woman about this I will put a knife in her heart and tear the soul out of her body. But if she is silent I will give her much money and buy her freedom, and give her a house and a husband and make her rich for ever."

But this was too much for the dwarf. He gripped his right toe and began viciously to gnaw at it.

"Fokir," he said after a while. "You no fear Moor dagger? Moor dagger vely long. Moor kill, he do. Moor, he vely blood man. He see old Soudan nigger. He put long knife in old nigger's belly."

"Man of the Soudan," began Josselin, "the white man knows no fear. Trust him, as you trust Allah!"

Then he told the dwarf where he was to be found and when he was to come and, before the dwarf could recover from the effect of it all, Josselin was striding up the steep cobbles.

So it came to pass that the dwarf minstrel danced in the court of the house of Mulendi, the rich Moor, near the palm garden by the inner city wall; and had communion with Johrah, which means Pearl, the fat negress slave, and confided to her with much cluck of speech what the Fokir, the learned foreign Moor, had uttered, and learnt from her the name of the thin, beautiful girl there.

They met that evening, at fall of darkness, in one of the labyrinthine alleys leading out of the market-place. It had been a great day for the old Soudan nigger, wellnigh as much as he could bear. He had never had so much money before. When he saw Josselin he writhed and guffawed, like a dumb man trying to speak.

At last he began his narration, and this time he spoke in Soudan Arabic.

Johrah had been terribly frightened at first, he explained. It was only the promise of marriage with him and the idea of freedom which had induced her to betray her master's trust. But she had told him this. Mulendi, the Moor, had two wives; Azizah and Rahmah. And Azizah was fat and much loved, but Rahmah, the girl with the black hair, was unloved because she was

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thin and undesirable and wept long hours of the day, for there was no joy of her body.

Then the dwarf told Josselin that if he would give him more money, coin for him and coin for Johrah, he would bear a message safely to her. For Rahmah could read, Allah!—like a learned student of Fez! She had come, no one knew quite from where—perhaps from the Berber tribes, perhaps from the East, Johrah knew not. But she had heard that, struck by the whiteness of her skin and beauty as a child, a dealer had bought and trained her in music and dancing and Arabic in the hope of selling her into the Sultan's harem; but that anon, finding that she grew tall and thin, he had sold her for a good price to Mulendi, about two years ago when she had reached the age of fourteen.

When he had finished his narrative Josselin pulled out a sheet of notepaper from his pocket-book, and writing, in Arabic custom, upon his knee, penned the following lines:

"To Rahmah, Star of Night,

"O star of Moghreb, land of the Moors, in thine eyes is all the pallor of the haunting moon, and thy body is more beautiful than the gold desert. O Rahmah, little star, pale because Mulendi, the Moor, loves not thy beauty, send word of thy solitude. Thus, the French captain salutes thee!"

Then, having rolled up and tied the missive with a silken string, he handed it to the minstrel, conjuring him by the love of his body to present it to her.

Three days elapsed before he met the minstrel again, and when he drew near at the appointed spot the dwarf threw himself on the ground, spat and yelled and drummed upon his head with his clenched fists.

"Old damned nigger, he vely good man," he got out at last, handing Josselin a little note wrapped in silk round the stem of a prickly pear: and Josselin read as follows:

"To my white French friend,

"Rahmah, Star of Night, is sad, and, please Allah, sends greetings to her beautiful stranger who gazes like a hawk at her from the house-top, and her lips are hungry for his. So Rahmah loves and greets the white stranger of the North."

Poor little Rahmah! thin, despised, in state a concubine, how young and radiant she looked that morning with the discs of silver in her ears, blowing kisses to him from the roof-top, his

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little letter fluttering to her lips! But it was another week before he received a second note.

"To the white stranger, my lover,

O French soldier, Rahmah loves thee, for thou art tall as the date-palm of the desert. If my lover will give money to Johrah, the negress slave, and meet her behind the long wall by the mosque at the hour of night before the silver circle of the moon has scattered the last breath of darkness he can speak to her and she will be silent as the dead people in their graves. If Allah please, then Rahmah will be gay as the birds with song. O stranger! the lips of Rahmah are sweet, and her body is like the twining ivy. So Rahmah loves."

He had work to do the next day, but at nightfall, accompanied by the minstrel, Josselin found Johrah, the negress, standing motionless in the shadow of the long wall by the mosque.

Rahmah, she began, would have him know that her kisses were fresh as the dew. Nothing could be attempted as yet, but in a few days time, when Mulendi was away, she would meet him at the corner of the wall of the house garden and, if Allah pleased, would bring him to Rahmah, who was lean and undesirable. But it was very dangerous. If he feared, let him not come. He must be shrouded in a woman's *haik*. He must be prepared to die, if Marzuk, the big negro slave who slept before the court door awoke and discovered him, as, by Allah! they would all die. But if all were well, just before the sun went down, between the hour of sunset and the evening prayers, and he would linger by the high wall he would hear Rahmah, playing on a goatherd's pipe. But if, instead of the pipe, he heard her playing on the *gimbri*, which is the guitar of the Moors, then he must not come, for that would be the sign of danger.

So at sundown, while the Moors said their prayers, Josselin, mounted on a mule, rode out by the wall of Mulendi's house to hear Rahmah playing on the goatherd's pipe. The whole sky was an illumination of purple flame falling every minute into a deep glow, steeping the hills and mosques, the gardens, and the walls with a lustre of such intensity of colour that the very air and sea seemed charged with purple mist irradiating like fire from the heavens. Above the city a stream of bluish golden dust rose and melted like a rainbow. Deeper and more purple still the hush of evening fell, soft and exquisitely mellow. The Moors and their donkeys thronged back from the land through the old gateways. Silhouetted against the deep distances, the heights of Rabat stood out like some magic city of the imagination,

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floating in a stream of purple light. And as he watched the blue shadows of the night creeping in rapid zigzag forms across the hills a plaintive note rang out above him, as with a cry of pain.

The ears of the mule shot back. Josselin listened spell-bound. It was Rahmah playing the goatherd's pipe. It sang in strident tones as of the fierce heat of summer, of the longing of things, of ages remote as man's beginnings—the threnody of the desert. As he listened to its dirge, to its bubbling tones of pain and yearning, its monotony, its shrillness—all the burden of centuries, all the cruelty of the desert, seemed to be throbbing in those piercing strains; now rising limpid as the note of lark, now wailing, as if in anguish, now ringing liquid as the curlew's call. It sang and called to him. Up, up it rose, higher, higher; it cried to him, a cry of pain and love, shrieked, wavered and fell slowly, with an infinite sadness, away.

Rahmah had spoken.

Towards midnight Josselin quietly opened the street door and sallied out on his quest. It was quite dark, suffocatingly hot and still. Already the town of Rabat was asleep. He crossed the long winding street leading to the city wall between the lanes of sleeping Moors lying like watch-dogs before their shops, carrying a small lantern in his hand. In a small alley he met the dwarf by appointment, and entering a miserable hovel, he wrapped himself in a woman's *haik*.

Before the doorway of Mulendi's house they spied Marzuk, the big negro slave, coiled all his ebony length upon a matting but evidently asleep. They passed along as far to the other side as possible, turned the corner of the garden wall and there they found the negress.

Without uttering a word she took him by the hand and led him swiftly back close by the wall whence she had appeared, traversing its whole length till they came to the small door of a house adjoining it, before which the negress paused. She glanced cautiously round then gave forth a low whistle, something like the hoot of an owl. The door opened and in another moment was closed behind them.

"Come," said Johrah in a whisper.

She passed on, leading Josselin through the winding entry passage, through a small open court and, opening a corner door, showed him into a narrow, dark room.

"Wait," she said and disappeared.

Josselin glanced round. It was impossible to see much, but on the floor on some rush matting close to his feet a little naked boy and girl lay asleep, clasping one another's hands. Josselin

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heard the ticking of a clock. Presently the door opened and the negress appeared again.

She motioned to him to take off his slippers, upon which the dwarf took farewell of him, and a moment later Josselin found himself in the garden of Mulendi's house.

They crept across the garden, past the walls espaliered with creepers, through a tiny door leading into the big centre court where there were palms and fountains and an aroma of musk, through a little horse-shoe exit in the leaf of the big cedar door of painted arabesque, down a winding dark passage into another smaller court, under the colonnade of which the negress bade him halt.

"Wait," she said again, and he found himself alone.

He looked curiously around. It was not a large court, open, of course, to the air and square. In the centre a small fountain gurgled in a marble basin. The mosaic of the pavement tiles glinted in the dim light, yellow, blue, red, white, and green. Thin marble columns of various colours supported the colonnade of horse-shoe arches which flanked the court, of Moorish lace-work embroidery, forming coves of hanging stalactites. Above, on the upper floor, ran a latticed wooden gallery of delicate filigree tracery. The great cedar doors of arabesques were shut, and just above him a small fretted oriel butted out against the dark height of a fig-tree.

Then again Johrah stood before him.

She led him under the fig-tree just beneath the fretted oriel to a little bower of palms and overhanging trellised vinery.

"Here and please Allah," she muttered, then she pointed to a white figure in the dark recess, standing motionless as a statue. Josselin strained his eyes. It was very dark, but he could just distinguish a couch of cushions and the hooded form erect and still as the blue night. Not a leaf stirred. Only the fountain gurgled in the garden. The air was laden with scent.

"Rahmah," he whispered.

He looked round, but Johrah had vanished.

With the scent of the garden reeling into his brain he passed in. He clasped the white form to him, pulled the hood from the upturned face, and kissed her upon the lips and eyes.

"Rahmah, I have come," he murmured.

"I am glad, my lover," a low musical voice came to him, and in the hush with the simplicity of a goddess Rahmah let fall her coverings. . . .

Already the rose of dawn pointed above the fig-tree and the dark frond of palms and leaf grew pale with ashen grey,

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yet still they lay upon the soft brocaded cushions and filled their heart's content.

"What is the name of Rahmah's lover," she asked him.

And when he told her "René," she said, "It is a dear name."

He looked at the little hand he held in his, soft and stained with henna, and the memory of the other women he had loved, the women of drawing-rooms and cities, came back to him almost with pity. She was a child, yet formed like a grown woman, her throat and shoulders lustrous as satin, her eyes like pools of light. Here, in this child he held reality more beautiful than any boudoir queens, natural as they were artificial, like the flowers and the silence of Morocco. He smiled with the joy of her upon him, and Rahmah smiled too, for Allah had at last been merciful to her.

So the minutes passed, nor did they move until the light flooded the court with silver and Johrah appeared before the little alcove, her black arm pointing upwards at the day.

Then she led him back through the garden and the adjoining house out into the street, and it was about the hour of cock-crow.

Thus the days and the weeks went by and Mulendi was often away on missions to the Tribes, and Josselin grew to love Rahmah, as he loved the desert and the implacable sun. Her animalism was so natural, her love, gentleness, her grace of ways and movement were so different from the corset-laced women of Europe he had known that this child of nature filled him with happiness, a passion at once fierce and tender.

When the full moon came and flooded the whole court then Rahmah was happiest of all, for she loved its cold whiteness, and she would lead Josselin into the court and lie upon the cool tiles by the plashing fountain, with her bangled arms dangling in its waters. They talked about flowers and animals, and Josselin told her stories of France and fairy-tales and strange adventures. But what Rahmah enjoyed most were the stories about his own countrywomen. He told her how the women of France looked, how they dressed, what they did; what a great *rôle* women had played in the history of nations, how some had been queens, and some saints and some warriors and some more powerful than the kings who loved them. And all this was a revelation to Moorish Rahmah, particularly about the women of other countries.

Sometimes Rahmah would tell him stories too, of animals and flowers; of the lizard and its ways, tales about the croaking frog, and butterflies, beetles and locusts, and hawks, the camel and the sacred horse, and, most of all, about the storks, for

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Rahmah loved the storks, and she knew beautiful things about them.

The great September rains came, the water poured in streams down the streets, and the air grew laden as with hot steam. But Rahmah was always the same child-creature of love, eating her couscous in the little scented oriel, a thing of sex and laughter, sweet as the verbena of spring.

Time sped. The storks returned to their homes. Swift ravening clouds swept across the winter sky, yet still Mulendi, the Moor, left Rahmah to her solitude, stretching her legs according to her shawl, as the Moorish proverb prescribes. The spring came in with joy, for Mulendi went away to Fez on business and took Azizah, his wife, with him. Vast drifts of violet irises and thyme and marigold and asphodel lay nodding upon the land and the ardent distances grew deep with mystery, and every day she seemed to Josselin to grow younger, more joyous than the poppies waving upon the hills.

"René," she said to him once, "one day you will have to leave your little Rahmah, and when you are gone I shall go back to my solitude and die like a hungry jackal in a corner."

But she was incapable of analysis or introspection, as she was without all sense of coquetry and affectation. Her one faith was Allah—Allah who was more wonderful even than the sun. She lived entirely in the moment, for the kisses that he gave her. Not a cloud disturbed their harmony. She seemed to him like the blossom of a wild flower with her lips glistening with moisture as of dew, her simplicity of nature without mood or shadow, and the youth of her budding with instinct. Nurtured on the pap of love, she had never known the sense of European modesty, the vanity of shame, yet she was natural as only a child can be in the West, for love was to her the most natural and innocent thing in life. Little toy of sex, happy only in the pleasure that she gave of it, she was so gay, so young, so utterly spontaneous in her abandon and desire, that to Josselin she appeared to be the truest being he had ever known, that product of the East, sung only in Western civilisation, the child-woman of poetic fancy.

Then one day a letter came from his colonel, summoning him back to camp.

Rahmah heard the announcement without a word or tear. They had only three nights left—then the torpedo would come for him. During the long hours of the day, in the intervals of their meeting, Rahmah sat motionless among her flowers, and wept, as if her soul would break. Johrah knew it was no good seeking to comfort her. But in the evening, before her lover's

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coming, Rahmah dried her eyes and adorned herself for his presence, and when Josselin came he was surprised to find her calm and gay as ever.

Then Josselin came for the last time.

She took him to the fountain in the court where they had played together and their lips had first met, and for the last time they roamed among the palms. Then she led him by the hand up into the little oriel.

"O René, last night I dreamed, and Mulendi's dagger gleamed above my bosom, and when I awoke there was blood on my lips. Rahmah has loved. Rahmah is dead. This day I took farewell of all my flowers and of the stork nesting on the mosque. Allah has been good, O René, dear René, it is the end."

They kissed with overflowing hearts—kisses of dead love.

"Good-bye, Rahmah, my sweet dream! I will come back for you."

"No, René," she said, "you will never return."

Just before he quitted her, Josselin turned and looked back. She was standing, radiant and calm, as he had first seen her, smiling with the peace of a child.

Once more he clasped her in his arms. Their lips, their souls met in one aching kiss and Josselin was gone: through the opening in the big cedar door he passed into the court under the green of palms and oranges, where the fountain plashed in the marble basin, under the oriel from which Rahmah gazed serene, as if in dream, through the scent and revel of the flowers. . . .

A bar like blood lay across the gold of dawn.

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A Platonic Marriage

By. T. Sturge Moore

> The writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf.
>
> Dr. Johnson: Preface to *Shakespeare*, 1765.

I

Cool night airs entered through the open window: jaded, exasperated, Raymond Marshall undressed by moonlight.

That whole midsummer evening had been wasted courting Cecily Ransome; and he felt how any progress must increase the responsibility of his relation to her wellnigh unbearably.

Suddenly he decided to give up art and accept the position offered him in a large advertising agency by the manager, his fatherly friend Henry Moncrieff.

This resolve cost him dear. Not that he believed in his talent: on the contrary. Still studio life made his defects supportable and gave play to his qualities. He enjoyed sketching tours and discussed exhibitions with eager complacency; while even painting, at which he worked steadily, produced a sense of merit, if not of success.

Though Cecily was religious, his incredulity was no serious obstacle. However, a vague tremor of imprudence accompanied his confident expectation of overcoming this difficulty, not that he pictured her husband with less reason to treat it lightly than her lover; he never conjured up scenes in a joint existence more remote than the blissful honeymoon.

Since he was alive, he would live, settle down and marry. This girl had the touch for him, and unconsciously elaborated her power. Standing in his pyjamas he looked up at the moon, fists and teeth clenched: tears gathered; he quickly pulled down the blind, then, stumbling to bed, buried his face in the pillow.

A sob shook him: Cecily would never be his; sacrifices were vain; Jack Kenyon, "so much more suitable in every way," would have her.

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There was nothing against this rival, whose happiness must none the less mean the best lost for himself, and, he sincerely believed, for the girl.

Many content themselves with facile and casual loves, and ignore that fruitless strain after an ideal to which reality continually refuses corroboration. Half glimpses of conditions favouring easy relations glid through his mind, chased by an irreducible sense of his own incompatibility :—islands in the south seas where sailors have been welcome, kindly paper homes among the rice-fields of Japan, Italian villas, student-quarters in Paris, even the well-kept secret of London houses, each the effigy of its neighbour's seemliness.

He gave way to tears,—a luxury that, too little fraught with consequence to be refrained from. The energy of rebellion streamed from his eyes and was succeeded by delicious weakness like a convalescence.

Sleep drew very near, yet a strange lucidity intervened. Hitherto unsuspected connections loomed athwart his memories : for instance, between the invasive gentleness of an old man in whose presence he always felt it wise to be passive, and the charm of his mother when she would read to him—a child well content to let the meaning escape, so completely the sound of her voice entranced his play-weary faculties :—or between walks beside young girls back from a country church on August evenings only five years ago, and very distant hours in which the whole delight of little children had consisted in doing nothing but be good, while he, one of them, had approved himself vastly more than reason was. Thus twilight briefly strengthens outlines among the hills till then inconspicuous and which darkness will mask anew.

The precise value of those rare moments seemed about to break on his mind. Had not a few works of art closely kindred influence ?—the Cnidian *Demeter*, Whistler's portrait of his mother, even *Seraphita* by Augustus John ?

Hitherto his activity had not left time for many inquiries probably fundamental to the true development of his æsthetic personality. Resolving on closer attention to himself, he fell asleep.

When the dreamer's consciousness dawned, he was climbing stone steps which wound up through heated gloom and presently issued on a blinding glare. He peered down ; the roofs of a Mauresque palace surrounded a bath in a shadowed court :—women noiselessly swam and splashed, scrambled out or dived

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in, all as strangely tiny as objects through a reversed opera-glass.

Eagerness to follow one among them caused the scene to vanish. And immediately he was watching, from the cliffs, throngs of French bathers at a Channel watering-place.

Again the same longing brought a complete shift: and in a theatre he stared at serried ranks of dancers, hunting among them for a well-known face,—for Cecily's. Anxiety not to miss her grew as the light was lowered; it went out, leaving him wretched with vexation.

Against the blackness, all at once, a little figure stood up naked, posturing, like a model on a dais. She smiled constantly, and was speaking to him; he could not hear. The voice was as diminutive as her eighteen inches of stature. She leaned towards him shouting, so near that her face should have touched his: at length words became audible:—"Would you wed Cecily though she were no bigger than I am?" Evidently he betrayed consent, for she nodded and disappeared.

II

Two years later Raymond Marshall was reminded of this dream; for, in a feverish access during sleep, more recent events were recapitulated with a difference, a charm, and a perversion which it might seem to have suggested.

Jack Kenyon drove away as he approached the Ransomes' gate. For some reason he was shown into the library; his surprise increased when the door reopened on the master of the house, who should have been in the City. Cecily's father was as incapable of disguising an aim as of betraying an impulse. The young man at once perceived that he was viewed as a possible son-in-law.

Nothing indelicate spoiled this new cordiality. The shaven mouth and blue eyes avowed policy with a meagre intentness which rusty brows and whiskers were not bushy enough to mask.

"Glad to see you, Marshall. We are in great trouble."

"I am very sorry to hear that." With secret elation, though conscious of being scrutinised, Raymond thought of his rival's disappearing motor. "I hope you will allow me to sympathise?"

So buoyant did the lover feel that he again gave the lead.

"I came to tell you of my determination to accept Moncrieff's offer."

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"Congratulate you, I am sure!" cried the other, shaking his guest's hand a second time.

"How are Mrs. and Miss Ransome?"

"My wife is well——"

"Is Miss——?"

"Really, when I reflect, I doubt my senses."

"Has anything happened?"

"The truth is, my daughter has lost her size."

"Lost her si——!!!"

"Yes, I doubt if she stands eighteen inches."

"Impossible!" the other cried, trembling as though he anticipated the greatest joy of his life.

Raymond heard and answered, yet knew not what was said. Doors opened and shut, there were consequent changes of light and air, and when next his mind cleared, he was in Mrs. Ransome's room.

That lady was sitting in helpless concern, near a table on which lay two large volumes so arranged as to form a step: this, softened by a folded silk muffler, served Cecily for a settee. Diminutive as the visitant of his dream, draped in white nun's veiling, something, but not much, like a Greek statue, she was seated with both arms thrown round over the top book and her dejected head between them, shaking with violent sobs.

Sympathy for her was struggling with a return of his former elation, when her mother spoke in a whisper.

"Here is Mr. Marshall, Cecily. Come, do try and forget. . . . Talk about music, you always enjoy a chat with Mr. Marshall." Mellow, yet otherwise like that to which another listens at a telephone, a midget voice replied: he distinguished tears in it, not what was said.

Mrs. Ransome continued: "I am sure Mr. Marshall will whisper."

"I wish you would not treat me like a child; you only remind me and make it worse," the voice insisted with peevish energy.

"I'm very sorry, dearest."

Her husband came to her aid in a hoarse undertone:

"Marshall called to tell us that he has decided to give up painting and accept Moncrieff's offer. You must congratulate him, for it is an excellent position with first-rate prospects."

"My head aches, and your voice seems so loud," said the little creature, as, holding a tiny unhemmed square of gossamer

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that she had been using as a handkerchief to her forehead, she settled herself round and looked at Raymond.

His best efforts could not prevent traces of a smile twitching the corners of his mouth. Cecily flushed, and he thought she would break down, but with self-control she said :

" It seems inconceivable, and I don't wonder that you want to laugh at me."

Her father and mother left the room.

" Pray don't think that : I sympathise with all my heart, though were I less sorry for you, I think I should go wild with delight to see you, so lovely, sitting there ! . . . Oh, forgive me, if I raised my voice too much," he added, though his words had died away rather than grown louder ; the compliment being more direct than he had ever ventured upon while she was full-sized.

" Do you want me to congratulate you, Mr. Marshall ? "

" Very much indeed."

" But I thought you were so fond of painting ? "

" I hope Art will always exert a great influence over my life ; but perhaps my relations to painting may in future be less dangerous to myself and to it ; for I shall try to be a grateful recipient instead of a greedy contributor."

" When you come out with such long sentences, I always doubt what you say."

Her admirer received this ambiguous recognition of a fluency due to previous cogitations with smiles and blushes.

" Perhaps you were 'greedy' ; you certainly seemed to expect to have your pictures praised on account for those you meant to paint.—Don't say I am witty ; I read that in yesterday's *Morning Post*, and it made me think of you."

" You are as quick as ever you were to——"

" Please try to avoid such references ; why should you suppose me less quick now ? There, don't answer ; talk about that Bach cantata we heard last Wednesday."

Raymond with difficulty kept his wits to the topic of conversation, being obsessed by the event of the past night. By what degrees did her sleeping body shrink till the bed was huge ? Did she in the morning crawl from the neck of a full-sized night-gown ?—and then, clambering up the mountainous pillow, tip-toe to reach the bell ? Starting, he thought the book on which she sat so thick that a footstool would be welcome. His eyes searched the room for some suitable object, while he answered at random.

The very thing, a cushion for dolly pins lay in Mrs. Ransome's

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basket, actually made in the shape of a hassock. He took it, oblivious of the minikin voice beside him, searched for any point that might do her offence, then pushed the toy gently towards where her draperies rested on the table, and glanced into her eyes. She coloured, and, as she lifted her skirt, he just saw a bare foot protrude and draw the knick-knack under. It amused him highly to realise that her stockings had not lost their size: but Cecily, already nettled at finding him so abstracted, was the more piqued at this evident pleasure.

"I see, Mr. Marshall, you are bent on making a plaything of me. There is no talking with you."

Her indignation was very pretty; but suddenly she bowed her face into the two-inch square of damp gossamer and wept again. Contrite, he implored forgiveness; at last, composing herself, she pardoned him, but immediately complained of headache and asked to be left alone.

A white petal floated in a shallow glass bowl; it had fallen from one of three roses whose heavy heads rested on the brim. He lifted it, then audaciously drew its domed surface across her brow.

Her smile, as she folded and stretched it over her forehead, recalled his sinking heart from the abyss of horror opened by the risk he had run of displeasing her.

After a minute she said it had given delicious relief. Then he retired.

III

Life seemed boundless with happiness.

Having noticed that she shunned rough textures (the table-cover had been removed on that account) Raymond ordered a new suit of a very smooth cloth, then bought a set of Indian handkerchiefs so fine that they could be drawn with uninterrupted flow through the smallest finger ring; next called on an old lady friend of his and begged over a dozen lavender pockets, which he carefully stowed away with his clothes and linen. The following morning he had a Turkish bath, anxious in no way to risk offending her exquisite senses.

Stepping briskly along the streets, like a pilgrim to a foreign shrine, he expected everything to appear new, strange, and divinely improving at the same time; and sunshine helped even the shops and traffic not to disappoint him.

As far as he could remember, her complexion had gained what her features, reduced to insignificance, had lost.

Such a blossom-like fairy might lead you by the hand through

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a convex mirror gleaming from the background of a Flemish or Venetian masterpiece. He tried to visualise appropriate costumes and interiors: but before one was complete the other seduced his mind, too restless to cleave to any preference.

Was it not the slight brusqueness of her manner that, in miniature, just saved grace from insipidity?

Only her conversation remained the same: and he had with difficulty taken interest in what used formerly best to feed his infatuation. However, he counted on its acquiring ere long fresh magnetism from daintily novel experiences. Not a doubt stirred but that in commerce with her, every fault of bearing and disposition of which he was conscious would soon be lost.

Arriving at Hampstead like one who walks the air, frequent collisions with other foot-passengers were with difficulty avoided.

Cecily could not be seen, having taken to her last doll's cradle with a fever, on a thimbleful of sterilised milk, diluted with boiled water, every two hours. Fortunately she slept, and, though it was impossible to count her pulse or take her temperature with certainty, seemed to progress favourably.

The next few days were spent in Mrs. Ransome's company, providing against her daughter's Lilliputian needs. The best toy-shops were visited, estimates obtained and orders given; the good lady was astonished at the invention and foresight he displayed. "Really, Mr. Marshall, I should never have thought of it!" was her constant exclamation.

With the clamps of a table croquet fence he contrived three firm walls out of small folding screens for the inlaid top of an *escritoire* which stood in her mother's window; it could be roofed in with a chessboard at pleasure. The fluctuations of his taste necessitated rapid exchanges of postcards with a cabinet-maker, whom he sent to view chairs, sofas, and other "pieces" at first-class dealers, where the poor man's shabby frock-coat was turned into a Nessus-shirt by supercilious shop-walkers who did not believe him a possible customer. Edwin Orme, a great friend of Raymond's, had for some time been deep in "the glories of our historic English furniture"; his recent conversions from "Queen Anne" to "Tudor" and back to "Jacobean" further embarrassed his disciple, who secretly preferred "Sheraton" all the time.

Frames for the thumb-nail photographs of famous pictures, especially printed from negatives prepared for catalogue illustrations, had to be abandoned; mouldings looked so clumsy, glass seemed so thick; and he finally pasted them on the screens.

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A West End florist sent for Alpine flowers from the shoulders of Monte Rosa. The invalid found their dwarf magenta and lazuli heads (on the scale of magnolias) wellnigh overpowering. Her lover determined that so soon as his purse could stand the strain, she should lie, a giantess, under a cedar stunted by generations of Japanese gardeners into a perfect miniature monarch of the wilderness.

Office work commenced: in future only his week-ends would be free.

On the eighth evening he called, hoping to learn that Cecily had been able to leave her cradle for an hour or two during the day.

Trunks were in the hall, and Mr. Ransome appeared accoutred for a journey. Since the event he had lived almost entirely at his club, and now, unable to shake his mind free from the obsession of the supernatural, was bound for the land of the midnight sun. In lieu of volumes of Huxley, Spencer, or Kipling, his bag contained Myers' *Human Personality* and several numbers of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.

He was determined to grapple with the whole spirit-world: while a stream of new impressions, it might be hoped, would float his thoughts off the rock they had struck—a non-natural fact, the first ever recorded on indestructible evidence.

"Yes, she has been up, feels the better for it and now sleeps soundly," he said: and continued apologetically, "You see, this has upset my mind a great deal more than it has her mother's, who has always vacillated about the miraculous. Besides, it gives her so much to do; whereas I seem unable to settle down to anything, so had best make myself scarce."

Raymond drove with him to Fenchurch Street, and thought that the crisp eyelashes glistened moistly when, just before the train started, he said, "You're a good boy to stick to her like this, and if she ever recovers I shan't forget it."

When Raymond got back to his rooms he bleared his sight poring over diamond classics, a nucleus for her library.

Only works of insipid devotion, the Bible, Shakespeare, and a few hackneyed poems seemed ever to have been printed for the waistcoat pocket, and even for them she would need a lectern. He sighed as he thought how few of his favourite books she could read without intolerable physical strain: while the cost of having one set up in the smallest type was prohibitive.

Then by way of practice he read in a whisper from *The Egoist* till his lips ached.

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IV

The following Sunday seemed a complete life while it lasted. For excitement drives back the past as the shore recedes from a drifting boat till it sinks from sight; only when the occasion is passed are we suddenly quite near to things that preceded: while joy narrows from a boundless ocean to a brook which any one could step across, a single day dividing week from week.

He found Cecily, early up, in a dress the work of a very old friend of Mrs. Ransome's, whose taste manifested an inverse ratio to her skill. Mamma was vainly coaxing her daughter's approval, and immediately tried to suborn him; but Raymond was too recently a City man, therefore scouted accommodating wisdom, while the soul of artist and lover whispered forth copious ridicule, completely routing the poor lady's good sense.

A *costume de parade* from a Lilliput Madame Tussaud's, it deserved to be set up in marble before a cork cathedral exhibited as an instance of pathological ingenuity at the Crystal Palace. How it would have become a lady who, thirty years ago, eating shrimps in a bow-window at Margate, threw the heads out at the milkman as a mark of condescension and high good humour!

The dress was "finished"; he retired to the library while it was taken off and the pseudo-Greek draperies resumed.

The plants in a small conservatory which opened from that room were brilliant with sunshine: when he might return he suggested that Cecily should take a walk there. While regretting that Mrs. Ransome must carry her, his eye chanced on one of those porcelain jars for masking flower-pots. It was empty. He set the brim on a tilt just level with the *escritoire* lid. In answer to his invitation she slid gently in and was carried, fenced up to the elbows, through the library, and out into the warm scented air. Here her mother, who had followed them, lifted and set her between two maidenhair ferns. Looking up through that gay multitudinous canopy of small translucent leaves her heart seemed eased. With agile deliberation she walked the perilously divided rails of which the shelves were formed, and he frequently built a staircase of the cigar-boxes in which Mr. Ransome kept seeds, that, steadying herself by his forefinger, she might pass from level to level, or reach a camellia's trunk so as to climb among its branches. Perched under those glossy leaves, she held with difficulty on her lap, where it had the proportions of a washing-basin, a flower which had snapped off short, while an

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ineffable pink flush streamed up from it, both recalling and surpassing the effect of footlights.

To his intoxication, she began to relish tininess—the mystery with which it was fraught, the adventures to which it invited! Less than half the substance of a new-born child, her frame was as firm and agile as when a month since he admired its athletic elegance at the tennis tournament.

Freeing a white azalea that hung loose on long stamens he dropped it over her head like a wide-winged sun-bonnet.

A boy's sentiment for the maze-threading intimacies of a tame rat's movements, mingled for him with the glamour cast over virile youths by girl-life at once parallel with and foreign to their own. Curiosity about and respect for a being whose organism and significance defeat comprehension underlie both these fascinations: while a clumsy impulse may maim such frailty, no exertion of will can restore its beauty. Helped to its own good or crushed by a brief movement of blind animal strength, its fate remains equally unsearchable.

Complex and not clear to himself, Raymond's feelings kept augmenting the fearful temerity of his enjoyment.

V

Tired, she slept till tea-time: he roamed the heath. An infinity of London roofs was visible through the comparatively smokeless air.

How much of the charm distance lends is due to reduced proportions! The inhabitants would at once be as fascinating as that view, could they be seen no longer the spectator's equals in stature,—and the more so, the more they remained like him in other ways. He laughed to think with what greedy eyes he would devour those flocks of vulgar strollers if no one of them stood as high as his knee. Lover-like, he reproached himself for slighting them, and made an effort to reform the perspective of his interests which, if not fruitless, proved painful in the extreme. There was such unqualified acceptance of the gross marred world in all those faces, whether young or old, restive or patient, sad or happy.

Relieved, he closed the drive gate and found himself in the shade of private trees.

On the small lawn behind the house he recognised Cecily's draperies: having got soiled in the conservatory they had been washed. Rachel hurried out and gathered them up; she said they were nothing to do, legitimate Sunday work, whereas a full-sized frock in such a state must have gone to the cleaner's.

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"The gentleman whom Miss Cecily honours now, may comfort himself that it won't cost much to dress her: not that she has ever been an extravagant young lady."

Hardly had Mrs. Ransome left them to go to church when he asked her daughter to be his wife.

She objected: where was the use of being married? They could have no children.

Yet she listened while he declared that his only hope of happiness lay in serving one so lost in the big world, in refining object and experience till they were fit for her contact: drudgery at the office could only become bearable through knowing that his success would redeem her incompatible stature from disadvantage after disadvantage.

What was love but service? and what service could be more exquisite, demand greater ingenuity, or more completely exercise a man's and an artist's faculties?

He rapturously described the model house he would have made for her; it should be architecture, not a toy; ave style and convenience, homeliness and beauty, comfort and dignity.

They were sitting at the open window—he on a footstool beside the *escritoire*, so that their eyes were on a level. She had refused to venture into the garden for fear of being seen by neighbours from their windows.

Intimacy with her could alone fully satisfy his mind and heart, for she was at once alive, and intangible as a work of art. Forgetting twenty-six years' experience of them, he ignored his body, its instincts and functions, and really thought that neither husband nor lover ever before had such a chance of satisfying possession.

Passion is jealous: it is mere cant to pretend the contrary. He confessed that he grudged her mother and Rachel all rights derived from services rendered: the familiarities of their commerce trespassed on privileges claimed by his love.

She vaguely perceived that there would be difficulties, yet lacked the knowledge requisite to define their nature. However, the study of works of edification had quickened her perception of moral inconsistencies; so she asked, "If love is service, what can mine do for you?"

The idea of a living statuette, mere food for an admiration under which she had at times felt the latent irreverence of an appetite, repelled her.

Nevertheless his delight in gazing on her diminished person—

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in watching and aiding the new life it necessitated, had succoured her body when it had else been defeated by the so strange climacteric which still threatened her soul's health. She felt that her convalescence would depend on his visits: gratitude did not need to register itself in conscious thought, since every gleam of radiance restored to her expressed it. Yet, though wholly his, she divined that huge affections depend on certain conditions, and lacking them, must pine and die like stranded whales. Could their union provide the element needed for its health? These doubts sought to justify themselves, but, mere intuitions, they refused to crystallise into concepts, still more to dictate words. Her soul shrank numbed, paralysed by the impossibility of employing the future. Enforced idleness gaped like a monster to devour the activity of her youth, whether single or the doll of this good fellow.

Yet the risks were not equal: for how long could she, helpless and dislocated from the articulation of ordinary life, hope to content him?

Since she really cared for him, her duty was to refuse.

This prolonged deliberation drove his emotion beyond the realm of thought.

His arms, exasperated by the impossibility of hugging her, writhed in the air; his eyes burned; he got up, strode about and sat down, making it still more difficult for her to speak.

Kneeling, he repeated his petition, mingled and confused its pleas; at last he was still.

A few moments later a sudden impact on the starched drum of his cuff startled her; and though her eyes had frequently searched his face, she now became aware that it was streaming with tears.

He did not sob; his silence was terrifying.

Her music? What instrument could she play? Her charities. Whom could she now visit? Could she even keep the books? What are friends without interest or pastime in common? Memories of pride taken in tennis and cycling derided her now. Her useless sanity was practically condemned to a private asylum. She stood up: thrilling with pity both for him and herself, thrust her arms into his hair and kissed his brow, while his hot dry lips felt rough against her thigh through two thicknesses of Indian silk.

They plighted faith: everybody was content: and the lovers each formed a tacit resolve never to question a pact which had relieved them from coming to a rational decision.

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So children in bed, having heard something stir in the dark, resolve to forget the possibility of leaving warmth and softness, rather than affront the terrors of an expedition across the room.

VI

For Raymond life became a trance; seeming to himself only saved from madness by the correspondence which continued between his instinctive actions and the expectations of well-dressed men, he yielded his person to their bustle as an empty boat rides the waves for which it is shaped, aimlessly buoyant, miraculously safe.

His function was to help "the firm" overtake the rapid strides with which public taste had recently left the business world behind. Advertisers who desired to attract high-class clients were sent up to his room: all were enchanted with his advice. Private preoccupations made him slow to realise that his first thoughts were scientific deductions compared with their groping blankness; so that a tendency to stare open-mouthed at their satisfaction continually needed repressing.

Agitated as a pair of building birds who covet some fragment of stuff difficult to remove, his mind and heart were continually to and fro, between his body and the site chosen for his nest, a flat in Maida Vale: and when six o'clock suddenly set him free they fluttered off with him.

Having scamped his dinner, he hurried to Orme's rooms in the Temple, and feverishly turned over photographs and magazines in search for an ideal house, while awaiting his friend; who at length entered, in lively discussion with a stout stranger.

Orme's face was prematurely furrowed; whatever he said, he looked at you as though expecting to be amused by the effect of his words.

They smoked.

Raymond threw down his unfinished cigarette that his action might precipitate theirs; but they each carefully placed the stem with its ashy end beyond the edge of the chimney-piece, while they bent over plans of buildings adduced by Orme in support of some contention.

Like a woman's, his taste had strange *lacunæ* but real refinement, and when most unaccountable soothed some hidden vanity. His admirations were only whole-hearted for personal acquaintance whom he felt sure were his inferiors, and for rediscovered masters whose work had not yet been generally discussed.

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Often irritated by his friend's waywardness, Raymond respected his energy and scholarship, which he supposed more extensive than it really was. Bumptious in regard to architecture, sculpture, and painting, Orme was sympathetically in agreement with lovers of music such as his interlocutor that evening. This gentleman, who, as a rule, deemed that his taste in plastic art called for apology, yet held it incumbent on every one to admire the Trafalgar monument, because it suggested that Nelson's gaze, ever alert, still searched the sea (Surrey and Sussex notwithstanding) for Britain's foe. And the young architect was even willing to argue the point.

In spite of his patriotic foible, the other constantly succeeded in proving specious the convenience of Orme's illustrations, driving him to seek for new. The repetition of this process confused them both: and, ever more barren, the unflagging stream of intellectual irritation brought them to half-past ten, when the friend departed saying he should miss his train.

Orme divined that Marshall's incredible story was invented. All the cajoleries of a superior's politeness were immediately flung around him. A profession, an office, dissembles in security, but the unattached person who plays with fire is immensely amusing, and of course helpless in the hands of the initiate. Impregnable as a functionary who times his interviewer, Orme wasted the remaining hour without scruple, and enervated Raymond's exasperation without even decent perspicuity.

My dear Orme,—I cannot pretend but what there is excuse for incredulity, yet I was wounded by your attitude last night. Still, you can be of such immense service to me that I have induced my *fiancée* to receive you. Seeing at least is believing: I count on your discretion to keep our secret, to make no allusions to her misfortune, and not to attempt to prolong an interview which gives her pain.

If you are free, please meet me at the Holborn to-morrow at 7.30, whence after dinner we can proceed together to Hampstead. Unless I hear from you I shall order dinner for two.

Yours ever,
Raymond Marshall.

Orme's uneasiness increased visibly while they ate; in the Tube he grew pale, and trembled when Raymond left him in the library to prepare Cecily. On seeing her, he looked as though he had discovered that the senior partner in his firm was a bankrupt swindler. Even his politeness deserted him, and once back in the other room he sank into a chair, and mopped his brow.

Raymond was dumbfounded to see him so upset. There was

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no precedent; there was no procedure: a lover could not realise what that meant.

Unable to rest, Orme fled the house, his pretext being a need for open air.

VII

"Oh, so here you are! How was it done? You shall tell me how I was taken in."

These words greeted Raymond as he entered his friend's rooms a few evenings later. He was amazed and disgusted by this charlatanry, but soon perceived an absence of real curiosity behind the ostensible hope for initiation into a Maskelyne and Devant mystery, and before long appreciated a *procedure* which smoothed away many difficulties incidental to building the house.

"We are to believe, for the sake of my friend here, that these commodities are wanted for a real live lady of diminutive proportions."

"It is, I think, enough if we know what to pretend to believe and are sure of our money."

Thanks to a ready supply of such phrases, before Orme left town for August they had unearthed a retired plumber in Walworth. He had worked for Doulton's, and was willing to part with a diminutive bath and privy of the most sanitary pattern, the fruit of his industrious leisure. Through him they discovered an electrical engineer who consented to construct fittings, fires, and lamps of the required smallness. Thus healthy vitals were provided for "Psyche's home," as Orme always called it.

By this time many a lewd laugh had lubricated the friction between them, so that in future they could always retreat from strained positions by referring to the cynical complicity which had occasionally brought tears into their eyes when standing beside unglazed and uncurtained offices destined for Psyche's convenience.

The living-room was in the Adams style, except for a stencilled frieze, an original combination of Walter Crane's and the Pompeian manner, on which the architect prided himself. This was a sore irritation for Raymond, who had during his holidays painted five yards of tan-sailed yawls and white-sailed yachts on the Broads. He perceived the meagre "squiffiness" of his friend's decoration better than the incongruity of his own "fat pigment" and Cotmanesque "breadth of glow." His work was fitted round the entry, bedroom, bathroom, &c.; and it was some

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consolation that Cecily, for whom it was associated with many long days of quiet "spooning" during which she watched its leisurely growth in her mother's room, genuinely preferred it.

All the windows and doors opened, but unfortunately the stupid cabinet-maker had not really understood about reducing the mouldings and had compromised the proportions of the whole set. Orme was at first exceedingly annoyed; but after a couple of days spent in painting and gilding them, he pointed out their superiority over the mechanical copies at first intended. In the same way the distempered walls dried to hues at which he exclaimed in consternation, but spoke of them with enchantment when with water-colour lines, wreaths, and ribbons he had divided them into panels. A fresh selection of thumb-nail photographs after masterpieces was framed in *passe-partout*, the needed touch of lyric colour being provided by a miniature replica of Raymond's "best thing," two chestnut thoroughbreds under horse-chestnut boughs against a deep blue sea that had once been a stable wall, and would have remained so had not the bricks proved of such "unpleasant quality."

With colours chosen for her, Mrs. Ransome worked a broad border to an old sampler so that it made a very pleasant floorcloth. Cecily, who complained that the smallest procurable were as clumsy as uncurved carpet needles, aided by her dearest friend, Amy Pibbrook, embroidered curtains, bed-spreads, and cushion-covers, while the kindly author of the rejected dress hemmed under-garments, sheets, and pillow-slips.

Raymond's intended had long clung to an absolute seclusion: the only exception, that in his favour, had been thrust upon her before any resolve could form. After their engagement, however, she consented to see Amy. This young lady examined her thoughtfully for a minute or two, then sighed, "Ah, well, I shall never understand anything!" a phrase which was habitual with her; and immediately resumed ease and familiarity.

VIII

The date fixed was October the 3rd.

Cecily's cousin, a clerk in orders, was happy to officiate. His difficulties concerning the Virgin Birth had been dispersed: he saw what justified belief in almost anything, and gratefully blinked at her tininess like a connoisseur before a unique Tanagra.

She stood by her bridegroom on the pedestal of a bronze half-sized *Venus of Milo*, which as a rule occupied a niche between

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two bookcases in her father's library. Thus during the prayers she kneeled on this stout yellow-marble pillar above all their bowed backs.

Her dress, a Watteau gown, shimmered through the veil, being in mother-of-pearl silk—a special line in gentlemen's neck-ties, four of which had furnished more than enough for train and all. Raymond, in a new frock-coat, wore a fifth threaded through his collar. His legs seemed to have separate existence or to belong to some one else, on account of the unusual lightness of his lavender trousers.

Mr. Ransome, still bronzed from travel, restively creaked his boots: being no platonist he considered the marriage a farce. His wife wiped her eyes, said, and perhaps thought, nothing.

Henry Moncrieff, for whom they waited and who left the moment the service was over, considered that, the parents and dowry being satisfactory, the lady could not be too insignificant. He himself bid for boys: by comparing mothers of many sons, he had conceived a type, and coming across the girl who embodied it, twelve months later had been presented with an heir whom he christened Nelson Drake.

However, being now the father of seven sons, all growing up, he thought his young friend better without the prospect of so much responsibility.

The bridesmaids, a sister of Raymond's and Amy Pibbrook, wore frocks of green muslin, thickness over thickness till the colour clouded richly, and trimmed with little rosettes clustered to imitate sprays of crimson rambler, of a scarcely more pronounced hue than that which suffused their faces, abashed to disguise the hysterical giggling which shook them.

After a tedious and constrained breakfast, Raymond and the girls took Cecily for a drive.

She sat in a hammock rigged across a large wicker magpie cage and steadied by a weight which swung just free of its floor. The whole was enveloped in white gauze, through which she could see, yet not even the coachman might guess at the presence of more than some foreign bird pet.

Under the softest of blue skies, they were carried out through Hendon, Mill Hill, Elstree, and back by Stanmore and Edgware. Still wealthy, the rippling trees shed bright yellow and leisurely showers, as though to avoid seeming on a later day forced by some rude wind. The wheels now crunched rain-softened ruts, and now rolled muted over beds of freshly fallen leaves,

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accompanied by the steady sound of hooves which toiled uphill, then briskened along the ridge; suddenly the brake would grate as they descended, till traversing the bottom, the four-fold trot chimed at full swing. The undulating country seemed to dream of bliss, and the gilded Madonna pinnacled above the convent at Highwood from diverse points of view animated a fresh vista.

At times the girls chatted, to let Raymond whisper over the cage: but oftener they felt that not even so much duty was required, since silence alone could absorb that lucent air and mellow loveliness. The sun set across Brent reservoir; and the air was quite chilly ere they reached the flat in Maida Vale.

Leaving the girls to drive back to Hampstead in the carriage, Raymond carried his precious cage up and up the winding stair to the very top.

Rachel opened the door: she had prepared a meal, and was to look after them at any rate for the present. Her mother and grandmother and all her aunts had been model servants, and she herself in Mrs. Ransome's service for eighteen years.

"Well, perhaps it's all for the best!" she would say referring to her young lady's transformation; and her composed expression seemed ready to welcome a like change in the stature of the whole master and mistress class. They would give so much less trouble and could doubtless be kept far happier.

IX

The house stood on a dais in the dusk of the firelit room, its window curtains aglow with the electric lights within.

Freed from her wicker prison, Cecily had to force admiration for her future home, which smelt of "turps." Though only seven feet square by four high, it seemed to occupy one whole half of the room: a paper notice was pinned to the roof, "Wet paint."

Amy had been there before noon, messed her fingers, and written it to warn others. Orme, dissatisfied with the colour of the tiles, had returned before breakfast to soften them with moss and weather stains, and proceeded to cover the walls with a profusion of golden lichen.

So firmly determined to avoid the picturesque had he been, that Raymond was persuaded not to paint the walls of his room with Alpine scenery—as he had dreamed of doing in order to soothe his bride's waking eyes with a perfect illusion since from her bed the floor and chairs outside could not be seen.

However, the crudely lined bricks and tiles looked so unsym-

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pathetic that at the last moment Orme's mind had veered round from a purist north to an equally lax south. Raymond was bitterly disappointed : through no fault of his the house looked unattractive.

Cecily entered, and in a moment her voice rang with real pleasure. Kneeling down, he listened greedily to ecstasies which the drawn curtains prevented him from watching. To leave the privacy of the windows entirely to her generosity, unprejudiced by petitions, was his most cherished resolve.

A tiny chair and table stood beside Raymond's cover, when he returned from his bedroom. Cecily was ready : she stepped on to his left hand, which he held to her front door, and steadying herself by his right thumb was carried across the abyss.

Even the smell of paint and the irritation against Orme which it prompted could not resist a great appeasement left by the emotions of the day and their long drive in the open air. They ate slowly, in silence, with elbows leant on their several tables, and gazing into one another's eyes with occasional vague smiles.

An ache that palpitated like a moth's wings clung to the bottom of either heart, caused not by thought but by the occasion for it which both avoided.

How indeed were they to live together ? Ideal sentiments are difficult to express. A few suitable passages might be collected from the poets : but when these grew stale, how were they to avoid ill-considered comment on the tragic farce of every least event in their mutual life, till at last the very idea of it would be degraded through idle jest and cheap sarcasm ?

Their thoughts fled from this pressing deliberation, as children run from the bell that ends their play-hour and hope to distance its pursuing sound—yet as they hasten meet the solemn twilight aloof, inhospitable, unlike those rooms prepared for their needs whither they are summoned.

After Rachel had cleared away he turned off the lights, then both sat watching the flames. She, on his knee, lolled back into his hand as he into their " grandfather " chair.

Long ago their former lives had been told over, and mutual confessions been granted absolution for such sins as could be described. The inexpressible now rose up, barring further communion. First one, then the other, with an effort to resist invading fatigue, would put a question which, once spoken, seemed hopelessly futile, since its relation to the memories of the musing soul defied any available mastery over words.

" Do you remember the dark mystery of the cistern cup-

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board; the hissing sound, that dripping, and the gradually silenced gurgle?" The only answer would be either a sympathetic silence or a laugh, both implying, "I divine the sort of thing, but it is no use trying to be explicit."

She gaped, and he merrily slipped her into the side pocket of his velvet jacket, and asked if that would make her a nest to sleep in.

"No, it smells of tobacco."

"Impossible! the coat is new and was never put on till this evening."

She felt flattered, but added: "I want more room to be comfortable."

He then stood her in his inside breast pocket, and bade her cuddle against his heart and count the beats.

"The prickles on your chin are more impressive."

"There are none; I shaved this morning."

"Oh, yes, there are," she said, stroking him with her open palm.

A long silence followed: she had fallen asleep, and he dreamed that she might be undressed and put to bed without waking. But the moment he stirred she rubbed her eyes and asked to be carried to her front door.

He obeyed with half-conscious reluctance, and then traced her moving about inside from room to room by the lights going out. At last she entered the bedroom, blew him a dozen kisses through the window, and reclosed the curtains on his face—for he had hastened to kneel down.

Standing with his back to the dying fire he watched that single square of light on which her hovering shadow sometimes encroached. He tried in a muse to picture every action. Suddenly all became dark: she would be kneeling beside the bed now and he fancied he heard it creak as she climbed in.

X

Long he stared into the room which the glow from the grate hardly rendered recognisable.

Ah, why could not he too shrink to Lilliputian proportions, open and enter those doors, and, gliding beneath the quilt, satisfy his virility?

Had he not a full right to turn up the light, throw up the sash, part those curtains, draw the clothes from the bed and feed at least his eyes?

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An ingrained resolve regarded such action as worse than house-breaking.

Not sleek husbands, but starved lovers in stake-like attitudes, formed a palisade round Psyche's house, and took the brunt of charging lusts, which, like a sea, threatened his will's overthrow.

Men too diffident to break silence or violate their own refinement had defended idealised relations to maiden- and motherhood. It was little if the sated remained true and honourable.

Yet crowds of both sexes yield effortless, and not a few comfortably laugh over their animal lapses from the uplands of a world less nice in deed than in pretence.

Whole nations regard the satisfaction of lust as a consequence of life as simple as that of hunger; yet among them also splendid examples of ideal fidelity have received honour.

Was not love rather degraded by the demand that soul and body should always feed from the same trough? Why, where the nobler was impossible, should the humbler be tabooed? Had not this prejudice created traffic in brides, an inhuman ignominy for the inevitable whore, and doomed quite sterling couples to the material disadvantages of small breeding establishments, in which to think or feel with either delicacy or elevation soon became impossible?

On the other hand, raving echoed from the watched and padded beds of some who, absorbed by an ever-augmenting sexual appetency, had with alcohol sought to dissipate the recurrent depression entailed; this fate had even clouded wit's brilliant dawn till it died sordidly away in shunned and enforced seclusion.

Yet had not the age-long resistance to instinct to which he was heir, in its other-worldliness, espoused hopes which he perforce rejected and avowed motives worthy of derision?—while real spiritual freedom may not rarely have been maintained by that cynic courage which, accepting the companion swine, gave it enough and refused it too much, with an equal good humour.

Raymond's mind did not define these divergent attitudes, but merely traced lines athwart a maze of half-remembered fact which, leading up like the buttress slopes of an alp, implied clean-cut peaks wide-sundered above the cloud, whither his mental efforts had lacked the persistency needed for climbing.

Then for a moment, hallucinated or half-asleep, he swayed above his feet like a bush in the wind, felt the ideal tower over him like a huge ebony cross through the darkness, and cringed as though fearing that gouts from it might fall on him.

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Suddenly he staggered forward and, shaken, came to himself. At the same time not to betray her confidence, since he had solicited it, and not to degrade his own emotions which imagination had so sedulously enhanced, and submissive to that decency by which he claimed caste, he strode into his room, with the feeling that this victory but deferred a destined defeat; and so got to bed.

A hand shook him.

"I daren't let you sleep any longer, or you will be late at the office."

He turned and saw Cecily sitting up beside him. Not only had she regained her size, but a few minutes later, when her petticoat strings had to be tied, they remarked with mutual satisfaction that it was measurably increased.

Raymond congratulated himself on waking inside a house managed by her for him, instead of outside one contrived by him for her.

This dream, like the creed of his ancestors, had certainly developed before it was committed to writing: but as in that case, those things for which he chiefly prized it were inseparable from the changes it had undergone;* these have therefore been scrupulously respected by his collaborator, your humble servant,

NELSON DRAKE MONCRIEFF.

* Raymond maintains that more fundamental transformations are due to me. Knowing the persons and places referred to, I, for the reader's sake, have amplified some descriptions and sketched a few characters who were mere names, but protest entire fidelity in other respects.

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Under Western Eyes

By Joseph Conrad

PART FIRST. II (*continued*)

He said to himself that there was nothing to think about, and began walking towards his home.

He walked quietly. It was a common experience to walk thus home to bed after an evening spent somewhere with his fellows or in the cheaper seats of a theatre. After he had gone a little way the familiarity of things got hold of him. Nothing was changed. There was the familiar corner; and when he turned it he saw the familiar dim light of the provision shop kept by a German woman. There were loaves of stale bread, bunches of onions and strings of sausages behind the small window-panes. They were closing it. The sickly lame fellow whom he knew so well by sight staggered out into the snow embracing a large shutter.

Nothing would change. There was the familiar gateway yawning black with feeble glimmers marking the arches of the different staircases.

The sense of life's continuity depended on trifling bodily impressions. The trivialities of daily existence were an armour for the soul. And this thought reinforced the inward quietness of Razumov as he began to climb the stairs familiar to his feet in the dark, with his hand on the familiar clammy banister. The exceptional could not prevail against the material contacts which make one day resemble another. To-morrow would be like yesterday.

It was only on the stage that the unusual was outwardly acknowledged.

"I suppose," thought Razumov, "that if I had made up my mind to blow out my brains on the landing I would be going up these stairs as quietly as I am doing it now. What's a man to do? What must be must be. Extraordinary things do happen. But when they have happened they are done with. Thus, too, when the mind is made up. That question is done with. And

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the daily concerns, the familiarities of our thought swallow it up —and the life goes on as before with its mysterious and secret sides quite out of sight, as they should be. Life is a public thing."

Razumov unlocked his door and took the key out; entered very quietly and bolted the door behind him carefully.

He thought, "He hears me," and after bolting the door he stood still holding his breath. There was not a sound. He crossed the bare outer room, stepping deliberately in the darkness. Entering the other he felt all over his table for the matchbox. The silence ,but for the groping of his hand, was profound. Could the fellow be sleeping so soundly?

He struck a light and looked at the bed. Haldin was lying on his back as before, only both his hands were under his head. His eyes were open. He stared at the ceiling.

Razumov held the match up. He saw the clear-cut features, the firm chin, the white forehead and the top-knot of fair hair against the white pillow. There he was, lying flat on his back. Razumov thought suddenly, "I have walked over his chest."

He continued to stare till the match burnt itself out; then struck another and lit the lamp in silence without looking towards the bed any more. He had turned his back on it and was hanging his coat on a peg when he heard Haldin sigh profoundly, then ask in a tired voice:

"Well! And what have you arranged?"

The emotion was so great that Razumov was glad to put his hands against the wall. A diabolic impulse to say, "I have given you up to the police," frightened him exceedingly. But he did not say that. He said, without turning round, in a muffled voice:

"It's done."

Again he heard Haldin sigh. He walked to the table, sat down with the lamp before him, and only then looked towards the bed.

In the distant corner of the large room far away from the lamp, which was small and provided with a very thick china shade, Haldin appeared like a dark and elongated shape—rigid with the immobility of death. This body seemed to have less substance than its own phantom walked over by Razumov in the street white with snow. It was more alarming in its shadowy, persistent reality, than the distinct but vanishing illusion.

Haldin was heard again.

"You must have had a walk—such a walk . . ." he murmured deprecatingly. "This weather . . ."

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Razumov answered with energy:

"Horrible walk. . . . A nightmare of a walk.'

He shuddered audibly. Haldin sighed once more, then:

"And so you have seen Ziemianitch—brother?"

"I've seen him."

Razumov remembering the time he had spent with the Prince thought it prudent to add: "I had to wait some time."

"A character—eh? It's extraordinary what a sense of the necessity of freedom there is in that man. And he has sayings too—simple, to the point, such as only the people can invent in their rough sagacity. A character that . . ."

"I, you understand, haven't had much opportunity . . ." Razumov muttered through his teeth.

Haldin continued to stare at the ceiling.

"You see, brother, I have been a good deal in that house of late. I used to take there books—leaflets. Not a few of the poor people who live there can read. And, you see, the guests for the feast of freedom must be sought for in by-ways and hedges. The truth is I have almost lived in that house of late I slept sometimes in the stable. There is a stable . . ."

"That's where I had my interview with Ziemianitch," interrupted Razumov gently. A mocking spirit entered into him and he added: "It was satisfactory in a sense. I came away from it much relieved."

"Ah! he's a fellow," went on Haldin, talking slowly at the ceiling. "I came to know him in that way, you see. For some weeks now, ever since I resigned myself to do what had to be done I tried to isolate myself. I gave up my rooms. What was the good of exposing a decent widow woman to the risk of being worried out of her mind by the police? I gave up seeing any of our comrades . . ."

Razumov drew to himself a half-sheet of paper and began to trace lines on it with a pencil.

"Upon my word," he thought angrily. "he seems to have thought of everybody's safety but mine."

Haldin was talking on.

"This morning—ah! this morning—that was different. How can I explain to you? Before the deed was done I wandered at night and lay hid in the day, thinking it out, and I felt restful. Sleepless but restful. What was there for me to torment myself about? But this morning—after! Then it was that I became restless. I could not have stopped in that big house full of misery. The miserable of this world can't give you peace. Then when that silly caretaker began to shout, I said to myself:

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'There is a young man in this town head and shoulders above common prejudices.'"

"Is he laughing at me?" Razumov asked himself, going on with his aimless drawing of triangles and squares. And suddenly he thought: "My behaviour must appear to him strange. Should he take fright at my manner and rush off somewhere I shall be undone completely. That infernal General . . ."

He dropped the pencil and turned abruptly towards the bed with the shadowy figure extended full length on it—so much more indistinct than the one over whose breast he had walked without faltering. Was this too a phantom?

The silence had lasted a long time. "He is no longer here," was the thought against which Razumov struggled desperately, quite frightened at its absurdity. "He is already gone and this . . . only . . ."

He could resist no longer. He sprang to his feet, saying aloud, "I am intolerably anxious," and in a few headlong strides stood by the side of the bed. His hand fell lightly on Haldin's shoulder, and directly he felt its reality he was beset by an insane temptation to grip that exposed throat and squeeze the breath out of that body, lest it should escape his custody leaving only a phantom behind.

Haldin did not stir a limb, but his overshadowed eyes moving a little gazed upwards at Razumov with wistful gratitude for this manifestation of feeling.

Razumov turned away and strode up and down the room. "It would have been possibly a kindness," he muttered to himself, and was appalled by the nature of that apology for a murderous intention his mind had found somewhere within him. And all the same he could not give it up. He became lucid about it. "What can he expect," he thought. "The halter—in the end. And I . . ."

This argument was interrupted by Haldin's voice.

"Why be anxious for me? They can kill my body, but they cannot exile my soul from this world. I tell you what—I believe in this world so much that I cannot conceive eternity otherwise than as a very long life. That is perhaps the reason I am so ready to die."

"H'm," muttered Razumov, and biting his lower lip he continued to walk up and down and to carry on his strange argument.

Yes, to a man in such a situation—of course it would be an act of kindness. The question, however, was not how to be kind but how to be firm. He was a slippery customer . . .

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"I too, Viktor Viktorovitch, believe in this world of ours," he said with force. "I too, while I live. . . . But you seem determined to haunt it. You can't seriously mean . . ."

The voice of the motionless Haldin began:

"Haunt it! Truly, the oppressors of thought which quickens the world, the destroyers of souls which aspire to perfection of human dignity, they shall be haunted. As to the destroyers of my mere body, I have forgiven them beforehand."

Razumov had stopped apparently to listen, but at the same time he was observing his own sensations. He was vexed with himself for attaching so much importance to what Haldin said.

"The fellow's mad," he thought firmly, but this opinion did not mollify him towards Haldin. It was a particularly impudent form of lunacy—and when it got loose in the sphere of public life of a country, it was obviously the duty of every good citizen . . .

This train of thought broke off short there and was succeeded by a paroxysm of silent hatred towards Haldin, so intense that Razumov hastened to speak at random.

"Yes. Eternity, of course. I, too, can't very well represent it to myself. . . . I imagine it, however, as something quiet and dull. There would be nothing unexpected—don't you see? The element of time would be wanting."

He pulled out his watch and gazed at it. Haldin turned over on his side and looked on intently.

Razumov got frightened at this movement. A slippery customer this fellow with a phantom. It was not midnight yet. He hastened on:

"And unfathomable mysteries! Can you conceive secret places in Eternity? Impossible. Whereas life is full of them. There are secrets of birth, for instance. One carries them on to the grave. There is something comical . . . but never mind. And there are secret motives of conduct. A man's most open actions have a secret side to them. That is interesting and so unfathomable! For instance, a man goes out of a room for a walk. Nothing more trivial in appearance. And yet it may be momentous. He comes back—he has seen perhaps a drunken brute, taken particular notice of the snow on the ground—and behold he is no longer the same man. The most unlikely things have a secret power over one's thoughts—the grey whiskers of a particular person—the goggle eyes of another."

Razumov's forehead was moist. He took a turn or two in the room, his head low and smiling to himself viciously.

"Have you ever reflected on the power of goggle eyes and

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grey whiskers? Excuse me. You seem to think I must be crazy to talk in this vein at such a time. But I am not talking lightly. I have seen instances. It has happened to me once to be talking to a man whose fate was affected by physical facts of that kind. And the man did not know it. Of course, it was a case of conscience, but the material facts such as these brought about the solution. . . . And you tell me, Viktor Viktorovitch, not to be anxious! Why! I am responsible for you," Razumov almost shrieked.

He avoided with difficulty a burst of Mephistophelian laughter. Haldin, very pale, raised himself on his elbow.

"And the surprises of life," went on Razumov, after glancing at the other uneasily. "Just consider their astonishing nature. A mysterious impulse induces you to come here. I don't say you have done wrong. Indeed, from a certain point of view you could not have done better. You might have gone to a man with affections and family ties. You have such ties yourself. As to me, you know I have been brought up in an educational institute where they did not give us enough to eat. To talk of affection in such a connection—you perceive yourself. . . . As to ties, the only ties I have in the world are social. I must get acknowledged in some way before I can act at all. I sit here working. . . . And don't you think I am working for progress too. I've got to find my own ideas of the true way. . . . Pardon me," continued Razumov, after drawing breath and with a short, throaty laugh, "but I haven't inherited a revolutionary inspiration together with a resemblance from an uncle."

He looked again at his watch and noticed with sickening disgust that there were yet a good many minutes to midnight. He tore watch and chain off his waistcoat and laid them on the table well in the circle of bright lamplight. Haldin, reclining on his elbow, did not stir. Razumov was made uneasy by this attitude. "What move is he meditating over so quietly?" he thought. "He must be prevented. I must keep on talking to him."

He raised his voice.

"You are a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin—I don't know what—to no end of people. I am just a man. Here I stand before you. A man with a mind. Did it ever occur to you how a man who had never heard a word of warm affection or praise in his life would think on matters on which you would think first with or against your class, your domestic tradition—your fireside prejudices. . . . Did you ever consider how a man like that would feel? I have no domestic tradition. I have nothing to

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think against. My tradition is historical. What have I to look back to but that national past from which you gentlemen want to wrench away your future. Am I to let my intelligence, my aspirations towards a better lot, be robbed of the only thing it has to go upon at the will of violent enthusiasts? You come from your province, but all this land is mine—or I have nothing. No doubt you shall be looked upon as a martyr some day—a sort of hero—a political saint. But I beg to be excused. I am content in fitting myself to be a worker. And what can you people do by scattering a few drops of blood on the snow! On this Immensity. On this unhappy Immensity. I tell you," he cried, in a vibrating, subdued voice, and advancing one step nearer the bed, "that what it needs is not a lot of haunting phantoms that I could walk through—but a man!"

Haldin threw his arms forward as if to keep him off in horror.

"I understand it all now," he exclaimed, with awestruck dismay. "I understand—at last."

Razumov staggered back against the table. His forehead broke out in perspiration while a cold shudder ran down his spine.

"What have I been saying?" he asked himself. "Have I let him slip through my fingers after all?"

He felt his lips go stiff like buckram, and instead of a reassuring smile he only achieved an uncertain grimace.

"What will you have?" he began in a conciliating voice which got steady after the first trembling word or two. "What will you have? Consider—a man of studious, retired habits—and suddenly like this. . . . I am not practised in talking delicately. But . . ."

He felt anger, a wicked anger get hold of him again.

"What were we to do together till midnight. Sit here opposite each other and think of your—your—shambles."

Haldin had a subdued, heartbroken attitude. He bowed his head; his hands hung between his knees. His voice was low and pained but calm.

"I see now how it is, Razumov—brother. You are a magnanimous soul, but my action is abhorrent to you—alas . . ."

Razumov stared. From fright he had set his teeth so hard that his whole face ached. It was impossible for him to make a sound.

"And even my person, too, is loathsome to you perhaps," Haldin added mournfully, after a short pause, looking up for a moment then fixing his gaze on the floor. "For indeed, unless one . . ."

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He broke off, evidently waiting for a word. Razumov remained silent. Haldin nodded his head dejectedly twice.

"Of course. Of course," he murmured. . . . "Ah! weary work!"

He remained perfectly still for a moment, then made Razumov's leaden heart strike a ponderous blow by springing up briskly.

"So be it," he cried sadly in a low, distinct tone. "Farewell then."

Razumov started forward, but the sight of Haldin's raised hand checked him before he could get away from the table. He leaned on it heavily, listening to the faint sounds of some town clock tolling the hour. Haldin already at the door, tall and straight as an arrow, with his pale face and a hand raised attentively, might have posed for the statue of a daring youth listening to an inner voice. Razumov mechanically glanced down at his watch. When he looked towards the door again Haldin had vanished. There was a faint rustling in the outer room, the feeble click of a bolt drawn back lightly. He was gone—almost as noiseless as a vision.

Razumov ran forward unsteadily, with parted, voiceless lips. The outer door stood open. Staggering on the landing he leaned far over the banister. Gazing down into the deep black shaft with a tiny glimmering flame at the bottom, he traced by ear the rapid spiral descent of somebody running down the stairs on tiptoe. It was a light, swift, pattering sound, which sank away from him into the depths: a fleeting shadow passed over the glimmer—a wink of the tiny flame. Then stillness.

Razumov hung over, breathing the cold raw air tainted by the evil smells of the unclean staircases. All quiet.

He went back into his room slowly, shutting the doors after him. The peaceful steady light of his little reading-lamp shone on the watch. Razumov stood looking down at the little white dial. It wanted yet three minutes to midnight. He took the watch into his hand, fumblingly.

"Slow," he muttered, and a strange fit of nervelessness came over him. His knees shook, the watch and chain slipped through his fingers in an instant and fell on the floor. He was so startled that he nearly fell himself. When at last he regained enough confidence in his limbs to stoop for it he held it to his ear at once. After a while he growled:

"Stopped," and paused for quite a long time before he muttered sourly:

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"It's done. . . . And now to work."

He sat down, reached haphazard for a book, opened it in the middle and began to read; but after going consciously over two lines he lost his hold on the print completely and did not try to regain it. He thought:

"There was to a certainty a police agent of some sort watching the house across the street."

He imagined him lurking in a dark gateway, goggle-eyed, muffled up in a cloak to the nose and with a General's plumed, cocked hat on his head. This absurdity made him start in the chair convulsively. He literally had to shake his head violently to get rid of it. The man would be disguised perhaps as a peasant . . . a beggar. . . . Perhaps he would be just buttoned up in a dark overcoat and carrying a loaded stick—a shifty-eyed rascal, smelling of raw onions and spirits.

This evocation brought on positive nausea. "Why do I want to bother about this," thought Razumov with disgust. "Am I a gendarme? Moreover, it is done."

He got up in great agitation. It was not done. Not yet. Not till half-past twelve. And the watch had stopped. This reduced him to despair. Impossible to know the time! The landlady and all the people across the landing were asleep. How could he go and . . . God knows what they would imagine, or how much they would guess. He dared not go into the streets to find out. "I am a suspect now. There's no use shirking that fact," he said to himself bitterly. If Haldin from some cause or another gave them the slip and failed to turn up in the Karabelnaya the police would be invading his lodging. And if he were not in he could never clear himself. Never. Razumov looked wildly about as if for some means of seizing upon time which seemed to have escaped him altogether. He had never, as far as he could remember, heard the striking of that town clock in his rooms before this night. And he was not even sure now whether he had heard it really on this night.

He went to the window and stood there with slightly bent head on the watch for the faint sound. "I will stay here till I hear something," he said to himself. He stood still, his ear turned to the panes. An atrocious aching numbness with shooting pains in his back and legs tortured him. He did not budge. His mind hovered on the borders of delirium. He heard himself suddenly saying, "I confess," as a person might do on the rack. "I am on the rack," he thought. He felt ready to swoon. The faint deep boom of the distant clock seemed to explode in his head—he heard it so clearly. . . . One!

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If Haldin had not turned up the police would have been already here ransacking the house. No sound reached him. This time it was done.

He dragged himself painfully to the table and dropped into the chair. He flung the book away and took a square sheet of paper. It was like the pile of sheets covered with his neat minute hand-writing, only blank. He took a pen brusquely and dipped it with a vague notion of going on with the writing of his essay—but his pen remained poised over the sheet. It hung there for some time before it came down and formed long scrawly letters.

Still-faced and his lips set hard Razumov began to write. When he wrote a large hand his neat writing lost its character altogether—became unsteady, almost childish. He wrote five lines one under the other.

History not Theory.
Patriotism not Internationalism.
Evolution not Revolution.
Direction not Destruction.
Unity not Disruption.

He gazed at them dully. Then his eyes strayed to the bed and remained fixed there for a good many minutes, while his right hand groped all over the table for the penknife.

He rose at last, and walking up with measured steps stabbed the paper with the penknife to the lath and plaster wall at the head of the bed. This done he stepped back a pace and flourished his hand with a glance round the room.

After that he never looked again at the bed. He took his big cloak down from its peg and, wrapping himself up closely, went to lie down on the hard horse-hair sofa at the other side of his room. A leaden sleep closed his eyelids at once. Several times that night he woke up shivering from a dream of walking through drifts of snow in a Russia where he was as completely alone as any betrayed autocrat could be; an immense, wintry Russia which, somehow, his view could embrace in all its enormous expanse as if it were a map. But after each shuddering start his heavy eyelids fell over his glazed eyes and he slept again.

III

Approaching this part of Mr. Razumov's story, my mind, the decent mind of an old teacher of languages, feels more and more the difficulty of the task.

The task is not in truth the writing in the narrative form a *précis* of a strange human document, but the rendering—I

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perceive it now clearly—of the moral conditions ruling over a large portion of this earth's surface; conditions not easily to be understood, much less discovered in the limits of a story till some key-word is found; a word that could stand at the back of all the words covering the pages; a word which if not truth itself may perchance hold truth enough to help the moral discovery which should be the object of every tale.

I turn over for the hundredth time the leaves of Mr. Razumov's record, I lay it aside, I take up the pen—and the pen being ready for its office of setting down black on white I hesitate. For the word that persists in creeping under its point is no other word than "cynicism."

For that is the mark of Russian autocracy and of Russian revolt. In its pride of numbers, in its strange pretensions of sanctity and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering, the spirit of Russia is the spirit of cynicism. It informs the declarations of her statesmen, the theories of her revolutionists and the mystic vaticinations of prophets to the point of making freedom look like a form of debauch, and the Christian virtues themselves appear actually indecent. . . . But I must apologise for the digression. It proceeds from the consideration of the course taken by the story of Mr. Razumov after his conservative convictions, diluted in a vague liberalism natural to the ardour of his age, had become crystallised by the shock of his contact with Haldin.

Razumov woke up for the tenth time perhaps with a heavy shiver. Seeing the light of day in his window he resisted the inclination to lay himself down again. He did not remember anything, but he did not think it strange to find himself on the sofa in his cloak and chilled to the bone. The light coming through the window seemed strangely cheerless, containing no promise as the light of each new day should for a young man. It was the awakening of a man mortally ill, or of a man ninety years old. He looked at the lamp which had burnt itself out. It stood there, the extinguished beacon of his labours, a cold object of brass and porcelain, amongst the scattered pages of his notes and small piles of books—a mere litter of blackened paper—dead matter—without significance or interest.

He got on his feet and divesting himself of his cloak hung it on the peg, going through all the motions mechanically. An incredible dullness, a ditch-water stagnation was sensible to his perceptions as though life had withdrawn itself from all things and even from his own thoughts. There was not a sound in the house.

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Turning away from the peg he thought in that same lifeless manner that it must be very early yet; but when he looked at the watch on his table he saw both hands arrested at twelve o'clock.

"Ah! yes," he mumbled to himself, and as if beginning to get roused a little he took a survey of his room. The paper stabbed to the wall arrested his attention. He eyed it from the distance without approval or perplexity; but when he heard the servant girl beginning to bustle about in the outer room with the *samovar* for his morning tea, he walked up to it and took it down with an air of profound indifference.

While doing that he glanced down at the bed on which he had not slept that night. The hollow in the pillow made by the weight of Haldin's head was very noticeable.

Even his anger at this sign of the man's passage was dull. He did not try to nurse it into life. He did nothing all that day; he neglected even to brush his hair. The idea of going out never occurred to him—and if he did not start a connected train of thought it was not because he was unable to think. It was because he was not interested enough.

He yawned frequently. He drank large quantities of tea, he walked about aimlessly and when he sat down he did not budge for a long time. He spent some time drumming on the window with his finger-tips quietly. In his listless wanderings round about the table he caught sight of his own face in the looking-glass and that arrested him. The eyes which returned his stare were the most unhappy eyes he had ever seen. And this was the first thing which disturbed the mental stagnation of that day.

He was not affected personally. He merely thought that life without happiness is impossible. What was happiness? He yawned and went on shuffling about and about between the walls of his room. Looking forward was happiness—that's all—nothing more. To look forward to the gratification of some desire, to the gratification of some passion, love, ambition, hate—hate too indubitably. Love and hate. And to escape the dangers of existence, to live without fear was also happiness. There was nothing else. Absence of fear—looking forward. "Oh! the miserable lot of humanity!" he exclaimed mentally; and added at once in his thought: "I ought to be happy enough as far as that goes." But he was not excited by that assurance. On the contrary, he yawned again as he had been yawning all that day. He was mildly surprised to discover himself being overtaken by night. The room grew dark swiftly though time had

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seemed to stand still. How was it that he had not noticed the passing of that day? Of course, it was the watch being stopped. . . .

He did not light his lamp but went over to the bed and threw himself on it without any hesitation. Lying on his back he put his hands under his head and stared upward. After a moment he thought: "I am lying here like that man. I wonder if he slept while I was struggling with the blizzard in the streets. No, he did not sleep. But why should I not sleep?" and he felt the silence of the night press upon all his limbs like a weight.

In the calm of the hard frost outside, the clear-cut strokes of the town clock counting off midnight penetrated the quietness of his suspended animation.

Again he began to think. It was twenty-four hours since that man left his room. Razumov had a distinct feeling that Haldin in the fortress was sleeping that night. It was a certitude which made him angry because he did not want to think of Haldin, but he justified it to himself by physiological and psychological reasons. The fellow had hardly slept for weeks on his own confession, and now every incertitude was at an end for him. No doubt he was looking forward to the consummation of his martyrdom. A man who resigns himself to kill need not go very far for resignation to die. Haldin slept perhaps more soundly than General T—— whose task—weary work too—was not done and over whose head hung the sword of revolutionary vengeance.

Razumov, remembering the thick-set man with his heavy jowl resting on the collar of his uniform, the champion of autocracy, who had let no sign of surprise, incredulity or joy escape him, but whose goggle eyes could express a mortal hatred of all rebellion—Razumov moved uneasily on the bed.

"He suspected me," he thought. "I suppose he must suspect everybody. He would be capable of suspecting his own wife, if Haldin had gone to her boudoir with his confession."

Razumov sat up in anguish. Was he to remain a political suspect all his days? Was he to go through life as a man not wholly to be trusted—with a bad secret police note tacked on to his record? What sort of future could he look forward to?

"I am now a suspect," he thought again; but the habit of reflection and that desire of safety, of an ordered life, which was so strong in him came to his assistance as the night wore on. His quiet, steady and laborious existence would vouch at length for his loyalty. There were many permitted ways to serve one's country. There was an activity that made for progress without

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being revolutionary. The field of influence was great and infinitely varied—once one had conquered a name.

His thought like a circling bird reverted after four and twenty hours to the silver medal, and as it were poised itself there.

When the day broke he had not slept, not for a moment, but he got up not very tired and quite sufficiently self-possessed for all practical purposes.

He went out and attended three lectures in the morning. But the work in the library was a mere dumb show of research. He sat with many volumes open before him trying to make notes and extracts. His new tranquillity was like a flimsy garment and seemed to float at the mercy of a casual word. Betrayal! Why! the fellow had done all that was necessary to betray himself. Precious little had been needed to deceive him.

"I have said no word to him that was not strictly true. Not one word," Razumov argued with himself.

Once engaged on this line of thought there could be no question of doing useful work. The same ideas went on passing through his mind, and he pronounced mentally the same words over and over again. He shut up all the books and rammed all his papers into his pocket with convulsive movements, raging inwardly against Haldin.

As he was leaving the library a long bony student in a threadbare overcoat joined him, stepping moodily by his side. Razumov answered his mumbled greeting without looking at him at all.

"What does he want with me?" he thought with a strange dread of the unexpected which he tried to shake off lest it should fasten itself upon his life for good and all. And the other, muttering cautiously with downcast eyes, supposed that his comrade had seen the news of de P——'s executioner—that was the expression he used—having been arrested the night before last. . . .

"I've been ill—shut up in my rooms," Razumov mumbled through his teeth.

The tall student, raising his shoulders, shoved his hands deep into his pockets. He had a hairless, square, tallowy chin which trembled slightly as he spoke, and his nose nipped bright red by the sharp air looked like a false nose of painted cardboard between the sallow cheeks. His whole appearance was stamped with the mark of cold and hunger. He stalked deliberately at Razumov's elbow with his eyes on the ground.

"It's an official statement," he continued in the same cautious

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mutter. "It may be a lie. But there was somebody arrested between midnight and one in the morning on Tuesday. This is certain."

And talking rapidly under the cover of his downcast air, he told Razumov that this was known through an inferior government clerk employed at the Central Secretariat. That man belonged to one of the revolutionary circles. "The same, in fact, I am affiliated to," remarked the student.

They were crossing a wide quadrangle. An infinite distress possessed Razumov, annihilated his energy, and before his eyes everything appeared confused and as if evanescent. He dared not leave the fellow there. "He may be affiliated to the police," was the thought that passed through his mind. "Who could tell?" But eyeing the miserable frost-nipped, famine-struck figure of his companion he perceived the absurdity of his suspicion.

"But I—you know—I don't belong to any circle. I . . ."

He dared not say any more. Neither dared he mend his pace. The other, raising and setting down his lamentably shod feet with exact deliberation, protested in a low tone that it was not necessary for everybody to belong to an organisation. The most valuable personalities remained outside. Some of the best work was done ouside the organisation. Then very fast, with whispering feverish lips:

"The man arrested in the street was Haldin."

And accepting Razumov's dismayed silence as natural enough, he assured him that there was no mistake. That Government clerk was on night duty at the Secretariat. Hearing a great noise of footsteps in the hall and aware that political prisoners were brought over sometimes at night from the fortress, he opened the door of the room in which he was working, suddenly. Before the gendarme on duty could push him back and slam the door in his face, he had seen a prisoner being partly carried, partly dragged along the hall by a lot of policemen. He was being used very brutally. And the clerk had recognised Haldin perfectly. Less than half an hour afterwards General T—— arrived at the Secretariat to examine that prisoner personally.

"Aren't you astonished?" concluded the gaunt student.

"No," said Razumov brutally—and at once regretted his answer.

"Everybody supposed Haldin was in the provinces—with his people. Didn't you?"

The student turned his big hollow eyes upon Razumov, who said unguardedly:

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"His people are abroad."

He could have bitten his tongue out with vexation The student pronounced in a tone of profound meaning:

"So! You alone were aware . . ." and stopped.

"They have sworn my ruin," thought Razumov. "Have you spoken of this to any one else?" he asked with bitter curiosity.

The other shook his head.

"No, only to you. Our circle thought that as Haldin had been often heard expressing a warm appreciation of your character . . ."

Razumov could not restrain a gesture of angry despair which the other must have misunderstood in some way, because he ceased speaking and turned away his black, lack-lustre eyes.

They moved side by side in silence. Then the gaunt student began to whisper again, with averted gaze:

"As we have at present no one affiliated inside the fortress so as to make it possible to furnish him with a packet of poison, we have considered already some sort of retaliatory action—to follow very soon . . ."

Razumov trudging on interrupted:

"Were you acquainted with Haldin? Did he know where you live?"

"I had the happiness to hear him speak twice," his companion answered in the feverish whisper contrasting with the gloomy apathy of his face and bearing. "He did not know where I live. . . . I am lodging poorly . . . with an artisan family. . . . I have just a corner in a room. It is not very practicable to see me there, but if you should need me for anything I am ready. . . ."

Razumov trembled with rage and fear. He was beside himself but kept his voice low:

"You are not to come near me. You are not to speak to me. Never address a single word to me. I forbid you."

"Very well," said the other submissively, showing no surprise whatever at this abrupt prohibition. "You don't wish for secret reasons . . . perfectly . . . I understand."

He edged away at once, not looking up even; and Razumov saw his gaunt, shabby, famine-stricken figure cross the street obliquely with lowered head and that peculiar exact motion of the feet.

He watched him as one would watch a vision out of a nightmare, then he continued on his way, trying not to think. On his landing the landlady seemed to be waiting for him. She was

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a short, thick, shapeless woman with a large yellow face wrapped up everlastingly in a black woollen shawl. When she saw him come up the last flight of stairs she flung both her arms up excitedly, then clasped her hands before her face.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch—little father—what have you been doing? And such a quiet young man too! The police are just gone this moment after searching your rooms."

Razumov gazed down at her with silent, scrutinising attention. Her puffy yellow countenance was working with emotion. She screwed up her eyes at him entreatingly.

"Such a sensible young man. Anybody can see you are sensible. And now—like this—all at once. . . . What is the good of mixing yourself up with these Nihilists. Do give over, little father. They are unlucky people."

Razumov moved his shoulders slightly.

"Or is it that some secret enemy has been calumniating you, Kirylo Sidorovitch? The world is full of black hearts and false denunciations nowadays. There is much fear about."

"Have you heard that I have been denounced by some one?" asked Razumov, without taking his eyes off her quivering face.

But she had not heard anything. She had tried to find out by asking the police captain while his men were turning the room upside down. The police captain of the district had known her for the last eleven years and was a humane person. But he said to her on the landing looking very black and vexed:

"My good woman, do not ask questions. I don't know anything myself. The order comes from higher quarters."

And indeed there had come, shortly after the arrival of the policemen of the district, a very superior gentleman in a fur coat and a shiny hat, who sat down in the room and looked through all the papers himself. He came alone and went away by himself, taking nothing with him. She had been trying to put things straight a little since they left.

Razumov turned away brusquely and entered his rooms.

All his books had been shaken and thrown on the floor. His landlady followed him, and stooping painfully began to pick them up into her apron. His papers and notes which were kept always neatly sorted (they all related to his studies) had been shuffled up and heaped together into a ragged pile in the middle of the table.

This disorder affected him profoundly, unreasonably. He sat down and stared. He had a distinct sensation of his very existence being undermined in some mysterious manner, of his moral supports falling away from him one by one. He even

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experienced a slight physical giddiness and made a movement as if to reach for something to steady himself with.

The old woman, rising to her feet with a low groan, shot all the books she had collected in her apron on to the sofa and left the room muttering and sighing.

It was only then that he noticed that the sheet of paper which for one night had remained stabbed to the wall above his empty bed was lying on top of the pile.

When he had taken it down the day before he had folded it in four, absent-mindedly, before dropping it on the table. And now he saw it lying uppermost, spread out, smoothed out even and covering all the confused pile of pages, the record of his intellectual life for the last three years. It had not been flung there. It had been placed there—smoothed out too! He guessed in that an intention of profound meaning—or perhaps some inexplicable mockery.

He sat staring at the piece of paper till his eyes began to smart. He did not attempt to put his papers in order, either that evening or the next day—which he spent at home in a state of peculiar irresolution. This irresolution bore upon the question whether he should continue to live—neither more nor less. But its nature was very far removed from the hesitation of a man contemplating suicide. The idea of laying violent hands upon his body did not occur to Razumov. The unrelated organism bearing that label, walking, breathing, wearing these clothes, was of no importance to any one, unless maybe to the landlady. The true Razumov had his being in the willed, in the determined future—in that future menaced by the lawlessness of autocracy —for autocracy knows no law—and the lawlessness of revolution. The feeling that his moral personality was at the mercy of these lawless forces was so strong that he asked himself seriously if it were worth while to go on accomplishing the mental functions of that existence which seemed no longer his own.

"What is the good of exerting my intelligence, of pursuing the systematic development of my faculties and all my plans of work?" he asked himself. "I want to guide my conduct by reasonable convictions, but what security have I against something —some destructive horror—walking in upon me as I sit here? . . ."

Razumov looked apprehensively towards the door of the outer room as if expecting some shape of evil to turn the handle and appear before him silently.

"A common thief," he said to himself, "finds more guarantees in the law he is breaking, and even a brute like Zie-

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mianitch has his consolation." Razumov envied the materialism of the thief and the passion of the incorrigible lover. The consequences of their actions were always clear and their lives remained their own.

But he slept as soundly that night as though he had been consoling himself in the manner of Ziemianitch. He dropped off suddenly, lay like a log, remembered no dream on waking. But it was as if his soul had gone out in the night to gather the flowers of wrathful wisdom. He got up in a mood of grim determination and as if with a new knowledge of his own nature. He looked mockingly on the heap of papers on his table; and left his room to attend the lectures, muttering to himself: "We shall see."

He was in no humour to talk to anybody or hear himself questioned as to his absence from lectures the day before. But it was difficult to repulse rudely a very good comrade with a smooth pink face and fair hair, bearing the nickname amongst his fellow-students of "Madcap Kostia." He was the idolised only son of a very wealthy and illiterate Government contractor, and attended the lectures only during the periodical fits of contrition following upon tearful paternal remonstrances. Noisily blundering like a retriever puppy, his elated voice and great gestures filled the bare academy corridors with the joy of thoughtless animal life, provoking indulgent smiles at a great distance. His usual discourses treated of trotting horses, wine-parties in expensive restaurants and the merits of persons of easy virtue, with a disarming artlessness of outlook. He pounced upon Razumov about midday, somewhat less uproariously than his habit was, and led him aside.

"Just a moment, Kirylo Sidorovitch. A few words here in this quiet corner."

He felt Razumov's reluctance and insinuated his hand under his arm caressingly.

"No—pray do. I don't want to talk to you about any of my silly scrapes. What are my scrapes? Absolutely nothing. Mere childishness. The other night I flung a fellow out of a certain place where I was having a fairly good time. A tyrannical little beast of a quill-driver from the Treasury department. . . . He was bullying the people of the house. I rebuked him. 'You are not behaving humanely to God's creatures that are a jolly sight more estimable than yourself,' I said. I can't bear to see any tyranny, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Upon my word I can't. He didn't take it in good part at all. 'Who's that impudent puppy?' he begins to shout. I was in excellent form as it

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happened, and he went through the closed window very suddenly. He flew quite a long way into the yard. I raged like—like a—minotaur. The women clung to me and screamed, the fiddlers got under the table. . . . Such fun! My dad had to put his hand pretty deep into his pocket, I can tell you."

He chuckled.

"My dad is a very useful man. Jolly good thing it is for me too. I do get into unholy scrapes."

His elation fell. That was just it. What was his life? Insignificant; no good to any one; a mere festivity. It would end some fine day in his getting his skull split with a champagne bottle in a drunken brawl. At such times, too, when men were sacrificing themselves to ideas. But he could never get any ideas into his head. His head wasn't worth anything better than to be split by a champagne bottle.

Razumov, protesting that he had no time, made an attempt to get away. The other's tone changed to confidential earnestness.

"For God's sake, Kirylo, my dear soul, let me make some sort of sacrifice. It would not be a sacrifice really. I have my rich dad behind me. There's positively no getting to the bottom of his pocket."

And rejecting indignantly Razumov's suggestion that this was drunken raving, he offered to lend him some money to escape abroad with. He could always get money from his dad. He had only to say that he had lost it at cards or something of that sort, and at the same time promise solemnly not to miss a single lecture for three months on end. That would fetch the old man; and he, Kostia, was quite equal to the sacrifice. Though he really did not see what was the good for him to attend the lectures. It was perfectly hopeless.

"Won't you let me be of some use?" he pleaded to the silent Razumov, who with his eyes on the ground and utterly unable to penetrate the real drift of the other's intention, felt a strange reluctance to clear up the point.

"What makes you think I want to go abroad?" he asked at last very quietly.

Kostia lowered his voice.

"You had the police in your rooms yesterday. There are three or four of us who have heard of that. Never mind how we know. It is sufficient that we do. So we have been consulting together."

"Ah! You got to know that so soon," muttered Razumov negligently.

"Yes. We did. And it struck us that a man like you . . ."

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"What sort of man do you take me to be?" Razumov interrupted him.

"A man of ideas—and a man of action too. But you are very deep, Kirylo. There's no getting to the bottom of your mind. Not for fellows like me. But we all agreed that you must be preserved for our country. Of that we have no doubt whatever—I mean all of us who have heard Haldin speak of you on certain occasions. A man doesn't get the police ransacking his rooms without there being some devilry hanging over his head. . . . And so if you think that it would be better for you to bolt at once . . ."

Razumov tore himself away and walked down the corridor, leaving the other motionless with his mouth open. But almost at once he returned and stood before the amazed Kostia, who shut his mouth slowly. Razumov looked him straight in the eyes, before saying with marked deliberation and separating his words:

"I thank—you—very—much."

He went away again rapidly. Kostia, recovering from his surprise at these manœuvres, ran up behind him pressingly.

"No! Wait! Listen. I really mean it. It would be like giving your compassion to a starving fellow. Do you hear, Kirylo? And any disguise you may think of, that too, I could procure from a costumier, a Jew I know. Let a fool be made serviceable according to his folly. Perhaps also a false beard or something of that kind may be needed."

Razumov turned at bay.

"There are no false beards needed in this business, Kostia—you good-hearted lunatic, you. What do you know of my ideas? My ideas may be poison to you."

The other began to shake his head in energetic protest.

"What have you got to do with ideas? Some of them would make an end of your dad's money-bags. Leave off meddling with what you don't understand. Go back to your trotting horses and your girls, and then you'll be sure at least of doing no harm to anybody, and hardly any to yourself."

The enthusiastic youth was overcome by this disdain.

"You're sending me back to my pig's trough, Kirylo. That settles it. I am an unlucky beast—and I shall die like a beast too. But mind—it's your contempt that has done for me."

Razumov went off with long strides. That this simple and grossly festive soul should have fallen too under the revolutionary curse affected him as an ominous symptom of the time. He reproached himself for feeling troubled. Personally he ought

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to have felt reassured. There was an obvious advantage in this conspiracy of mistaken judgment taking him for what he was not. But was it not strange ?

Again he experienced that sensation of his conduct being taken out of his hands by Haldin's revolutionary tyranny. His solitary and laborious existence had been destroyed—the only thing he could call his own on this earth. By what right ? he asked himself furiously. In what name ?

What infuriated him most was to feel that the "thinkers" of the University were evidently connecting him with Haldin—as a sort of confidant in the background apparently. A mysterious connection ! Ha ha ! . . . He had been made a personage without knowing anything about it. How that wretch Haldin must have talked about him ! Yet it was likely that Haldin had said very little. The fellow's casual utterances were caught up and treasured and pondered over by all these imbeciles. And was not all secret revolutionary action based upon folly, self-deception and lies ?

"Impossible to think of anything else," muttered Razumov to himself. "I'll become an idiot if this goes on. The scoundrels and the fools are murdering my intelligence."

He lost all hope of saving his future, which depended on the free use of his intelligence.

He reached the doorway of his house in a state of mental discouragement which enabled him to receive with apparent indifference an official-looking envelope from the dirty hand of the dvornik.

"A gendarme brought it," said the man. "He asked if you were at home. I told him 'No, he's not at home.' So he left it. 'Give it into his own hands,' says he. Now you've got it—eh ?"

He went back to his sweeping and Razumov climbed his stairs, envelope in hand. Once in his room he did not hasten to open it. Of course this official missive was from the superior direction of the police. A suspect ! A suspect !

He stared in dreary astonishment at the absurdity of his position. He thought with a sort of dry unemotional melancholy ; three years of good work gone, the course of forty more perhaps jeopardised—turned from hope to terror, because events started by human folly link themselves into a sequence which no sagacity can foresee and no courage can break through. Fatality enters your rooms while your landlady's back is turned ; you come home and find it in possession bearing a man's name, clothed in flesh—wearing a brown cloth coat and long boots—

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lounging against the stove. It asks you, "Is the outer door closed?"—and you don't know enough to take it by the throat and fling it downstairs. You don't know. You welcome the crazy fate. "Sit down," you say. And it is all over. You cannot shake it off any more. It will cling to you for ever. Neither halter nor bullet can give you back the freedom of your life and the sanity of your thought. . . . It was enough to dash one's head against a wall.

Razumov looked slowly all round the walls as if to select a spot to dash his head against. Then he opened the letter. It directed the student Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov to present himself without delay at the General Secretariat.

Razumov had a vision of General T——'s goggle eyes waiting for him—the embodied power of autocracy, grotesque and terrible. He embodied the whole power of autocracy because he was its guardian. He was the incarnate suspicion, the incarnate anger, the incarnate ruthlessness of a political and social *régime* on its defence. He loathed rebellion by instinct. And Razumov reflected that the man was simply unable to understand a reasonable adherence to the doctrine of absolutism.

"What can he want with me precisely—I wonder?" he asked himself.

As if that mental question had evoked the familiar phantom, Haldin stood suddenly before him in the room with an extraordinary completeness of detail. Though the short winter day had passed already into the sinister twilight of a land buried in snow, Razumov saw plainly the narrow leather strap round the Tcherkess coat. The illusion of that hateful presence was so perfect that he half expected it to ask, "Is the outer door closed?" He looked at it with hatred and contempt. Souls do not take a shape of clothing. Moreover, Haldin could not be dead yet. Razumov stepped forward menacingly; the vision vanished—and turning short on his heel he walked out of his room with infinite disdain.

But after going down the first flight of stairs it occurred to him that perhaps the superior authorities of police meant to confront him with Haldin in the flesh. This thought struck him like a bullet, and had he not clung with both hands to the banister he would have rolled down to the next landing most likely. His legs were of no use for a considerable time. . . . But why? For what conceivable reason? To what end?

There could be no rational answer to these questions; but Razumov remembered the promise made by the General to Prince K——. His action was to remain unknown.

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He got down to the bottom of the stairs lowering himself as it were from step to step, by the banister. Under the gate he regained much of his firmness of thought and limb. He went out into the street without staggering visibly. Every moment he felt steadier mentally. And yet he was saying to himself that General T—— was perfectly capable of shutting him up in the fortress for an indefinite time. His temperament fitted his remorseless task and his omnipotence made him inaccessible to reasonable argument.

But when Razumov arrived at the Secretariat he discovered that he would have nothing to do with General T——. It is evident from Mr. Razumov's diary that this dreaded personality was to remain in the background. A civilian of superior rank received him in a private room after a period of waiting in outer offices where a lot of scribbling went on at many tables in a heated and stuffy atmosphere.

The clerk in uniform who conducted him said in the corridor:

"You are going before Gregory Matvieitch Mikulin."

(To be continued)

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Mr. Balfour's "Top Note"

THE "top note" of last Christmas has been quite eclipsed by the two great events of this December—*Salome* without the Baptist and the General Election contested upon Mr. Balfour's spurious Referendum. After the British production of *Salome* it must needs be a poor look-out for the Drury Lane pantomime, for not all the transformation delights of Fairy Land, not all the noise and spangle and jollification of the Lane can hope to present any spectacle of mirth or humour or bathos more excruciatingly droll than that offered by the Satanic lamentations of Salome delivered into a silver vessel supposititious of the Baptist's head. Well may Maud Allen say to herself: "Is that all I have taught you with my nudity and rows of electric-lighted heads?" And the answer is, it is all, all that initiative can squeeze out of British authority, because in this country, though it is permitted to the caterers of inartistic and frivolous entertainment to be serious, it is not so permitted to art.

CLIMB he never so high on his Beanstalk, Jack of Drury will not attain to that sublimity of effect. It made the words and the beautiful music (the best in the opera) of Salome's lamentations sound false and foolish. It destroyed at once illusion and interpretation. She became like the wrong mother of Solomon's judgment. We left the Opera, those who have any sense of truth in art, which is the only basis of appreciation, amused and outraged, at the falsity of the thing done, at the revolting hypocritical curiosity of that craning audience quickened with the anticipation of thrill infinitely the more sensational and vicious for the conscious absence of its reality. A woman, as Yvette Guilbert sings with such transcendent poignancy, "*ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a.*" Art can only give what it has too. There is nothing evil or demoralising in the opera of Strauss. But a "hobbled" Salome is an utterly bad thing, because it is false in conception and expression and so ridiculous and

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degrading. How long will this puerile state of things be allowed to continue? It almost makes one believe in the Referendum.

We turn from the *opéra comique* to the comedy played upon the country by Mr. Balfour. This is, of course, highly controversial matter, but if the Albert Hall speech had any serious meaning at all it is now evident that it belonged to the category of "Post-Impressionism." That the Referendum will ever come into use in this country no thinking man credits for a moment. It would mean the abolition, necessitating the complete reconstruction, of our Constitution, which would thus become inevitably a paper one. It would reduce the dignity and the popular uses of our present Parliamentary system to the status of a mere deliberative and debating Chamber, entirely dependent upon the pleasure of the Upper House, which, if reconstituted fairly and honestly, would thus become supreme both in legislature and in the executive, and, if not reformed on a genuine Liberal basis, shorn of the hereditary principle and of traditional Conservative interest, would be far more powerful as an obstacle to all Liberal reform and initiative than any Second House in this country ever has been or than any Second House in any other country is.

In a purely inland, cantonal country such as Switzerland it answers well enough, though it is not popular there and its incongruities are proverbial. The Swiss are perhaps the most purely democratic people in Europe. They have no throne, no traditional aristocratic power, privilege, or prerogative, no loose Constitution based upon a party system, no empire to govern, no navy, no foreign policy, and the whole system of the body-politic, as of public life, is as different from ours as is the government of Morocco from that of Germany. It has come to pass there that the Referendum sanctioned the taxes on tobacco, and then repudiated them when it came to be generally understood that taxes implied dearer tobacco and that taxes did not mysteriously bring more money into the pockets of the consumers.

Are questions of the Army and Navy, of foreign and Imperial policy, to be submitted to the chance of a people's Referendum? Can any man in his senses wish to see highly delicate negotiations with great foreign Powers voted upon casually by the people, who

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must inevitably be ignorant of the facts, as of the conditions and the dangers connected with them? Are the people on such a matter as the Navy to be left to decide upon our national fighting requirements when they are entirely ignorant of the real value of our fleet, and even more so of the values of those of foreign nations? The notion is absurd. In these days of the expert and of science the idea is utterly preposterous. It may be scouted, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain took the first opportunity to scout Mr. Balfour's electioneering proposal. To submit Tariff Reform to a Referendum, to ask the people deliberately to impose higher taxes on their primary necessaries of life, is, of course, an obvious absurdity from the Protectionist point of view, and though men hint that that was why Mr. Balfour, inspired by adroit Free Trade captains of Unionism, "froze on" to the Referendum idea, there is no longer any reason to "jolly" with a proposal that all Tariff Reformers know to be fatal to their interests and all sane men know to be unpractical, and all men now know to have been a mere electioneering dodge.

Mr. Balfour knows that better than any of us. But something had to be done. Time was short. There was no stomach left in the hereditary principle and not much appetite for Tariff Reform. Some kind of a cry to "dish the Radicals" had to be discovered. The Referendum! Ha ha! Good Latin word that, calculated to "dish" Protectionists too. And so the Referendum it was, and because Mr. Balfour with his magic uttered it some Tariff Reformers took it up also as a good fighting cry. But not the heads of the party. Even they could not swallow that. Fighting for a real cause, such men have principles as well as scruples, and so the whole Referendum bogey has been relegated to the top attic. There it will lie and wilt away, and years hence men will refer to it as one of Mr. Balfour's clever political insincerities which made the people sing for a while, just as clever Mr. Wilkie Bard makes them sing for him at the music-halls. It was Mr. Balfour's "top note," that is all. And the country sang in chorus, half in bewilderment, half in wonderment, at the clever man that Mr. Balfour showed himself to be. And then a week later Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who has a policy and is in earnest, announces lugubriously that the Referendum is not the policy of Tariff Reformers and never will be, that he was not consulted about the matter, that he does not approve of it, or even welcome it as a party war-cry. Of course we can

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all now understand that. It has nothing to do with real politics; it was a piece of electioneering opportunist bluff.

Even at this moment well-dressed Englishmen gravely discuss the Referendum at dinner-parties as if it were some mysterious panacea to blast the democratic Radicalism of this country. As a matter of fact the Referendum is a revolutionary idea which would demolish the unwritten fabric of the British Constitution. It has always been suggested that Mr. Balfour is at heart a revolutionary; this time he has shown it. But he has juggled with the patience of the people too long. If he can make them sing he cannot make them dance. The pendulum has not swung. The crotchets and quavers of the "silent" votes have not responded. Even the "moderate" man has failed. Without precedent in the history of Parliament, the same Ministry has been returned to power for the third time in succession to carry out the behests of the people. The silly opportunism of Conservative party tactics has availed nothing. England has shown that political opinion is still a serious matter, however skillfully and frequently party politicians may seek to degrade it. The verdict is patent, irrefutable, final. And it is that the country accepts the work of the Liberal Government as good, and has sent it back to its performance. The pretence that the election was not understood, that it was unpopular, that it was forced upon the electorate, is mere idle talk. Misunderstood or unpopular, the answer has come—the answer of the country to the hereditary principle; and it will be a corner-stone in our political history. It is the "Amen" cry of Great Britain to the abolition of the Lords' veto.

That the situation is serious enough cannot be denied, yet probably it is far less serious than most people imagine. It is inconceivable now that the Lords who wrecked themselves by throwing out the Budget will jeopardise the whole principle of our Constitution by rejecting the Veto Bill, which naturally will now form the irreducible minimum of the Liberal demand. It is rumoured that the so-called backwoodsmen of the Upper House ruined the Conference, and it may be so, but it is now immaterial to the issue. What is certain is that there cannot be a second Conference. The Lords, by refusing to reform themselves, have lost all claim to public sympathy. To imagine, as some of their hay-rush advisers would seem to do, that any purpose can now be served by throwing out the Veto Bill is the height of folly.

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Sentence has been passed upon their veto by the country, and by the best among themselves. No noisy preaching or brawling will minimise the effect of that judgment, which is that democracy will henceforth rule this land. If they are wise men they will accept the ruling of the nation. They will accept it because by so doing they will be acting in accordance with the deliberately expressed judgment of the electorate as the result of three successive elections. To reject it is to throw the political life of the country into chaos and revolution.

THE force behind Liberalism is not only political, it is largely economic; it is not only economic, it is essentially of the age. Despite the gigantic force of snobbery and society, the gigantic power of capitalism and of the Press, London has become more Liberal than at the last elections, and it is a fact of unmistakable omen. Let those who glibly talk of throwing out the Veto Bill ponder for a while upon that fact. Let those who pretend that there was no interest in the General Election consider the meaning of that progress in Liberal idea achieved in the face of the most powerful capitalistic Press in the world, against the tremendous influence of the drawing-room, against the weight of the Church, the Services, of the lower middle class, and the blatancy of music-hall jingoism. That London declined to sing Mr. Balfour's top note is a notable democratic achievement; that it declined to take his Referendum seriously, declined to follow the leaders of their favourite newspapers, declined to be switched off the issue of the Lords by even Mr. Balfour's feats of prestidigitation, is not a sign able leader-writers and politicians will be wise in discounting, for it shows that London has a mind as well as a stomach.

WHEN the French Revolution began, long after the fall of the Bastille, the last thing men thought about was the abolition of the Monarchy. They were not Republicans, though deeply imbued with American Republicanism in theory, and even Robespierre was a rigid Monarchist. Things grew and went on from bad to worse because the king, even after his flight and capture at Varennes, toyed with the idea of reform, neither believing in the reality of its necessity nor in the depth of the sincerity compelling it. And so it ever is. There are peers to-day who think that what they call "fighting in the ditch" is the last word of political wisdom, whereas it is in reality the bankruptcy of

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wisdom. For, briefly, they cannot fight. The executive is not theirs. They cannot command even a Territorial. They have no popular following, escutcheon or sympathy, and, as they have signed away their own cause, they have not even the integument of a principle to fight for. They have grown old, as Napoleon said of Goethe; they have become an anomaly and a nuisance. To fight again is to court irreparable disaster. To throw out the Veto Bill as a mere opportunist party move is to misunderstand the temper of the nation, to confuse the "top note" tactics of Mr. Balfour's policy with the stern necessity of the nation's will. Their political claymores have grown rusty. Wooden obstinacy on the part of the Lords now must inevitably lead to their complete rout and discomfiture, because the reform that they resist is no longer a party concern, but a national and economic exigency.

Now observe the stupendous blunders, political and tactical, committed by the party self-dubbed Unionists. Overwhelmed at the 1906 elections, crushed almost out of existence, Mr. Balfour sought to counteract defeat by systematic log-rolling with the Upper Chamber. They threw out this, they threw out that Bill, and finally, with the arrogance of revolutionaries, they rejected the Budget. It was not a "people's" Budget, they said, and so it took another General Election to decide whose Budget it was to be—Peers' or People's. That was a year ago. The answer of the country, of Great Britain, that is, the answer of true Unionism, was to return Mr. Asquith to power with a comfortable working majority, whose business it therefore became to see that the Budget became the law of this country. Once more the Lords displayed their utter want of wisdom of state, and even of common regard to the recognised practice of party warfare. What they ceded to the Duke of Wellington they utterly refused to Mr. Lloyd George. With the smug complacency of Louis XVI. they looked upon the whole business as a "nasty Radical job," and though they talked feebly about reforming themelves they not only sneered at Lord Rosebery's proposals, but actually rendered abortive the one thing which could have saved both their dignity and their continuity—the Conference—thus leaving to the Opposition no option but retaliation, no option to any self-respecting Government but immediate appeal to the country.

Contrary to Conservative expectation, the answer has gone against them. It was thought that the O'Brienites would "dish"

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the Redmondites, that London would fly the Conservative ensign, that Labour would be flattened out, that up and down the country the Liberal banner would be torn down on the plank of national snobbery and Mr. Balfour's top note. Can any peer of the realm now think that the answer is negligible or unsymptomatic? Can he imagine that a Liberal Government returned now three times in succession to power can temporise any further with a question which is admittedly no longer a question as to the obsolescent claim of the Lords' veto, with the force of the people's mandate behind them? Never was an election fought on a simpler issue. Never has an issue been so clearly defined. Never has the answer been straighter. To blink the fact is no longer even journalistically possible. In plain truth, the Lords have broken their last lance in the political tourney.

In some publicist quarters it is jocularly contended that by throwing out the Veto Bill the Lords would throw the whole Liberal policy into confusion. Such talk is silly. It is true that the creation of five hundred "penal" peers has something of the comic opera about it; but it is a recognised constitutional weapon; it was actually used as a threat in 1832, and there must surely be some five hundred gentlemen in these islands worthy by character and merit to sit on the benches at St. Stephen's. Mr. Asquith might establish an admirable precedent. Would the nation laugh if he saw fit to create a five-hundred aristocracy of talent as against the aristocracy of birth? Probably not. He might begin with the arts. There is Augustus John, there is Sargent, there is Brangwyn. There are Thomas Beecham, Elgar, aye, Landon Ronald. There are Thomas Hardy, William Watson, Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Cunninghame Graham, George Moore, Frank Harris, Maurice Hewlett, Barrie, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and the Conservative-Socialist author of *Merry England*. There are Henry Arthur Jones, Pinero, Somerset Maugham, Masefield, Galsworthy, and perhaps Seymour Hicks and the author of *The Bad Girl of the Family*. Yes, England does possess some admirable men outside the nobility. What is there foolish in placing them in the Upper House? It would take the place of other nations' Academies. Really there would be nothing ridiculous about it at all, except, perhaps, that Augustus John might object to cutting his hair for a coronet and Mr. Hall Caine might write another Christian play if he were not included.

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Those who think that the creation of five hundred penal peers would reduce the Liberal Government to absurdity misjudge our English psychology. Ridicule never kills in this country, otherwise opinion would never tolerate a fig-leaf performance of Salome and Mr. Balfour's panjandrum joke of the Referendum. On the contrary, in some ways laughter is the high road to success, as buffoonery is the kernel of our dramatic entertainment. We could never have a Boulanger in this country, but then the French would never put up with a fig-leaf Salome. The difference is germane to the matter. Five hundred stalwarts of the arts and the talents, five hundred braves of rigid Nonconformity, marching down Westminster to St. Stephen's would not be a laughable performance in this country. It would be a serious, a dignified spectacle which even Yellowplush would fain give eye to. In the House itself these men would immediately assume the directive by their faith, their talents, their character. The vacant hall of St. Stephen's would be quickened with a new sense.

Not so long ago the Hallelujah lad and lass were haled up and down the land with ridicule. Who laughs to-day at the admirable work of the Salvation Army? It is true that if Mr. Asquith created a real Areopagus of talent some among us would affect to bonnet the good thing done, just as we still regard Thomas Atkins as a joke and spend our serious evenings at *The Chocolate Soldier*. But Mr. Asquith is hardly likely to take that bold step. The Redskins of Unionism need have no fear of such a revolution in our political life; nor would the lawyers in the Lower House approve it. But the thing can be done very simply and effectively, if needs be. And these gentlemen might be created life peers for this specific purpose, created purely as a relief column of shock tactics to crown the democratic victory.

When Parliament assembles probably all idea of the Referendum will have disappeared from practical politics. As it is, we have heard nothing practical from Mr. Balfour as to its machinery and uses, not a word about the initiative, which is quite as important as the actual Referendum itself, not a word as to what nature of Bills such a Plebiscite could or would be applicable. That is undoubtedly the politician's craft, but it is not the art of statesmanship; it is mere party politics. As such it will be remembered and forgotten. The first thing that must happen on the meeting of Parliament is the question of the Lords' veto.

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Of course the new House may reconsider the little Bill, modify, and even possibly amend it, before sending it up to the Lords, and if they do it is conceivable that the peers may accept it. If the Upper House does not accept it, Mr. Asquith will have but one resource, which is the *ultima ratio* of authority. He can create his penal peers. He can turn the Lords out of St. Stephen's by the aid of a few policeman. He can deliberately ride roughshod over the unwritten Constitution and refer the Bill to the Crown. Whatever he does, consequent on the rejection of the Bill, it will be revolution in the constitutional sense, for the whole political situation is now pregnant with revolutionary potentialities. There will be no question of yet another appeal to the country. It is unlikely that a second Conference would be tolerated by the Liberal rank and file. It is difficult to see what purpose such a Conference could have, unless both negotiating parties were accredited with plenipotentiary authority to act and settle the matter; nor is it probable that any backstair conference between this and that leader or leaders can have much use or profit. What the Lords have to consider this Christmas is not whether they will throw out the Veto Bill or not, but what relic of dignity or authority they, as a Conservative influence, are destined to retain in the country if by their own crass folly and woodenness they are turned out of the Constitution like a lot of superannuated schoolboys.

Useless any longer to jabber about Socialism—there is practically no Socialism in the country, unless the few votes recorded for Mr. Grayson may be reckoned as a serviceable quantity. Vain to expostulate now at the necessity of reforming to order—the country has entrusted Liberalism with a mandate to see that the Lords do reform themselves. All that drawing-room prattle has no longer a face or heart. The demise of the Lords as a great political power is not a political war-cry, it has no longer the ear of the populace. The entire system has outlived its day; only the lemures of its heraldry survive. Coronet and cognisance of an illustrious past, to-day they have no meaning. To fight in such conditions, to fight on a stricken field, is neither magnificent nor politic; moreover, it is subversive of the nation's welfare and the industrial peace generally. Let the Lords accept the Veto Bill and they will be at liberty to reconstitute themselves with dignity and decorum to some national purpose. The whole point of the Liberal agitation is not to destroy the

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Lords *qua* Lords, but to ensure that impartiality of judgment which is essential to the smooth working of our constitutional party system. Nothing more. This is not a class revolution; it has only become tainted with a class acerbity through the wilful refusal of the Upper House to accept Liberal Bills as in any way reflecting the opinion of Great Britain. It is this obstinacy which has hardened into an inveterate opposition that Liberalism calls upon the Lords to remove, not in the slightest the actual composition of the Upper Chamber; nor is it actuated in the very least by any kind of class antipathy to the law of aristocratic primogeniture so long as the system works fairly according to the custom of the country.

But it no longer works, and the end has come of the long legicidal record of the Upper House. That is the situation. Refusal to grasp its meaning and to take the only step consistent with honour and public decency must throw into the melting-pot the whole spirit of our Constitution, from which in all probability will emerge a paper law. If the Lords think that well, let it be; but it will be a change involving many innovations in our public life, repellent to our whole hitherto conceived notions of constitutional government. We have sung Mr. Balfour's top note. And Mr. Asquith has won the election. Nothing can be plainer. When Parliament meets there will be stern things to be done. In the meantime may the Lords find in the Christmas holidays that grace of spirit which has ever been the attribute of nobility, and there will be a true Bill of Understanding: *Bonne Année!*

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The Irish Demand

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I PROPOSE in these pages to explain to the best of my ability what Ireland wants, and the nature and character of the Irish demand. I was very forcibly struck by the declaration of his Majesty the King on his accession to the throne in his proclamations, first to the people of the United Kingdom and then to the people of his dominions beyond the seas, in which he expressed his devotion to constitutional government and his desire for its maintenance. Ireland wants constitutional government, and the question, What is constitutional government? can best be answered by the reply to that question which was given by Mr. Isaac Butt, then leader of the Irish party, in his speech at the Home Rule Conference in the Rotunda, Dublin, on November 18, 1873, in expounding his proposal for the settlement of the legislative relations between Great Britain and Ireland on the basis of a federal arrangement. His proposal was in substance accepted by Parnell and Gladstone in 1886, and in the words of Mr. Redmond, "remains the demand of the Irish National party to this moment." "What," asked Mr. Butt, "is constitutional government? Constitutional government is this—that whatever be the form of government—take it as ours is, a monarchy—the Sovereign carries on the government of the country by advisers controlled by a representative assembly of the people. This is constitutional government, and by this means government is brought into harmony with the feelings and sentiments of the people. Have we anything like this in Ireland? Is there a single department of the Irish government really under the control of the Irish nation? I do not know of any. The experiment to govern Ireland by the English Parliament has utterly failed. And why? Because no alien assembly can speak with the voice or to the hearts of the Irish people, and therefore the country is without any constitutional government at all. I do not ask," Mr. Butt went on to say, "the disintegration of the Empire.

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I do not ask to do anything further in Ireland than is done in Canada or Australia—to allow us to have in Ireland a Parliament to manage our local affairs, a Parliament growing up in Ireland, just as it has done in Canada, within the Imperial Constitution, and beside that Imperial Parliament to which we would still leave the management of Imperial affairs."

Ireland, in fact, wants constitutional government, and the proposal of Mr. Butt in 1873 was echoed and endorsed by Mr. Redmond, who moved and carried in the House of Commons on March 30, 1908, by 313 votes to 157, the following resolution, which may be regarded as an enunciation of the well-considered judgment of Irish Nationalists and of their supporters both at home and abroad:

"That the present system of government in Ireland is in opposition to the will of the Irish people and gives them no voice in the management of their own affairs; that the system is consequently inefficient and extravagantly costly; that it does not enjoy the confidence of any section of the population; that it is productive of universal discontent and unrest and is incapable of satisfactorily promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people; that the reform of Irish government is a matter vital to the interests of all Ireland and calculated greatly to promote the well-being of the people of Great Britain, and in the opinion of this House the solution of this problem can be obtained only by giving to the Irish people the legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs, subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament."

Ireland, in a word, wants the constitutional government for which Mr. Isaac Butt pleaded forty years ago, for whose attainment she has from that day to this unswervingly directed her efforts. Within the last few weeks Mr. Redmond thus enunciated the Irish demand, in words which are only an echo of the gravamen of his speeches in Parliament and on the platforms both of these countries and of America for many years past:

"We want," he says, "an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible to it created by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs (land, education, local government, transit, labour, industries, taxation for local purposes, law and justice, police, &c.), leaving to the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would probably continue to be represented but in smaller numbers, the management, just as at present, of all Imperial affairs, Army, Navy, foreign relations, customs, taxation, matters pertaining to the

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Crown, the Colonies, and all those other questions which are Imperial and not local in their nature, the Imperial Parliament also retaining an overruling, supreme authority over the new Irish Legislature such as it possesses to-day over the various Legislatures in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other portions of the Empire."

This claim, thus explicitly and unreservedly formulated, can be granted by Great Britain with safety and can be made and accepted by Ireland with honour. It is strengthened by the fact that within the British Empire at the present moment there are no fewer than eight and twenty Home Rule Constitutions, and that the grant of responsible government to the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, only a few years ago at war with Great Britain, which has been so soon followed by the establishment of the Union of South Africa, only accentuates the denial of responsible government to Ireland, and renders the contrast in the treatment meted out to that country still more poignant when it is remembered that Ireland had a Parliament of which she was deprived by force and fraud for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the records of history. O'Connell, in 1843, when the system of colonial government, which has now so marvellously developed with an unbroken record of beneficent results, was in its infancy, quickly perceived this differentiation in the treatment of Ireland and the Colonies and the aggravation of the wrongs thus inflicted on Ireland. Speaking in 1843, he said: "Ireland had a Parliament as old as England: it rose up spontaneously from the congregation of freemen until the representation was made universal by forming counties in the reign of James I. It had so existed, not as a favour, a concession, a grant, but as the inherent right of freedom, without which freedom is but a name. The thirteen States of America before the Revolution had each a local Parliament; Nova Scotia has a local Parliament; Newfoundland, Jamaica, and several other West India islands have their local Parliaments. A local Parliament is, perhaps, springing up in the Cape of Good Hope; British Guiana, though under Dutch dominion, some years hence will have a Parliament, and even Botany Bay has its own Legislature. So that from the first to the last the British dependencies are allowed to have a Parliament. There is one everywhere except in our native land. We are the only stigmatised and degraded country under English dominion, although it is in direct violation of every constitutional principle."

The nature and character of the Irish demand cannot be

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thoroughly appreciated in its bearings either on Great Britain or Ireland without a competent knowledge of the historic grounds on which it is based. I accordingly propose to give a sketch in outline of what the Irish Parliament was, and of the constitutional relations of Great Britain and Ireland before the Union. I will take as far as I can from the writings and speeches of Isaac Butt himself the description of the constitution of the Irish Parliament, quoting, as far as "the tyranny of space" permits, his very words. His account of the history of that assembly, as one of the greatest constitutional lawyers of his generation, may be taken to be substantially accurate, and certainly quite free from conscious bias. It is as judicial as the opinion of a public man in the arena of party politics on any public question can be. It has, moreover, this advantage, that his description of the Irish Parliament—the one given in 1843, when he was leading the opposition to Mr. O'Connell's agitation for repeal of the Union, and the other in 1873, when he himself, as the leader of the Irish National party, was explaining and expounding the national demand—are in thorough accord.

From the very earliest introduction of the power of the English kings into Ireland, the Irish who submitted to the rule of these kings had a right to the same parliamentary constitution as England enjoyed. It was an essential part of the union between Ireland and the English Crown that the Sovereign should govern, as in England, with the advice of a national assembly. In the time of James I., when the constitution of Ireland was settled on a basis professing to represent the entire island, the English Sovereigns had not surrendered the power which in the early times of parliamentary history they certainly possessed, that of enfranchising towns and conferring on them the right, or rather imposing the duty—it was once deemed a burdensome duty—of sending representatives to the House of Commons. King James, after the settlement of Ulster, exercised this power of enfranchising boroughs. These boroughs were in its last struggle the weakness—they were always the corruption—of the Irish Parliament. The Irish Parliament was constituted according to English law. Its House of Commons was elected exactly like the English House of Commons, by the freeholders of the counties and by cities and towns deriving their right to return members from the charters of kings, and in the two countries the laws regulating the parliamentary franchise were exactly the same. The freehold franchise was the same in both and the royal charters had exactly the same effect, and were construed and tried by the same rules of law.

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Close boroughs had existed in England as in Ireland, although not so numerously as in proportion to the other elements of representation. The Irish House of Commons consisted of three hundred members. Of these, sixty-four were returned by the forty-shilling freeholders of the thirty-two counties, two were sent by the University of Dublin, sixty-two were elected by the counties of the cities or towns in which the freeholder franchise existed, or by boroughs possessing more or less of the popular franchises. Of the three hundred members only one hundred and twenty-eight were chosen by the shadow of a popular election. The remaining one hundred and seventy-two were absolutely the nominees of the English Government, or of persons who held the power of nomination as their private property—in some instances of English noblemen, in many instances of absentee proprietors, in four instances at least of bishops of the Irish Established Church.

It was always an admitted principle of the Constitution that the Crown of Ireland was appendant and inseparably annexed to the Imperial Crown of England. O'Connell stated this in very strong, but after all scarcely exaggerated, language when he said that whoever was king *de facto* in England was king *de jure* in Ireland. This much at least is unquestionable, that if by any legitimate authority a right was acquired to the Crown of England, the person who became King of England was *de jure* Sovereign of Ireland. It was admitted that the English Parliament, in disposing of the English Crown, disposed at the same time of the Crown of Ireland. Their power to do so was never questioned. The title of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Ireland rested only on an English statute. From this admitted dependence of the Crown of Ireland upon that of England arose the claim of the English Parliament, which was fiercely contested and abandoned in 1782, to legislate for Ireland. But till 1782 the right was asserted and occasionally exercised. This claim was disputed. There was, however, another consequence of the dependence of the Irish Crown which was never questioned. The Sovereign of England in all matters of his foreign relations, in all questions of peace and war, was advised solely by his English Privy Council, by his English Parliament, and by Ministers responsible only to that Parliament. But all his acts done under this advice bound Ireland.

It must also be remembered that by a statute of the Irish Parliament itself a most important restriction was placed on its legislative powers. By an Irish Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Henry VII. in the year 1495 it was enacted that no

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Bill should be presented to the Irish Parliament until the heads of it had been submitted to the English Privy Council and certified as approved of under the Great Seal of England. This law is known as Poynings' Law, from the name of the person who was Lord Deputy when it was passed, and was a matter entirely distinct from any claim of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland. It was a law of the Irish Parliament itself passed by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, deriving its authority from a source entirely independent of the English claim and continuing in force when that claim was abandoned. The original law required the assent of the English Privy Council to be given to the intended Bill before Parliament met. In the reign of Queen Mary it was modified so as to admit of that assent being given when Parliament was sitting, but that assent was still necessary to authorise the introduction of the Bill. With this modification the law of Poynings continued in force till 1782. Such was the position of the Irish Parliament between the Revolution and 1782.

From 1782 till the destruction of the Irish Parliament by the Act of Union in 1800 Ireland enjoyed Parliamentary independence under the system generally known as Grattan's Constitution, but in the proper sense of the word no new constitution was established in that year. It was solemnly declared that no power on earth could make laws to bind Ireland except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. An English Act passed in 1719, which asserted that the English Parliament had power to make laws for Ireland, was repealed in 1782, and in 1783 an English Act was passed by which the claim of making laws for Ireland was absolutely renounced in the following words: "Be it enacted that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom in all cases whatsoever shall be and is hereby declared and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable." The only change which was then made in the Parliamentary constitution of Ireland was by a modification of the law of Poynings. The Irish Parliament was authorised to consider and pass Bills without the previous sanction of the English Privy Council. But that assent—the approval of the English Privy Council—was still made necessary to their becoming law. In all other respects the Parliamentary system of Ireland was left untouched. The absolute dependence of the Crown of Ireland upon that of England was emphatically reaffirmed. The House of Commons was elected in the same manner as before and its legal and constitutional powers were

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unchanged. Nothing can be more distinct than the deliberate intention of the framers of the Constitution of 1782 to retain a portion of the subjection in which the law of Poynings placed the Irish Parliament. The Act of the Irish Parliament, commonly known as Yelverton's Act, modifying Poynings' Law, left untouched the requirements of that enactment that Irish Bills should be sent over to England and returned with an approbation certified under the Great Seal of England—that is, an approbation by the advice of English Ministers and of the English Privy Council. This provision was wholly distinct from the constitutional necessity of obtaining the royal assent. That assent was subsequently given by the Lord Lieutenant in the name of the Sovereign to the Irish House of Lords. The certifying of the Bill under the Great Seal of England was a condition precedent to the King of Ireland giving his assent. The provision virtually gave to the English Privy Council the power of negativing any Irish measure of legislation, and it would be easy to show how strongly this veto was relied on in the Irish Parliament as a real and practical security for the connection between the countries.

It must be remembered that from 1782 till 1800 there did exist that restriction on the legislative power of the Irish Parliament which consisted in requiring an assent under the Great Seal of England before any measure passed by it could become law. We can accordingly see that the Constitution of Ireland in the time of Grattan's Parliament was on a basis in which the federal idea, although very imperfectly developed, was an important element. "The Great Seal of England," said Sir Lawrence Parsons in the Irish House of Commons, "is security to England without being dependent to Ireland, and the history of mankind does not afford an instance of two independent States being connected together by a mechanism so wise and so beautiful."

The federal connection between Great Britain and Ireland in the time of Grattan's Parliament was, as I have said, a very imperfect species of federalism. The Irish Constitution had two great defects. Under the arrangements which existed in this period there was no such thing as an Irish Administration responsible to the Irish Parliament. If an Irish Administration had been thus responsible the Irish Parliament would never have been destroyed. In 1799, when Lord Castlereagh first introduced the measure of the Union it was defeated. Had the constitutional practice now established in the United Kingdom and in the British Dominions with responsible government

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been then in vogue, he must have resigned and a Minister opposed to the Union must have taken his place; but in Ireland the Ministers were the mere creatures of the English Administration, changing when that Administration changed, and therefore really dependent for their continuance in office on the votes not of the Irish but of the English Parliament. Grattan complains of "the fatal hand of an Irish Cabinet legislating against Ireland to promote its own credit in the Court of Great Britain"; while Mr. Fox, in the British House of Commons towards the end of the existence of the Irish Parliament, said in 1797, "The advantages which the form of a free government seemed to promise have been counteracted by the influence of the executive government of the British Cabinet."

Then, again, Grattan's Constitution was highly imperfect as a federal system owing to the exclusion of Ireland from all voice in the management of Imperial affairs, in whose participation the Dominions of Great Britain are to have a share under any scheme of Imperial Federation in the future. It was the King of England who entered into treaties with foreign nations, by the advice of his English Privy Council. It was the King of England who, by the same advice, declared war or made peace. By these treaties Ireland was bound. A declaration of war involved Ireland in that war. A treaty of peace bound Ireland by its terms.

It does not come within the province of this article to sketch, even in faint outline, the work accomplished by the Irish Parliament, the motives for its destruction, and the methods by which that destruction was effected. If, however, I desired to point to an illustration of the value and power of the most enfeebled Parliamentary institution, I could not find one more striking than that which is supplied by the history of the Irish Parliament.

The destruction of the Irish Parliament was due to various motives; but it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the *causa causans* was the apprehension entertained by the reactionary party in Great Britain, to which the excesses of the French Revolution had given an ascendancy, that the reform of the Irish Parliament, which, had it remained in existence, was inevitable, would have made the demand for the reform of the British Parliament irresistible. The Union was brought about through the adoption by the Government of a policy of complete Catholic emancipation, which was followed by a *volte-face* in its contemptuous refusal; the people—whose hopes

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when raised to the highest were thus shattered—were deliberately goaded by a series of oppressive measures into an armed resistance, which the Government, who were fully aware of the plans of the leaders, allowed to come to a head so as to utilise its suppression by force in paving the way to the Union. The insurrection was utilised in acting on the fears of the Irish propertied classes, who were taught that the only barrier against the insurgent masses was a union of the British and Irish Legislatures, which was effected by a system of corruption which has no parallel. Of all the members of the Irish Parliament who voted for the Union only seven were unbribed, while the owners of the rotten boroughs were compensated for the disfranchisement of their boroughs by a sum of £1,260,000. No fewer than twenty-two Irish Peers were created for "Union Services," four Peers received English peerages, and twenty Peers received higher titles. Mr. Fox declared the measure of the Union as atrocious in its principle and abominable in its reasons. Mr. Gladstone said that he knew no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of men. Mr. Lecky, a protagonist of the maintenance of the Union, has written that the measure as it was carried was a crime of the deepest turpitude, which by imposing, with every circumstance of infamy, a new form of government on a reluctant and protesting nation has vitiated the whole course of Irish opinion. Professor Dicey, in a book entitled *The Case of England against Home Rule*, says: "The remarkable tale of the transactions which carried the Treaty of Union teaches at least one indisputable lesson—the due observance of legal formalities will not induce a people to pardon what they deem to be acts of tyranny made all the more hateful by their combination with deceit."

It is not an exaggeration to say that from the passing of the Act of Union till the present hour the Irish people have never ceased to resent the terrible and cruel wrongs by which the legislative independence of their country was destroyed, and to work and pray incessantly for the restoration of their plundered legislative rights.

Immediately after the passing of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell started an agitation for the repeal of the Union, which owing to the restricted franchise was unsuccessful. O'Connell's plan was that of simple repeal of the Union—the reconstruction of the Irish Parliament with the same power and authority as it possessed before the Union. Towards the end of his career, however, he leaned to a federal arrangement. In a letter to the Repeal Association in 1844 he stated that plans

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of a federal union between the two countries had been proposed and he was considering whether they should be accepted.

"The Federalists," he wrote, "appear to me to require more for Ireland than the simple Repealers do, for besides the local parliament in Ireland, having full and perfect local authority, the Federalists require that there should be for questions of Imperial concern, colonial, military, or naval, and of foreign alliance and policy, a congressional or federal parliament, in which Ireland should have a fair share and a proportion of representation and power. It is both right and just to confess that in this respect the Federalists would give Ireland more weight and importance in Imperial concerns than she would acquire by the plan of the simple Repealers. . . . For my own part I will own since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between 'simple Repeal' and 'Federation,' I do at present feel a preference for the Federation plan as tending more to the utility of Ireland and to the maintenance of the connection with England than the mode of 'simple Repeal.'"

It is now known that, when Mr. O'Connell wrote these words, a meeting of the members of the Liberal party had been held previously in London and that it had been resolved to effect an alliance with Mr. O'Connell and the people of Ireland upon the basis of carrying a federal arrangement between the two countries. The internal differences which broke up the powerful organisation of which O'Connell was the head, the great Irish Famine of 1847 and O'Connell's death, were followed by a period of nearly a generation in which constitutional methods ceased to have any hold on the people of Ireland. Both Federation and Repeal were unheard of for years, and though projects of federation had been entertained by the Whig leaders they were only too glad to abandon and forget them. After an interval of nearly thirty years the Irish people deliberately adopted federalism as the plan they would put forward. "Isaac Butt," says Mr. Redmond, "in 1873 proposed a Federal Union. This was in substance accepted by Gladstone and Parnell in 1886 and remains the demand of the Irish National party to this moment."

It will thus be observed that O'Connell's demand for a simple repeal of the Union, which meant the revival of the Sovereign Co-ordinate Parliament of Grattan, was given up in favour of the creation of a Statutory Subordinate Parliament, leaving the supremacy of the present Imperial Parliament untouched;—"such subordinate Parliament to be invested with strictly limited powers over purely local Irish affairs as in the case of the numerous local Parliaments which exist within the British Empire."

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The chief difference between Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886, which Mr. Parnell accepted as "a final settlement" by the establishment of a "statutory body limited and subordinate to the Imperial Parliament," and Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill of 1893 was that in the second proposal he designed to retain the Irish members. "On this point," says Mr. Redmond, "Ireland is willing to accept whichever alternative England prefers." Mr. Redmond made his views on the subject very clear in an utterance at Chicago on September 17, writes a representative of the Press Association, foreign special:

"As for what is called 'Home Rule all round,' or a general System of Federation, of course, if England, Scotland, and Wales desire to have Parliaments of their own under a federal system, Ireland would have no reason to object.

"I think we would agree that our Home Rule Constitution should be of such a character as to fit in with a general system of Federation later on, but it must be clearly understood that Ireland cannot wait until England, Scotland, and Wales have made up their minds to get Home Rule for themselves. Home Rule for Ireland first. We will not tolerate any postponement of our demand!"

The words of Mr. Redmond in this interview—"I stand on the question of Home Rule precisely where Mr. Parnell stood. I have not receded, and never will recede, a single inch from the position he took up"—have produced in certain quarters a denunciation of "Parnellite Home Rule," which its assailants have carefully abstained from defining. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 did not, as I have said, provide for an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who regarded the establishment of a system of Home Rule in Ireland as a step towards the achievement of an Imperial Federation, on which he had set his heart, regarded that omission as a fatal defeat to the Imperial Federation project. He communicated his views to me and authorised me to explain them to Mr. Parnell. The correspondence between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Parnell in reference to an Irish representation at Westminster under a Home Rule system was published in the *Times* of July 9, 1888. Mr. Parnell did not live to see Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill of 1893, which provided for an Irish representation at Westminster. His views accordingly, as explained in his letter to Mr. Rhodes, are of enormous importance as indications of his full acceptance of a Home Rule system with a statutory Parliament, in which there would be ample security for the maintenance of Imperial unity, a security which the retention of an

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Irish representation at Westminster for Imperial purposes would have a tendency to strengthen. Mr. Parnell may be accepted as an exponent of "Parnellite Home Rule." "I may say," writes Mr. Parnell to Mr. Rhodes, "at once and frankly that you have correctly judged the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster to have been a defect in the Home Rule measure of 1886, and further, that the proposed exclusion has given some colour to the accusations so freely made against the Bill, that it had a separatist tendency. I say this, while strongly asserting and believing that the measure itself was accepted by the Irish people without any afterthoughts of the kind, and with the earnest desire to work it out in the same spirit in which it was affirmed—a spirit of candid goodwill and trust, a desire to let bygones be bygones and a determination to accept it as a final and satisfactory settlement of the long-standing dispute between Great Britain and Ireland.

"I am very glad to find that you consider the measure of Home Rule that should be granted to Ireland should be thoroughgoing and should give her a complete control over her own affairs without reservation, and I cordially agree with your opinion that there should be effective safeguards for the maintenance of Imperial Unity."

Mr. Rhodes, the great exponent of Imperial Federation, was so much pleased with Mr. Parnell's exposition of "Parnellite Home Rule" that he sent a contribution of £10,000 to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. Redmond almost unconsciously echoed the sentiments of Mr. Parnell, when in a speech in America a few weeks ago, he said: "Now let me come to Home Rule. First of all, what do I mean by Home Rule? By Home Rule I mean as Mr. Parnell meant, that the masses of the Irish people, that the public opinion of Ireland, should be potent in the management of every Irish affair. We claim an Irish Parliament with an executive responsible to it with full control over every purely Irish affair. This is what we mean by Home Rule."

In the Irish parliamentary system of 1782–1800 the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was secured by the methods I have endeavoured to describe; that supremacy has been acknowledged and accepted as a basis of every proposed settlement of the legislative relations between Great Britain and Ireland since the Union by the leaders of the Irish people and was thus clearly defined by Mr. Parnell (whose attitude then is the attitude of Mr. Redmond at the present day) in the House of Commons in 1886. When speaking in debate on the Home Rule Bill of that

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year, having stated that the Legislature which the Prime Minister proposed to constitute was a subordinate Parliament, he said:

"I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to be this: that they can interfere in the event of the powers which are conferred by this Bill being abused under certain circumstances. But the Nationalists, in accepting this Bill, go, as I think, under an honourable understanding not to abuse those powers, and we pledge ourselves in this respect for the Irish people, as far as we can pledge ourselves, not to abuse those powers and to devote our energies and our influences . . . to prevent those powers from being abused."

The Irish demand, which has an historic basis and has not been varied since its formal adoption in 1873, is in short, in the words of the resolution moved by the Irish leader and carried in the House of Commons on March 30, 1908:

"Legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament."

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The Referendum

By Harold W. V. Temperley

VOLTAIRE thought the young men of his day very lucky because, as he said, " they would see fine things." We are almost equally fortunate, and to the analyst of democracy there has been no such interesting period of our history, since democratic conditions existed. But in the progress of democracy there lurk certain well-defined dangers; extreme democracy may produce violence and injustice to the classes, it is even possible that the people may be so deluded as to elevate might over right and make force the sovereign of law. It is not that we necessarily fear these dangers, but that it is expedient to take steps to avert any such prospect or possibility. The truth that in any government where there are not restraints there will be excesses, is so obvious that only political partisans can afford to disregard it. Arbitrary power, whether in the hands of an individual, a class, or a whole people, is necessarily an evil and it ends by corrupting itself. The problem of allowing the people to rule, and to place on them the restraints which conduce to reflection and ensure deliberation, has occupied democratic theorists for a century from Alexander Hamilton to Lord Acton. Among these restraints are Federalism, the absolute veto of a Second Chamber, the independent law-interpreting judiciary, and the written Constitution. Of these the first can only exist by a happy accident, and the success of the second is largely bound up with that existence. In the same way the establishment of an independent law-interpreting judiciary is allied to that of a written Constitution. All of these restraints can be most easily established under a Federal System, on which their maintenance and success is largely dependent. Even apart from these difficulties the Hamiltonian system of " checks and balance " could not now be established in any modern State, for democratic practice has a way of confounding democratic theory. Economic pressure, the opposition between rich and poor, the increase of communication, the rapidity of modern thought, the sinister influences of organised wealth make obsolete many of these

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elaborate restraints. Modern ideas favour not a separation but a union of organic parts, a co-operation of the different powers in the State, not a division into lifeless pieces of mechanism. The very conception of restraint, in the Hamiltonian or even in the Actonian sense, requires revision; their idea seems often to be the restraint of the father on the son, accompanied by sharp words and enforced with the cane; the modern one is that of temperate advice, the restraint of one partner or another, a veto, not a punishment.

It is in this connection that the fifth and most interesting of the restraints on modern Democracy appears—the Referendum, and it is by its efficacy in training and restraining a democracy that its value and utility must be judged.

The Referendum has one advantage not possessed by the restraints above-mentioned: that it is *a priori* almost equally applicable to a Unitary State such as England or to a Federal State such as Switzerland. It has another in that it seems to be a direct reference to the people as a whole, not a surrender into the hands of the expert or oligarch. How far these advantages are real ones will be seen on close examination. It will be best to try and establish a just conception of the Referendum from the practical experience of other countries, and also in its more abstract and philosophical aspect, after which we shall be able to discuss its applicability to England and her institutions.

At the outset it is important to realise the exact meaning of the term "Referendum," for at least four different methods of making a direct poll of the people are included under that head. These may be termed (1) the Plebiscite or Exceptional Referendum; (2) the Facultative or Optional Referendum; (3) the Obligatory or Constitutional Referendum; (4) the Initiative. The first example need hardly be considered as it is clearly exceptional in its nature, and is only used on rare occasions of great national import, as to confirm a ruler who has made a *coup d'état* or to induce a people to enter a Federation.* Examples may be given in the vote of December 2, 1852, by which the French people made Napoleon III. Emperor of the French, or the vote of 1909 by which the colonists of Natal, against the advice of their executive Ministers, decided to enter the South African Union. There is a perfectly definite line to be drawn between this and the ordinary constitutional amendment, sent down to the vote of the people for confirmation or rejection by the

* We have an analogous procedure in municipalities where a direct popular vote is sometimes taken as to the imposition of an extra penny on the rates for a free library or for similar matters, but the exceptional character is in each case maintained.

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Constitutional Referendum. The Plebiscite, in fact, has much more affinity with the Initiative than with the other two kinds of Referendum. The Plebiscite is a weapon by which the people, as a whole, may choose rulers or change dynasties, without regard to their legislature and representatives, the Initiative enables them to press upon a reluctant legislature laws which may have been formulated in a market-place or at a street corner. The essential idea of each is a complete disregard for anything but the will of the majority expressed in its most naked and brutal form; each compels law, as formulated in the legislature, and minorities, as existing in the country, to submit to the blind supremacy of force. The difference is that the Plebiscite is from its very nature exceptional, whilst the Initiative may be normal or perpetual.

The Initiative completes the machinery of legislation that is popular in the best and worst senses; the Referendum proper gives the people a veto, and the Initiative an originating power, over all legislation. If both these exist in full activity the status of the legislature—whether it consist of two Chambers or one—is that of a mere body of clerks awaiting the commands for a distant but mighty master, whose decrees they may interpret but can never alter. It does not, however, appear that the Initiative has ever been an active principle of Government in any modern State except Switzerland. There a law of the Federation provides that 50,000 voters may present a petition for the adoption of a new article or for the abrogation or amendment of specified articles in the Constitution.* The two Houses are perfectly at liberty to reject the Bill; it is then submitted to a direct poll of the whole people by Referendum, and may thus be carried in the teeth of the legislature. The dangers and absurdities of the system are obvious. It actually happened that the principle of Old Age Pensions was carried by Initiative and Referendum in Switzerland, but that a subsequent measure to provide the requisite money by a tobacco monopoly was vetoed on appeal to the Referendum. The sovereign people first initiated a principle, subsequently rejecting it when they understood the financial burdens it entailed; the process is exactly like a man giving a blank cheque to a friend and stopping it when he learns that the friend is about to draw a large sum. Such a method of legislation is self-condemned. The result in

* In theory the Initiative is therefore confined to constitutional amendment. In practice the Initiative has been used to carry a law concerned with hydraulic engineering, which has no confessed relationship with constitutional amendment. It is in use in some of the cantons of Switzerland for all legislative measures.

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practice has been singularly creditable to the good sense of the Swiss democracy; though popular at first the Initiative has been employed only nine times in the last nineteen years, and in the majority of cases the law introduced by the Initiative was rejected by the Referendum. These general conclusions as to the working of the Initiative are confirmed by analogy from industrial organisations. Between 1834 and 1870 various trade unions in England, whose constitutions were ultra-democratic, showed the results of the Initiative in striking fashion. On one occasion forty-four separate propositions, formulated by the Initiative, were put to the vote on a single circular by one trade union; such propositions varied from a suggestion that the central executive should be allowed "a cup of ale each per night" to one that obligatory Home Rule should be forced on the Irish branches of the stonemasons.*

Not only did the Initiative break down utterly, but it came near to carrying the Referendum with it in its fall. On a larger scale, and under different conditions, the Initiative might, of course, have more success, but the Swiss examples lend support to the view that it is as objectionable in practice as it is in theory.

None of the arguments already advanced against the Plebiscite or Initiative *per se* necessarily apply to the Referendum that is either Facultative or Constitutional. There is no reason why either should be either revolutionary or exceptional. These types of Referendum have a respectable pedigree, and their value can be tested by an appeal to experience.† This fact has not saved them from a formidable denunciation by Lord Acton, who hails the Referendum as "the triumph of democratic force over democratic freedom. It overrules not only the Federal principle but the representative principle. It carries important measures away from the Federal Legislature to submit them to the votes of the entire people, separating decision from deliberation . . . [it is] the principle of putting into action the greatest force of the greatest number."‡ How far has a generation of experience and reflection weakened the strength of this tremendous indictment?

The Constitutional Referendum is the most reasonable form in which the Referendum exists. In Federal Switzerland and in some States of the American Union all amendments

* Sidney and Beatrice Webb, *Industrial Democracy* (1906), pp. 22–7.

† The Constitutional or Facultative Referendum was implicit in Rousseau, was first suggested by the Girondins in their projected constitution of 1793, subsequently introduced with modifications by the Jacobins in their draft-constitution of 1793, and afterwards introduced into the cantons of Switzerland.

‡ *History of Freedom* (1907), pp. 91, 94, written in 1878.

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of the Constitution, after having been passed by the two Chambers of the legislature, only become law when ratified by direct vote of the whole people. Between 1874 and 1908, the Constitutional Referendum of Federal Switzerland has accepted thirteen and rejected only six measures submitted to it. The proportion of voters on these constitutional amendments has ruled low, between 1897 and 1908 it has never exceeded 50 per cent., with an average of about 42.5 per cent. Amendments to the Constitution may be of a purely technical character or may be thought by the majority to be universally desirable; in either case the advocate of the measure is less likely to vote than his opponent. The languor of the voting is, however, no argument for depriving the voters of their veto. Wherever there is a written Constitution, especially where there is a Federal written Constitution, it is obviously desirable that the people as a whole should be consulted in the modification of the great Charter and contract of their liberties. If they choose, by their own indifference, to sanction modifications destructive to their interests, the responsibility will fall on them with justice and with force. On the other hand, they always can, if they will, exercise the right of checking their legislators in a crusade on the Constitution. One important consideration results from this fact. If an upper Chamber exists to be the guardian of the Constitution in a State without the Constitutional Referendum, what is the necessity for its existence in a State which possesses it?

The Facultative or Optional Referendum has a procedure and character very different from the Constitutional. In Switzerland, a petition of 30,000 voters may insist on any measure being submitted to a Referendum, within ninety days from its having been passed by the two Houses of the Legislature.* It is quite clear that voting in this case is likely to be of a fairly contentious character, for the petitioners must number 30,000 and often reach 100,000 or about an eighth of the whole electorate. The average of Facultative Referendum voters during the ten years 1897–1907 was 64.6 per cent., the highest number of voters recorded 77.6 per cent. From 1874–1907 the total number of measures proposed was thirty, of which nineteen or nearly two-thirds were rejected. The conservative character revealed in the voting appears to be due to several causes. The ordinary

* In practice it has always been recognised that purely administrative measures, such as salaries of officials and also foreign policy, are exempted from the Referendum. Financial measures—budgets, land taxes, &c.—have in practice also been gradually exempted from direct popular decision.

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elector is probably more cautious than a member of the legislature, he is also filled with a sense of his own importance, and that importance is more visible in rejection than in acceptance of a measure referred to him. Moreover, it is a well-observed tendency that the voter, uncontrolled and individualised, may approve of nine-tenths of a measure, and yet reject it because of the one-tenth of which he disapproves. But the most important cause of the conservative character of the Referendum vote, no doubt, is that the elector is not only less enterprising than his deputy, but has far less opportunity of understanding the merits of any measure, and hence is naturally unwilling to vote for it without knowledge of its full bearing and application. Whichever be the true explanation there can be no doubt that the reflex effect on the legislature is bad. Legislators become timid and unenterprising, because they do not care to waste time over measures which may possibly be rejected. Whenever there is a Referendum it must ultimately be the private and not the officer who will set the step and arrange the drill. The result is that Ministers must and legislators may decline in importance. In Switzerland the operation and moral force of the Referendum has reduced the first to the level of English and the second to that of German bureaucrats.

Such experience as other countries offer, not indeed very much, confirms the Swiss evidence. In America the Referendum has often been instituted as a check on the State legislatures, with the result of hastening the degradation and weakness of the legislators. In trade unions the Referendum is usually the only popular check on the executive, and, as such, has contrived to maintain its existence; in England it has not usually proved a success, but in America the results have been more satisfactory. The individual voter in the Referendum, whether a citizen or a trade-unionist, seems to be more niggardly and less far-sighted than members of a legislature or an executive.

It remains to balance the relative merits and evils of the Referendum in the light of both practice and theory. Its first and most transcendent merit is that it develops individual responsibility, a service of immense importance to modern democracy. It is a nobler and more inspiring privilege to vote in a Referendum than to vote for a candidate; in the last case you create a legislator, in the first case you are yourself the legislator. But individual responsibility may be over-developed: it is not a good thing for an elector to vote as a selfish individual regardless of the nation's weal, nor is it edifying to find a Swiss

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elector voting for Old Age Pensions, and vetoing them when he finds that his tobacco may rise in price. The Referendum then resolves society into units, and into narrow-minded and selfish units, and asserts the will of a majority of these fragments. It may be right to give way to a majority bound together by a great principle, to which numbers subscribe and for which many have made sacrifices; it may be doubted whether it is right to give way when a measure is only accepted because it promotes the narrow selfish interest of each special member of that majority. A party majority always includes some men who give up some particular interest or object for the sake of unity or principle, a Referendum majority never need do so. Hence the Referendum does not necessarily do a service if it destroys party distinctions. An abolition of the excesses of party is clearly desirable, but an abolition of party altogether is probably an evil, more especially when party heat brings voters to the polls, while the Referendum appears to make the electorate languid and inert. It is, of course, possible to conceive the co-existence of a Referendum side by side with party organisations because the Referendum may present a clear issue, on which the electors may vote without reference to party. There certainly have been instances in Switzerland in which a party has been returned to power in the legislature at the moment that its measures were being rejected by the Referendum. A clear issue is always obtained by the Constitutional Referendum, and the arguments against the Referendum, on the ground of destroying party and the energy of government, apply with much more effect to the Facultative form.

There is a more philosophical objection to the Referendum, which is, that it does not and cannot express the "general will," the collective conscience and desires of the nation as a whole. The plain man thinks that every question can be answered "Yes" or "No," the philosophic man knows better. He is aware that debate in Parliament and concession by Ministerialists to the Opposition is more likely to elicit the "general" will. Under the Referendum, Ministers in Parliament will not wish to make any concessions, for their only aim will be to frame a Bill which the whole electorate will wholeheartedly support. This produces a clear-cut issue, but, paradoxically enough, the "general will" is not always satisfied with clearness. There is a debatable land—a land of compromise and concession—which will disappear from the map when the Referendum is introduced. It may, however, be contended

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that the process does at least effect what nothing else can, for it enables a legislative unit to express his individual opinion on a particular measure. This is true, and it is just possible in practice that the gain to the individual voter may be greater than the loss to the "general will." But on general philosophic grounds the advocates of the "general will" have the stronger case.

The next objection to the Referendum is that it is an appeal "from wisdom to ignorance," a veto on the foresight of minorities exercised by stupidity in the mass. It is taking the control of the ship from the captain and entrusting it to the crew; it is making the State resemble Bertram de Born, whom Dante beheld carrying his head under his arm. Even if this is true, it would not necessarily be an argument against the Referendum, Constitutional or Facultative. No one pretends that the voter understands a Bill as readily as the legislator, but the instinct of the people as a whole may be right when the legislator is wrong. Legislators are the shoemakers, Bills are the boots, the public the customer; the customer is unable to make his own boots, but most persons will admit that he can tell whether they fit him, and is justified in refusing to pay for them if they do not. He is more ignorant than his cobbler in the initiatory sense, but in the exercise of the power of rejection he may be equally competent or more so. Hence this objection to the Referendum can only be sustained by those who disbelieve in the good sense of the nation as a whole. There would be less distrust of democracy in the modern world if people realised the profound truth of Lord Acton's saying, that "not only one but all classes are unfit to govern." This dictum leads to an acceptance of democratic government, so long as it is qualified by restraints. In one sense, at any rate, the Referendum is such a restraint, because it is effective only as a veto. The originative capacity of the individual voter is not enlarged, but an additional safeguard and brake upon rash legislation is secured by the Referendum. It is the only security that the legislators do not exceed the wishes of their constituents and, if the legislators seek to betray or to "rush" their electors, the use of the Referendum is justified.

Modern democratic theory is, however, far too apt to assume the rule of the majority at any price, and it is in this connection that a most serious objection to the Referendum appears. Individual responsibility is promoted but may be pushed too far by it. Not only so, but a majority of individuals counted by heads, which bears down all opposition, is not an impressive

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sight. The decent formulæ, which suggest persuasion, are gone, the minorities and the law-making bodies are disregarded by the naked will of a disorganised majority. The Referendum gives an ugly and uneasy feeling everywhere that the law of force has superseded the force of law. This feeling is only partially mitigated by the reflection that a veto imposed by force on a legislature from without is far preferable to the introduction of a law into that legislature by force from without.

One last objection remains, an objection perhaps more formidable than all others which the Referendum brings in its train, whether it involve the menace of force, the destruction of party, the weakening of Parliament, or the warnings of philosophers. The tendency of modern legislation appears to be from the simple to the complex, and every fresh legislative development emphasises the particular circumstance at the expense of the general principle. The reign of abstract and universal principle, which inaugurated the nineteenth century and inspired legislators for three generations, appears now to be passing. The abstract principles of the *laissez-faire* philosophy are still seen in the Poor Law of 1834 and in a hundred other ways; but all need qualification or modification in the light of fresh facts and particular cases. Idealism and abstractions yield to realism, inspectors and reporters put to rout the philosophers; statistics and concrete facts are recognised as a surer ground for legislation than the wisdom of Mill or the doctrines of De Tocqueville. In politics, as in economics, "*qualitative* reasoning is passing away and is being replaced by *quantitative* reasoning." The net result of the process is that modern laws will become increasingly specialised in character, and the ordinary individual will accordingly find it more difficult to understand or to vote upon them. Unassisted by debate or discussion, the voter at the Referendum will find it more and more difficult to pronounce his plain "Yes" and "No." This tendency in legislation must raise issues that the Referendum cannot clear, and it constitutes the most subtle as well as the most formidable objection to its adoption.

The arguments already advanced will vindicate the general dangers in the application of a Referendum to England; it remains to consider the special circumstances. In the first place, the remedy of the Constitutional or Facultative Referendum has never been applied to a country of the size of England, and the experiment might easily be dangerous. The question of expense need not concern us, for if the benefits were such as

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they are claimed to be, the political gain would outweigh the economic loss. But the practical difficulties of application to England are enormous.* It has been shown that the Constitutional Referendum may possess considerable advantages, but that it can only work well when the Constitution of a country is written. It is only when the Constitution is sharply defined that constitutional amendments are intelligible and that appeal to the electorate is mechanical. Hence, if we are to have a Constitutional Referendum, we must speedily begin to write down our Constitution; in other words, we must destroy its special character and confine its spirit within the limits of the written word. The difficulties here are great but not insuperable, and might be worth the labour. The Facultative Referendum has been shown to be more difficult and dangerous in application than the Constitutional, and in England it would so obviously be the opportunity of unscrupulous partisans that its use could hardly result in advantage to the nation.† One special case remains to be considered, the use of the Referendum as an appeal court to decide disputes between the two Chambers. To the best of my belief this method has only been applied in Australia, and I may perhaps be allowed to quote from a recent work of mine in illustration of its uses. By the Act of 1908 for Queensland the arrangement is as follows: "'In case a Bill has been rejected in two successive sessions by the Upper Chamber, at the close of the second session the Governor directs by proclamation that the Bill so rejected shall be submitted to a Referendum. . . .' If the Referendum is favourable, the Bill is presented for the Royal assent, and upon receiving such assent the Bill becomes law. . . . 'The Referendum process either censures one House or the other: in the first case it temporarily annihilates the influence of the Upper Chamber; in the second case it so seriously injures the dignity of the Lower Chamber as to make possible the illusion that the two Houses are equal in power. The Referendum process is therefore simply a balance of opposite

* It seems to me plausible and possibly desirable that a detailed Home Rule scheme should be submitted to the Referendum after passing the legislature, either by Plebiscite or Constitutional Referendum. For reasons given below, I can think of no other measure now before the country for which the Referendum would be equally defensible, unless it be the question of the House of Lords, which might be, and perhaps is, covered by a General Election.

† Arguing from Swiss analogies, Tariff Reform, land taxes, and Budgets would not be subjects for the Facultative Referendum; nationalisation of railways or accident nsurance would. Questions of "urgency" are usually ruled out from the Referendum. *Vide* Jane T. Stoddart, *Against the Referendum*, pp. 40–41.

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dangers.'" [*Senates and Upper Chambers*, 1910, pp. 70, 76.] To this statement there seems to be nothing to add, except that the dangers and evils there outlined will be much intensified when the Upper Chamber is avowedly partisan. The Referendum in Switzerland and America is used as a means of checking or correcting *both* Houses, not as an instrument for degrading or reducing one at the expense of the other. This appeal-court use of the Referendum seems therefore to be wholly inadmissible.

The more general arguments that the Referendum destroys party, deprives Ministers of responsibility and legislatures of respect, apply with special force to England. Her system has always been representative, and it is to-day a system of parliamentary democracy, not of direct democracy. The ideal has always been "men" rather than "measures," and a careful choice of the one has always been followed by a liberal confidence in the other. If the Constitutional Referendum were adopted it would mean the destruction of the unwritten Constitution, but the Facultative Referendum would cause the alteration of the whole existing system of Government in principle and in detail. It is a change as revolutionary in character as any that could be dreamed of, and it involves consequences far-reaching enough to give the boldest pause. The only application of the Referendum seriously practicable in England appears to be the Obligatory or Constitutional one. Even that demands a paper Constitution, and, if we are to trust Swiss analogy, even a written Constitution cannot draw a sharp line between ordinary legislation and constitutional amendment.

The dangers which the Referendum brings with it must not blind us to the fact that it is the most original, as it is the most modern, of democratic experiments, and that it is at least a conceivable means of teaching a democracy to curb its passions and to place restraints upon itself. But its unique attraction seems to consist in the emotion which it inspires in the individual, however little that emotion may tend to the advantage of the community. . . . The first time I entered a Mohammedan mosque I was struck by the profound difference from a Christian church. Here were no priests, shrines, and side-chapels, only a vast space, a few doctors expounding the Koran, and a vast throng of individual worshippers praying silently and alone. Between each man and God there were no intermediaries, no saint or priest; each breathed his prayer and let it ascend straight to God. It seemed to me a noble faith, and I left the mosque

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awed and ashamed. . . . It seems to me now that in politics the Referendum makes the same appeal to the individual, that it visibly embodies the sovereignty of the people and brings each man into direct and solemn contact with it. In this case, as in others, the religion or the god may be false, but the influence and the effect may be elevating as well as illusory. I believe that it is this feeling which explains the indefinable fascination of the Referendum, and that it will continue to charm and to delude the democracies of the world, until hard experience shall have taught them that the voice echoing from the mountains is not always that of Liberty.

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The Osborne Revolution

By Sidney Webb

Let no one imagine that the whole significance, or even the main importance, of the Osborne judgment lies in the fact that it prevents Trade Unions from paying for Members of Parliament. What the judges have done is—quite apart from the controversial issues presented by the existence of a Labour party or the separate Parliamentary levy—to revolutionise the legal status and powers of every trade society. These thousands of working-class organisations (counting now two and a half millions of members, including, therefore, one-fifth of the whole population of the United Kingdom, and possessing over six millions of accumulated funds) have been suddenly deprived of the position which they believed themselves to hold, which everybody else believed them to hold, and which (as will be hereinafter demonstrated) Parliament with all its imperfections of expression certainly intended them to hold.

What was actually decided in the Osborne case was merely that Mr. Osborne was entitled to restrain the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants from making a particular payment. What is of general importance is, however, the law to be gathered from the judgments, because this it is (as the Trade Unions are already beginning to experience) that the courts of justice will in other cases enforce. Now, whilst the three judges of the Court of Appeal and the five Law Lords were unanimous in holding that Mr. Osborne should succeed in his action, they gave, among them, no fewer than five separate and conflicting reasons for their decision. "When," said Sir George Jessel thirty years ago, "you have five Lords giving independent reasons for their judgments it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with accuracy the ground upon which the House of Lords decided. If the five Lords give five different sets of reasons, as happens sometimes, you have the decision, and you must find out for yourself which of the judgments is to be relied upon as giving the proper reasons." We are to-day not

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quite so badly off as that, for one of the reasons (various technical informalities in the alteration of the rules of the defendant society) is of no general interest; whilst two other reasons were adduced each only by a single legal luminary out of the eight. The fourth reason was given only by one Law Lord, and was pointedly not adopted by any of his four colleagues, though it had formed a part of the judgments of two of the members of the Court of Appeal. What stands out as law is the argument concurred in by three out of the five Law Lords (Lords Halsbury, Atkinson, and Macnaghten), following therein all three members of the Court of Appeal (the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Farwell and Fletcher Moulton). This was, in effect, (*a*) that although Parliament has always avoided any express incorporation of Trade Unions, they must all now be deemed to be statutory corporate bodies, and not unincorporated groups of individual persons; (*b*) that a body corporate, created under statute, cannot lawfully do anything outside the purposes for which the statute has incorporated it; (*c*) that as the purposes for which Trade Unions are incorporated have to be found somewhere authoritatively given, the definition of a Trade Union in the Act of 1876 must be taken to enumerate all the purposes which any group of persons falling within that definition can, as a corporate body, lawfully pursue; and (*d*) that the payment of members of Parliament not being mentioned as one of these purposes, and not being considered by the judges incidental to them, cannot lawfully be undertaken by any Trade Union.

Let us consider the several points of this new law in further detail. The most momentous change is the decision that every Trade Union (and likewise every Employers' Association), whether registered or not—indeed, every formless group of workmen or employers seeking to regulate the conditions of employment—is from its inception necessarily and unavoidably a statutory corporation; because this makes every such body subject to the limitations of *ultra vires*, and therefore deprives it of its freedom. An unincorporated group of persons, such as an unregistered mutual club, a philanthropic committee, or a literary society, the Tariff Reform League, the Free Trade Union, or the Fabian Society, is as free as an individual person to do anything not in itself unlawful. This, as every lawyer down to 1909 advised (except for specific statutory provisions of one kind or another), was the position of a Trade Union. The Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies himself—the public official appointed to see that the rules of registered Trade Unions

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are in accordance with the law—unhesitatingly acted on this view from 1876 to 1909, and willingly registered as valid any duly executed rule submitted to him by a Trade Union, provided that it disclosed no purpose in itself unlawful. The Chief Registrar believed, as the historical student must believe, that however illogical and ill-advised it may have been, the Trade Unions were left in this position by Parliament in 1871 and 1876. Forty years ago some persons of authority had urged that the workmen's societies, being, in fact, corporate entities, should be legally incorporated. But this was denied to the workmen. The Royal Commission of 1867, in its Majority Report, had reported against any such concession of corporate personality. The Minority Report, for which Mr. Frederic Harrison was mainly responsible, had urged that whilst the property of the Trade Unions should be protected and their illegality removed, they should otherwise be left as they were. It was on this Minority Report that Parliament acted. That Parliament and the successive Cabinets of Mr. Gladstone (in 1871) and Lord Beaconsfield (in 1876) had no intention of taking away from the Trade Unions any freedom that they then possessed, and that they deliberately intended to leave the Trade Unions as unincorporated bodies is clear from the contemporary explanations and discussions. It is significant that Lord James of Hereford, who alone among the Law Lords himself took part in the Trade Union controversies of 1871–6, expressly records his dissent from the judgment on this point. Down to the Osborne case, indeed, no one had ever suggested that Parliament had, by its statutes, inadvertently done what it deliberately wished not to do. When, for instance, the Royal Commission on Labour sat in 1891–5 to consider, among other things, the position and action of Trade Unions, the question was raised of the desirability of converting Trade Unions into statutory corporations, and several eminent commissioners were in favour of this course. But they never dreamed that the Trade Unions were already statutory corporations. In the end, the chairman (Duke of Devonshire), Lord St. Aldwyn, Lord Courtney, Sir Frederick Pollock, and four great employers actually recommended that Trade Unions should be converted into statutory corporations. This recommendation was not adopted by the majority of the commissioners, who preferred to leave the status of the Trade Unions, as they supposed it to be, entirely unchanged. When in 1905 the Law Lords (in the Taff Vale case) held a Trade Union liable, in a corporate capacity, for torts committed by its agents, Parliament promptly repu-

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diated this construction of its intention; and did its best (by the Trade Disputes Act of 1906) to put back the Trade Unions in the legal position that they had, before the Taff Vale Case, been supposed to hold. Now the three judges of the Court of Appeal, and three out of the five Law Lords, have, by the Osborne Judgment, again imposed upon us the conception that the Trade Union must and shall be regarded as a corporate body, created by statute of 1871–6 (which is, to use Lord Halsbury's words, its "charter of incorporation"), and therefore, having certain statutorily authorised purposes and functions, and (whatever its members may, even unanimously, desire) none others whatsoever. "What is not within the ambit of that statute," emphatically declared Lord Halsbury, "is, I think, *prohibited* both to a corporation and a combination."

What is the explanation of the new view? The courts of justice, it must be remembered, have peculiar rules of their own for the construction of statutes. When the historian inquires the purpose and intention of an Act of Parliament, he considers all the contemporary evidence as to the minds of those concerned. The courts, for good and sufficient reasons, debar themselves from going behind the face of the document. Along with this rigour as to the intention of a statute, the English and American judges combine a capacity for developments of doctrine in the form of legal principles which is, I believe, unequalled in other judicial systems. Now, the subject of corporations is one of those in which there has been, among the present generation of English lawyers, a silent and almost unself-conscious development of doctrine, of which, in Germany, Gierke has been the great inspirer, and Maitland, in this country, the brilliant exponent. Our English law long refused to admit that a corporate entity could arise of itself without some formal and legally authoritative act of outside power. How, it was asked, except by some definite act of creation by a superior, could the *persona ficta* come into existence? How otherwise (as Madox quaintly puts it) could this mere "society of mortal men" become something "immortal, invisible, and incorporeal"? * As a matter of fact corporate entities of all sorts always did arise, without the intervention of the lawyers, and nowadays they arise with amazing ease, without any act of creation by a superior; and when the English lawyers refused to recognise them as existing, it was they who were irrational and the common law itself that was at fault. Nowadays we live in a world of corporate entities of all sorts and of every

* *Firma Burgi*, by T. Madox, 1726, pp. 50, 279.

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degree of informality, clubs and committees of every possible kind, groups and circles, societies and associations for every conceivable purpose, unions and combinations and trusts in every trade and profession, schools and "University extension classes," often existing and spending and acting most energetically as entities, having a common purse and a single will, in practice even perpetual succession and (if they desire such a futile luxury) a common seal, without any sort of formal incorporation. Gradually English lawyers are imbibing the legally heterodox view that a corporation is anything which acts as such; and so far from making it impossible for the *persona ficta* to come into existence without a formal act of creation, they are coming near to the practical result of putting every corporate entity, however informal in its constitution and however "spontaneous" in its origin, in the same position as if it had been created by a formal instrument of incorporation, decorated by many seals, and procured at vast expense, from the Pope himself.

Now this development of legal doctrine is, when one comes to think of it, only common sense. If twenty old ladies in the workhouse club together to provide themselves with a special pot of tea, and agree that one among them shall be the treasurer of their painfully hoarded pennies as a common fund, they do in fact create a corporate entity just as real in its way as the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Why should not the law, if it ever comes to hear of the action of the twenty old ladies, deal with the situation as it really is according to their wishes and intentions, without inquiring by what formal act of external power a *persona ficta* has been created, and therefore, without demanding that the old ladies shall first procure a charter of incorporation from the Pope, from the King, or from Parliament? And considering that Trade Unions are now, in fact, corporate entities, often having behind them more than a hundred years of "perpetual succession"; counting sometimes over a hundred thousand members moving by a single will; and occasionally accumulating in a common purse as much as half a million of money, the Law Lords may well think it absurd and irrational of Parliament to have decided in 1871–6, and again in 1906, to regard them as unincorporated groups of persons.

But whatever may be the justification for this momentous change in the law, it has created an intolerable situation which Parliament will be driven to remedy. It is all very well, in order to fit the law to the facts, to throw over the old legal doctrine that the *persona ficta* of a corporation can only come into existence by some formal act of incorporation by an external

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authority. But then it won't do to retain the principle of *ultra vires*, which, as Lord Halsbury puts it, is to *prohibit* such corporations from doing what they like. The argument for that principle is that the legislature has brought the corporation into being for certain definite purposes; that for those purposes, and no others, the exceptional powers of a corporation have been conferred upon it; that (even if all the constituent members of its body so agree and desire) it cannot assume any other purposes or functions. But any such doctrine of *ultra vires* can have no rational application to the corporate entity formed by the twenty old ladies in the workhouse for their private pot of tea. If we are going, in effect, to treat as corporate entities all sorts of spontaneously arising associations, we must give up the fiction that the purposes of these associations have been authoritatively fixed and defined in advance by Parliament.

We come now to the second cardinal feature of the decision of the six judges. Having found that the Trade Unions were legally corporate entities, some authoritative specification of the objects and purposes of a Trade Union had to be discovered. This was found in a definition which Parliament had given of a Trade Union in the Act of 1876, which was held to be an exhaustive enumeration of all the objects and purposes that Parliament intended Trade Unions, whether registered or unregistered, to be free at any time to pursue. The result is that all Trade Unions and Employers' Associations, and indeed all informal groups of workmen or employers falling within this definition, find themselves to-day rigidly confined in their action, even if all their members otherwise wish and agree to matters which were specified in a clause of thirty-four years ago, which has never before been supposed to have that meaning, or to have any restrictive effect at all. To the present writer, as to many other people, this seems an astounding aberration, amounting to a grave miscarriage of justice. Let it be noted that Lord James of Hereford, who knew what Parliament had intended, and what Trade Unions actually are, expressly dissented, saying that the definition clause in the Act of 1876 was not "a clause of limitation or exhaustive definition"; and arguing that it did not prevent a Trade Union from having other purposes, or pursuing other methods, not in themselves unlawful, even though these were not enumerated in the definition clause, and were not even incidental to the purposes therein enumerated. But what is the history of this definition clause? As it stands in the Act of 1876 it runs as follows

"The term 'trade union' means any combination, whether

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temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters, or for imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business, whether such combination would or would not, if the principal Act had not been passed, have been deemed to have been an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its purposes being in restraint of trade."

Now, to the lay mind, this extremely wide definition was plainly intended to bring into its net, and therefore to admit to the advantages of the Act, a wide range of existing or possible associations of different kinds. To the logician it will be clear that we have here a case of classification by type, not by delimitation. "It is determined," say Whewell and J. S. Mill, "not by a boundary-line without, but by a central point within; not by what it strictly excludes, but by what it eminently includes; by an example, not by a precept." * On the construction put upon this clause by the six judges, the Act of 1876 was a measure which deprived Trade Unions and Employers' Associations of a freedom that they had up to then enjoyed. To any historical student who knows anything of the circumstances of the case, such a supposition is preposterous. No Trade Union and no Employers' Association was aware in 1876 that its freedom was being thus restricted. Mr. Thomas Burt and Lord James of Hereford (then Mr. Henry James, M.P.), who took part in passing the Act, certainly never dreamed that they were doing anything of the sort. The Home Office officials who prepared it, and Lord Cross (then Home Secretary) who introduced it, quite plainly had not the remotest notion that they were taking away from Trade Unions any of the functions that these Unions were in fact exercising. As a matter of fact, the definition clause in the Act of 1876 was enacted merely to correct in one small particular the definition clause in the Act of 1871. That clause had defined a Trade Union as meaning "such combination . . . as would, if this Act had not passed, been deemed to have been an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of the purposes being in restraint of trade." Now, supposing that the Act of 1876 had not been passed, and that the definition clause had remained in the terms of that of the Act of 1871, would the six judges have equally construed it as offering a complete and exhaustive enumeration of a Trade Union, making it actually illegal for the future for any associa-

* Whewell, *History of Scientific Ideas*, vol. ii. p. 120; Mill, *System of Logic*, vol. ii. p. 276.

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tion of workmen or employers to deal with the conditions of employment, *unless it included in its purposes something that would (but for the* 1871 *Act) have been unlawful?* And if the definition clause in the 1871 Act cannot be construed as (to use Lord James of Hereford's words) "a clause of limitation or exhaustive definition," with what consistency can the definition clause in the 1876 Act (which follows the same wording, and merely extends the definition so as to take in lawful as well as unlawful societies) be so construed? Successive Chief Registrars of Friendly Societies, like every one else, have always understood the definition clause to be an enabling clause, not a restricting one; and they have accordingly for a whole generation willingly registered rules presented to them by Trade Unions, including in their objects and purposes all sorts of things not enumerated in the definition, and not even incidental to any of the purposes therein enumerated. It is not commonly realised how extensive and how varied are the actually existing operations of Trade Unions that are now rendered illegal. Not political action alone, not municipal action alone, but any work of general education; the formation of a library; the formation or management of "University Extension" or "Workers' Educational Association" classes; the subscription for circulating book-boxes; the provision of public lectures; the establishment of scholarships at Ruskin College, Oxford, or any other college—all of which things are now being done by Trade Unions—are all plainly *ultra vires* and illegal. The two hundred Trade Councils, which are local federations of different Trade Unions for the purpose of dealing with matters of general interest to workmen, and which take no part in the collective bargaining of any particular Trade Union, are probably equally illegal; though they were in 1876 already a quarter of a century old, and now number nearly a million members. The annual Trade Union Congress itself, now in its fortieth year, comes under the same ban. The active participation which Trade Unions have here and there taken in technical education, and their co-operation with the Local Education Authorities which has sometimes been found so useful, is certainly *ultra vires*. One would suppose, strictly speaking, that a similar illegality now attaches to all the vast "friendly society" side of Trade Unionism which is not referred to in the definition which the six judges believe to contain an exhaustive enumeration of the purposes and objects that Parliament intended to permit Trade Unions to pursue. But the six judges hold that these friendly benefits, though not mentioned in the definition clause, may be regarded

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as incidental to the purpose of regulating the conditions of employment. This indeed, so far as benefits paid to the workman himself are concerned, is a plausible view. Strike benefit, in particular, is plainly incidental to striking, and sick benefit may be held to protect the worker from industrial oppression. But the same cannot be said of the most widely spread of all Trade Union benefits, the provision of funeral money on a member's death. In some cases the Trade Unions actually pay for the funerals of their deceased members' widows and orphan children. This is a mere act of humanity to the deceased members' widows and orphans; and it cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to improve the members' bargaining power, or to be incidental to regulation or restriction. Yet funeral benefit is to-day (as it was in 1876) the one among the so-called "friendly" benefits that is most universally adopted by Trade Unions. More than a million Trade Unionists thus effect through their societies a humble life insurance. The whole of this life insurance business of Trade Unions must be held to have been inadvertently prohibited by Parliament in 1871 and 1876, and to have been ever since *ultra vires* and illegal.

Finally, we have the argument of the six judges that as the sole lawful purposes of a Trade Union are "regulating the relations beween workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters," and "imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business," no action of a Parliamentary or political kind is incidental thereto. Yet the most usual way of "regulating" the relations between people and the most obvious expedient for "imposing" restrictive conditions on industry, is by Act of Parliament. It was to Acts of Parliament that the Trade Unions in 1871–6 were looking for the greater part of the "regulating" of industrial conditions, and for the bulk of the "restrictive conditions" that they existed to promote. If the six judges had remembered how, in fact, in England, industrial relations mostly are regulated, and how the great mass of restrictive conditions are, in fact, imposed on industry; or if they had had recalled to them the long struggle of the Trade Unions to get adopted the Factory Acts, the Mines Regulation Acts, and so many more, they could hardly have argued that such actions as engaging in Parliamentary business, supporting or opposing candidates, and maintaining Trade Union members of Parliament favourable to "regulating" and "imposing restrictive conditions" were not incidental to these legitimate purposes. As a matter of fact, the getting and enforcing of legislation is, historically, as much

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a part of Trade Union function as maintaining a strike. One Trade Union, at least, the United Textile Workers' Federation, exists exclusively for political action of this sort, and has no other functions. During the whole two centuries of Trade Union history the Unions have adopted three different methods of imposing and enforcing the common rules which they sought to get adopted in the conditions of employment. From 1700 downward they have used the Method of Mutual Insurance; from the very beginning of the eighteenth century down to the present day the records show them to have been continuously employing the Method of Legal Enactment; whilst only intermittently during the eighteenth century, and not openly and avowedly until 1824, could they rely on the Method of Collective Bargaining. Even the expenditure of Trade Union funds on Parliamentary candidatures was practised by Trade Unions at any rate as early as 1868; as soon, in fact, as the town artisans were enfranchised; and the payment of Trade Union members of Parliament was begun as early as 1874; and has lasted continuously from that date. Yet the six judges assumed, apparently without adequate consideration, that Parliament in 1876 intended to authorise Trade Unions to pursue their first and third methods, but intended to prohibit them, from that time forth, from using the Method of Legal Enactment. It is, indeed, almost comic to remember that the Bill which is supposed to have effected this revolution in the Trade Union position was brought in by Lord Cross, then fresh from his election by a constituency in which the Trade Unionists had been the dominant factor; that it was debated in a House of Commons in which the direct influence of the Trade Unions was at the highest point that it had hitherto reached; that at the General Election of 1874 from which the members had lately come, the Trade Unions had worked with might and main for the rejection of candidates opposed to their claims, and had had a much larger share than political historians usually recognise in the Gladstonian defeat; that two Trade Union members were actually then sitting in the House, one, at least (Mr. Thomas Burt), openly maintained as a salaried representative of his union; that the Conservative Government promptly introduced the particular legal enactments to obtain which the Trade Unions had spent their money, namely, the Nine Hours Bill, the Employer and Workman Bill and the Trade Union Bill; and that we are now asked to believe that the latter Bill, which the Trade Union members themselves helped to pass, was designed and intended to prevent Mr. Burt from drawing a salary from the

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Northumberland Miners' Union, and to make the action of this and all other Trade Unions in paying for political work and Parliamentary candidatures, even with the unanimous consent of their members, from that time forth illegal.

We may summarise more briefly the considerations which should lead the legislature to revise the new law that the judges have made for us. A judicial decision of the House of Lords cannot, of course, be "reversed." What Parliament can do, and ought clearly to do without delay, is once more to attempt to express what position it means Trade Unions (and with them must equally be included Employers' Associations) in future to hold.

Can the Trade Union be put back in the position of an unincorporated group of persons; unrecognised as a corporate entity, and free at any moment to act as its members for the time being (but in accordance with their own rules) may decide? To the present writer, it seems that this is a task almost transcending the omnipotence of Parliament itself. The ingenious legal status which Mr. Frederic Harrison invented for Trade Unionism in 1871 has broken down. Whether or not we grant it "incorporation," a Trade Union is and must be, in fact, a corporate body; and with the steadily growing habit of the lawyers of recognising corporations wherever they exist, it will be almost impossible for Parliament to prevent Trade Unions from being treated as what, in fact, they are.

But Parliament must clearly settle afresh how the permissible objects or methods of each Trade Union are to be ascertained; if only because the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies must know what rules he may register. The Trade Union may quite fairly be subjected to the ordinary procedure of association prescribed by the Companies Acts. A Trade Union ought to have its "Memorandum of Association" and its "Articles of Association," by which it should define its purposes, and by which, in fairness to the earlier members, it should remain bound; subject to the same possibilities of amendment, with the same sort of protection for dissentient minorities as are allowed to a joint-stock company. With regard to Trade Unions already registered, from which no "Memorandum of Association" and no "Articles of Association" have hitherto been required, they must clearly be permitted to frame these in whatever terms their members (perhaps acting by a two-thirds majority) may now determine.

With regard to the limits within which these purposes and methods may be stated, there seems no reason for putting Trade

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Unions and Employers' Associations in any worse position than a joint-stock company. The fundamental object of the workmen's combination is to put themselves on a par with the individual employer who is a "combination in himself." The individual employer, even if he employs ten thousand men, and controls all the means of livelihood in a whole district, is free to pursue all lawful objects. The Trade Union has a claim to be put in a like position. This has, in fact, been the law (so far as any one imagined) down to 1909, and no practical inconvenience has resulted.

This would leave Trade Unions (and with them Employers' Associations), if due provision were made in their Memorandum and Articles of Association, free to join in federal union with other bodies for any purposes they chose (not being in themselves unlawful); free to spend money on promoting or resisting Factory Acts, or any other Parliamentary projects in which their members were interested; free, therefore, to engage and pay solicitors and counsel, Parliamentary agents, and, for that matter, also to retain members of Parliament to watch over their real or fancied interests.

Now, it may well be a matter for Trade Union consideration how far it is wise and prudent for a Trade Union to engage either in general politics or in religious controversy. It has elsewhere been pointed out by the present writer* how dangerous it may become to the strength and authority of a Trade Union if any large section of the persons in the trade are driven out of its ranks, or deterred from joining, because they find their convictions outraged by part of its action. Nothing could be more unwise for a Trade Union than to offend its Roman Catholic members by espousing the cause of secular education. But this is a point which each Trade Union must decide for itself. It is clearly not a matter in which the discretion of the Trade Union, any more than that of an individual employer, can properly be limited by law. For no Trade Union can nowadays abstain altogether from political action. Without taking a vigorous part in promoting, enforcing and resisting all sorts of legislation, affecting education, sanitation, the Poor Law, the whole range of the Factories, Mines, Railways and Merchant Shipping Acts, industrial arbitration and conciliation, and now even the Trade Boards Act, the Trade Union cannot properly fulfil its function of looking after the regulation of the conditions of employment. But this is not all. There is not a day passes

* *Industrial Democracy*, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, edition of 1907, pp. 838–840.

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but something in Parliament demands its attention. When more than a quarter of the whole House of Commons habitually consists, not merely of individual employers, but of persons actually drawing salaries or stipends from capitalist corporations of one kind or another; when, in fact, the number of railways, banks, insurance companies, breweries, telegraphs, shipbuilding yards, shipping companies, steamship lines, iron and steel works, coal-mines and joint-stock enterprises of all sorts actually directly represented in the House of Commons by their own *salaried* chairmen, directors, trustees, managers, secretaries or solicitors is beyond all computation—the claim that there is something improper, something inconsistent with our electoral system, something at variance with the honourable nature of the House of Commons, for the workmen's organisations to pay a few dozen of the members whom the constituencies (knowing of this payment) deliberately elect, or to help such members to provide their election expenses, is an argument so extraordinary in its unfairness that it drives the average workman frantic with rage. That it should be illegal for the salaried president or secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants to sit in Parliament, when it is perfectly legal for the much more generously salaried chairman or director of a railway company to sit there, is an anomaly hard for any candid man to defend. To assume a great concern for the wounded conscience of a Liberal or Conservative Trade Unionist who finds his Union paying a Radical or Socialist member of Parliament, and no concern at all for the Socialist or Radical shareholder in a railway company who finds his company paying its Conservative chairman M.P. —is to be guilty of an amazing degree of class bias, if not of hypocrisy. After all, it is not the Trade Union but the constituency that elects the member of Parliament. Whatever may be thought of the organised action of a Labour party, if we regard the Trade Union payment as a retaining-fee for looking after what the Trade Union members as a whole conceive to be their own interest; if the Trade Union members have the opportunity of choosing, by a majority, which among competing persons they will entrust with this Trade Union task; if the Trade Union assumes no responsibility for and exercises no coercion upon its Parliamentary representative with regard to general politics, no Trade Unionist's political conscience need be wounded by the fact that, outside the range of the task that the Trade Union has confided to him, the Union's Parliamentary agent (who must have views of one sort or another) expresses opinions in accord with those of the constituency that

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elected him. When, three-quarters of a century ago, J. A. Roebuck was the salaried agent in the House of Commons for the Government of Canada, no one complained that it was against the dignity of Parliament for him to be thus retained and paid; and so long as he attended faithfully to Canadian business I never heard that the tender conscience of any Canadian Conservative was offended by the ultra-Radical utterances of the member for Bath.

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Book Notices

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

BRANGWYN: A DIALOGUE.

A Critic, having spent an hour with Frank Brangwyn's Water-Colours and Etchings at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, discusses his achievement with an Appreciator who has just finished Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow's Frank Brangwyn and His Work. (*Kegan Paul.*)

APPRECIATOR (*enthusiastically*). Just look at this colour plate of *The Buccaneers.* Isn't it magnificent? What a sense for splendour and mass Brangwyn has. And *The Brass Shop*, how the green coat and the reflected lights tell. A good Brangwyn decoration affects me like a bottle of Bass after a twenty-mile walk. Contrasted with Brangywn pallid Puvis de Chavannes seems half asleep. Why the young men of the New English Art Club who are painting the mass in little water-colours are children. Look at Brangwyn's *Bridge of Alcantara.* Isn't it lovely and impressive? What, don't you agree? Are you not well.

CRITIC (*sneezing*). I caught a cold walking through the rain, so I can't kindle just at the moment to the "white heat" in which, we are told, Brangwyn works. (*He takes a quinine tabloid, then continues reminiscently.*) There's a windmill at Winchelsea on a little green hill just outside the ancient town. To me it has always been one of the most peaceful spots in the world. You see all the smiling pastoral land laid out miles on miles, kine, sheep, and gleams of water moving in the sunny silence and solitude. When I can't sleep at night I think of the quiet sky arching over that lonely companionable mill and rest comes to tired eyes. That's all over now.

APPRECIATOR (*contemptuously*). Why?

CRITIC (*conclusively*). Brangwyn has made a colossal etching of it. That peaceful sky is now all fury, and the mill is stark, magisterial, and threatening, and up the little green hill tramp an army of men. If you look closely you perceive that they are merely field labourers returning home to Winchelsea cottages, but Brangwyn, of course, sees them as Hannibal's tattered warriors crossing the Alps. I am told that newspaper editors keep a standing heading, "A Masculine Artist," for notices of Mr. Brangwyn's pictures and etchings.

APPRECIATOR (*aghast*). Do you mean to tell me that you don't admire Brangwyn?

CRITIC (*hastily*). Enormously. I think his virility, his decorative sense, his vivid tapestry-like vision are unrivalled. He is robust— (*Walking rapidly up and down the room the* CRITIC *shoots out all the strong adjectives.*) Brangwyn is as masculine as Piero della Francesca is feminine. His frescoes

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in the Skinners' Hall are magnificent. If they had decorated the new County Council Hall I should have been delighted with them. But new wine should not be poured into old bottles. Think of the ancient Skinners' Hall, embrowned by Time, the darkened woodwork, the aroma of a past day; then suddenly enter the most vivid of the moderns and the old hall is aflame with Brangwyn's splendour. No! No!

APPRECIATOR (*very intelligently*). Ah! you are a critic with an opinion. That's forgivable. Something occurs to me (*looking still more intelligent*). Of course! You are one of the critics chastised by Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow in this book for daring to express an opinion about Brangwyn.

CRITIC (*hiding his head*). True! True! But hear me before you strike. Half the book is good, very good. Half is devoted to a tomahawk excursion against Brangwyn's critics—so futile. They won't change. Brangwyn is big. He needs no apologist. A book about Brangwyn was really not needed. He is.

APPRECIATOR (*languidly*). You art writers are strange folk! I don't wonder that nobody grieves when critics and political economists die.

SIR WOODBINE PARISH, K.C.H., AND EARLY DAYS IN ARGENTINA. By THE HON. NINA L. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. Smith, Elder and Co. 15*s.* net.

Through the days of Napoleon's power, through those of his exile in Elba, the hundred days, and the occupation of Paris by the allies, this biography takes its reader with the fascination of romance, almost, for its authoress has caught the spirit of her work. As a young man Parish played his part in those stirring times, and, moving among great names and great scenes, the reader may gather somewhat of the enthusiasm of youth from these pages. Again, in the time of Parish's Consul-Generalship at Buenos Ayres, the contemporary history with which his life was interwoven is told graphically and well—the book is more than a biography, for it is an addition to history in the larger sense of the word. Yet, if more than a biography, it is also less, for one misses the intimate, personal note—it is Parish's career, more than the man himself, of which the book tells. Through the career one must see the man, and by that means alone can he be appraised. That he did excellent work this memoir places beyond question, though the recognition of his services awarded by the Argentine Government is sufficient testimony on this point. The book as a whole is of real value to all in search of sidelights on the history of the first half of the nineteenth century.

OVERLAND TO INDIA. By SVEN HEDIN. Illustrated. Macmillan. 30*s.* net.

It will be a disappointment to many readers to find that this is, as it were, merely a preliminary chapter to the author's more important book on Tibet. A good long chapter, it should be said, covering Sir Sven Hedin's travels from the Black Sea to the Indian frontier. The travelling was largely by unfrequented desert routes through Persia, but the reader loses interest in all these descriptions of sand and wetness when he is authoritatively told that Persia is as safe a country to travel in as Sweden itself. Three are thrills, however, in the account of the Passion Play of the Shiites, in which the villain of the piece is sometimes murdered by the infuriated

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mob. On the whole, the book will appeal to the lover of geography rather than to the lover of adventures.

THE SPANISH JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND. Edited by THE EARL OF ILCHESTER. Longmans, Green, and Co. 15*s.* net.

Lady Holland visited Spain twice—from 1803 to 1805, when the Napoleonic grip was gradually closing in on the Peninsula; and again in 1808-9, during the opening stages of the war which, unlikely as it seemed at the time, was to loosen that grip not only from Spain, but from Europe. Lady Holland's comments are curiously typical of the mistaken judgments of the time. To her Moore was simply an incompetent commander: of his death she remarks that "it required such an end to redeem his reputation." She is only partially excused by the fact that the Spanish leaders, with whom she was in frequent conference, disliked Moore personally—he seems to have treated them and their pretensions with scant ceremony—and mistrusted his tactics. For the rest, the journal is capital reading, giving a graphic picture of the Peninsula of a hundred odd years ago, with some incisive comment on prominent personalities.

UNEXPLORED SPAIN. By ABEL CHAPMAN and WALTER J. BUCK. With 200 illustrations by JOSEPH CRAWHALL, E. CALDWELL, and ABEL CHAPMAN. Edward Arnold. 21*s.* net.

This, like the authors' previous *Wild Spain*, is a book to inspire sportsmen. It deals, in the proper spirit and with much wealth of illustration (drawings, not the unnatural and misleading product of the camera), with the wild creatures to be found in the unfrequened corners of the Peninsula. Quite admirable, too, is the account of the historical development of the bull-fight, and of the causes which have reduced it to its present position of comparative degeneracy.

CAGLIOSTRO: THE SPLENDOUR AND MISERY OF A MASTER OF MAGIC. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 16*s.* net.

We have witnessed the whitewashing of Nero: we are willing to think kindly of Lucrezia Borgia; and we recognise that there may have been mitigating circumstances in the case of Ivan the Terrible. But when Mr. Trowbridge solicits our sympathy for Cagliostro, it is not readily forthcoming. For with him it was no matter of insanity, or environment, or megalomania. Cagliostro was a quack and mystery-monger of the worst type: and that he died in the dungeons by the Inquisition is not wholly to the discredit of that institution. He is a hopeless problem in whitewash.

NOTES OF A LIFE. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Edited by his Nephew, A. STODART WALKER. W. Blackwood and Sons. 6*s.* net.

Professor Blackie was far more of a personality than he was of a teacher or a scholar, or a poet, or a professor, in each of which capacities, indeed, he proved a little to admirers who did not share his disrespect for the conventions. These "notes" are the beginnings of an autobiography which he started at the age of sixty, but which he afterwards abandoned in deference

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to his wife's desire for a more impersonal and elaborate record. That decision is to be regretted, for Blackie's ideas were of far more importance than the visible dealings of the outer world with him. For all his amazing buoyancy and light-heartedness, he was at heart of the introspective type, and the story of his personal development, even to the slight extent to which it is traced in this volume, is of great interest. Its slightness is the only defect of this *apologia* of a brave and lovable character.

MELANESIANS AND POLYNESIANS: THEIR LIFE-HISTORIES DESCRIBED AND COMPARED. By GEORGE BROWN, D.D. Illustrated. Macmillan. 12*s.* net.

Dr. Brown is a missionary whose acquaintance with the natives of the islands of the Pacific goes back for nearly half a century. Speaking several island languages, he has accumulated a vast store of knowledge of native lore and custom. Students of primitive society will find much to fascinate them in this comprehensive volume, but for the general reader the facts are lacking in winning clearness of arrangement. At the same time, the book is extraordinarily full of first-hand information on customs which are rapidly disappearing as civilisation advances. It is freely and excellently illustrated.

REMINISCENCES OF ADMIRAL MONTAGU, C.B. By ADMIRAL THE HON. VICTOR A. MONTAGU, C.B. Edward Arnold. 15*s.* net.

Admiral Montagu has written a pleasant, gossipy, discursive book, fuller of anecdote than professional experience, and fullest of all of sporting reminiscences. He begins with his grandfather, that ancient and valorous scapegrace, the "Waterloo" Marquis of Anglesey, one of whose characteristic humours it was, when in his bath, to point the stump of his leg at the children and terrify them into fits. And he ends with a chapter of recollections of King Edward, with whose personal friendship he was honoured, and of whose royal tact and *bonhomie*, during the intimacy of the yacht week at Cowes, he gives numerous illustrations. For himself, he was at the Crimea as a middy, and he served under Sir Harry Keppel in China and under others in the Mediterranean and the West Indies; but as to all that he is comparatively reticent.

MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS. By JOHN BEDDOE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. J. W. Arrowsmith.

Dr. Beddoe, now Honorary Professor of Anthropology at the University of Bristol, has combined to an unusual degree the advantages of the rolling stone and of the boulder which gathers moss. As a doctor he was at the Crimea; he has rubbed shoulders with brigands in Greece and bashi-bazouks in Turkey; he has scoured Europe from Orkney to Budapest—all this half a century ago, when the Continent had not narrowed to its present week-end dimensions. Moreover, he has, on anthropology intent, ransacked every corner of these islands for statistics about hair and skulls and complexions. It is a remarkable record of energy and scholarship, none the less that Dr. Beddoe is now in his eighty-fourth year, and has written this detailed account of a long life with practically no basis of notes.

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THE LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING. By W. HALL GRIFFIN. Completed and edited by H. C. MINCHIN. Methuen. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This might be described as a biography of the "Notes and Queries" order. In other words, it is a book for those who know Browning already, and not a shapely biographical study for the literary masses. This is not necessarily dispraise. It is most interesting to trace the reading and amusements of Browning's childhood in their influences on the work of his maturity and age. As a contribution towards the study of a poet's beginnings the book is extremely valuable. Professor Griffin unhappily died before finishing his work upon this book. Mr. Minchin is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has carried out the author's design.

THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT SINGER: A MEMOIR OF MARIO. By MRS. GODFREY PEARSE and F. HIRD. Smith, Elder and Co.

The story of a great singer's life can hardly be dull, and still less can the story of two great singers: so the jaded may take up this account of the careers of Mario and Grisi (his wife), with every confidence of excellent entertainment. The book is full of good stories, including one of how Mario defied and disobeyed the Czar rather than sacrifice his cherished beard. And the double pun when the Czar Alexander met Grisi with her children in the Tuileries Gardens is worth quoting: "Are these your little grisettes?" asked his Majesty. "No, Sire," replied Grisi, "they are my little marionettes."

ESSAYS

PHASES OF EVOLUTION AND HEREDITY. By DAVID BERRY HART, M.D., F.R.C.P.E. Rebman Limited.

There are certain books instinct with suggestion outside their immediate subject, such as Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Hamsun's *Hunger*, and *Alice in Wonderland*. This book by Dr. Berry Hart, though not to be compared with these masterpieces, yet opens up vistas of the fairy-tales of science around which an Ibsen could construct innumerable dramas. Darwinism, Weismannism, Mendelism, and the evolution of religious belief are simply and delightfully sketched, not only for the trained scientist, but for the mere student of modern revelations in theology, biology, and medicine. The account of the crossing of peas and the hiving of bees, as related in this book, make one long to be a statesman with supreme power to impress the last word of science on the community. The chapter on the handicap of sex is a *multum in parvo* of women's rights and wrongs as doled out by Mother Nature to her offspring from whom she expects the greatest sacrifice. "Man and woman are equipotential, but not equivalent," says Dr. Hart, and possibly this sentence would be a good one to place on the victorious banners of the first procession to the Albert Hall on the day the vote is won.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By C. H. FIRTH. Longmans. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Firth was well advised to bring out this study of the beginnings of a constitutional battle which is still being fought amid a great din of

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words at the present day. Professor Firth, it is only fair to say, does not write as a politician in the present book. If there is a political moral lurking among his facts it is not he, but the reader, who draws it. As students know, he is among the unemotional historians, and on him the mantle of Gardiner has happily fallen. He has written a most illuminating account of English constitutional growth and change at a point where the House of Lords was finally settling down into a subordinate position.

HOME LIFE IN AMERICA. By KATHERINE J. BUSBEY. Methuen. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

One of a series of books dealing or to deal with home life in various countries. Miss Busbey has a great deal of information to impart, and she imparts it vivaciously, but without convincing us that in her apprehension and assessment of relative values she is quite secure. Without such security talk of home life, and of American home life particularly, is liable to degenerate into home chat, and from time to time it does so in this volume.

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. By THE HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL. Longmans. 6*s.* net.

All but one of the seven essays which are collected in this volume have been published in the Reviews. In all of them the wonderful precision of Mr. Russell's thinking finds expression in a style of perfect lucidity and admirable terseness, a style which one would not naturally associate with rhythmical beauty of period, were not that beauty again and again displayed. Typical of the whole is a short disquisition on a forbidding theme, "The Study of Mathematics": but we are soon reminded that there is music and religion in mathematics, and Mr. Russell draws us to these things with the voice of the charmer. His work will perhaps be most admired by those who can best accept his ultimate conclusions.

ESSAYS IN IMITATION. By ALGERNON CECIL. Murray. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The attempt to write with the pen of a past master, to transplant the "dramatic lyric" into the sober beds of prose, cannot be regarded as more than novel and ingenious academic exercise. Of Mr. Cecil's three exemplifications of it, his "English Revolution" in the manner of Carlyle is undoubtedly the best. The theme is the election of last January and events associated therewith; and there is this weakness in the essay, that certain features of the situation which escaped Mr. Cecil's notice might conceivably not have escaped Carlyle's and that therefore both his verdict and his forecasts might have been juster than time has shown Mr. Cecil's to be. Swift was a much more elusive model. Mr. Cecil has made a brilliant effort, but does not always escape ponderousness. Lamb provokes him to several pretty disquisitions, himself remaining inimitable.

PAGES FROM A JOURNAL. MORE PAGES FROM A JOURNAL. By MARK RUTHERFORD. Published by HENRY FROUDE. 4*s.* 6*d.* net each.

These are collections in tasteful and convenient form of the scattered writings and miscellaneous publications of the well-known author. He was an optimist who found strength and justfication as Wordsworth did

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in "the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky and in the mind of man." The books contain also a number of short stories written in what is beginning to be called the Victorian style—a style, we hasten to add, which is curiously effective and attractive for the purpose to which it is here put.

HOME LIFE IN SPAIN. By S. L. BENSUSAN. Methuen.

Probably it is our love of Spain which makes this book so interesting to us: but even if sympathy be carefully put on one side it still must be admitted that Mr. Bensusan knows his Spain thoroughly, though he has not much to say on the modern art or literature of it, or, indeed, on the politics of it, or its political future. The book is occupied too exclusively with external things: one wants more of the spirit of Spain and less of the accidents and peculiarities of Spanish life. Yet Mr. Bensusan has sharp eyes, and sees fairly and tells us what he has seen with spirit and sympathy: we have enjoyed his portly book.

LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY. By J. W. MACKAIL. Longmans. 9*s.* 6*d.* net.

Professor Mackail's Lectures on Greek Poetry are a further contribution to his general survey of *The Progress of Poetry* inaugurated about eighteen months ago in his volume of lectures on Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, which was published under that name. It would be needless to speak of the scholarship or accomplishment of the occupant of the chair of Poetry at Oxford, even if the charm and sensitiveness of his style, together with its polished lucidity, had not long made his sterner qualifications familiar. His book is full of delicate perceptions and appreciations. Yet it is strange that what we might call his message as a critic is clearly at variance with his instinctive feeling. He harps upon the necessity of regarding poetry as "a function of life," but never convinces us that he departs himself from the purely literary standpoint, which, indeed, he tends to exaggerate sometimes in the direction of fastidiousness. Nor does it improve matters that this fastidiousness is flavoured with whimsicality. To speak of William Morris as "the most Homeric of English poets" is intelligible, but shows weakness in the apprehension precisely of that side of poetry on which it touches life.

THE GRECIANS. By J. ELROY FLECKER. J. M. Dent and Sons. 2*s.* net.

Mr. James Elroy Flecker's experience both at Oxford and Cambridge has brought him within the dialectic influence revived in our letters by Mr. Mallock and graciously continued by Mr. Lowes Dickinson. In this book he elaborates his views upon education first through the medium of a dialogue and finally through the soliloquy of a certain Smith. The two men who have hitherto borne a part have not fallen asleep—for there has been no inducement—but, being older pedagogues on holiday in Italy, have leisure for listening to the young Idealist.

And meanwhile the influences of those old seats of Humanism—Bologna, Pistoja, and Florence—encourage the constructive talk of these three interested travelling men and facilitate Mr. Flecker's happy style.

This book has nothing to do with the legislative problems of free

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education but discusses the training which will make the best of all those boys at a public school and best fit the few of them for a life of government.

It is a book for idealists, constructive and inspiring, and should be in the hands of every headmaster: even when they disagree—for we cannot expect every headmaster to agree with a poet of such distinction as Mr. Flecker—they will be stimulated by his enthusiasm and charmed by his intelligence.

FICTION

THE PLOUGH AND THE CROSS. By W. P. O'RYAN. Dublin: *Irish Nation* Office. 2*s.* net.

This is in more ways than one a remarkable novel. Mr. O'Ryan is a well-known Dublin journalist, one of whose papers, *The Irish Peasant*, was suppressed a few years ago through the intervention of Cardinal Logue. *The Plough and the Cross* is in a manner a reply to the Cardinal. It is a *roman à clef*, giving the narrative of the suppression of *The Irish Peasant*, and Mr. George Moore, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Edward Martyn, and other well-known figures appear, under slight disguises, among the argumentative characters of the story. Mr. O'Ryan writes with eloquence, enthusiasm, and charm, though occasionally the persiflage in which his lovers indulge might well be abbreviated.

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN GALLEON. By LUCAS MALET. Hodder. 5*s.*

The title of this story is misleading. The "golden galleon" is an ornament, not a ship, and the story concerns an ambitious young Welsh clerk in London who talks democracy, and from hating the rich soon advances to thieving. One feels that "Lucas Malet" does not like Welsh democrats. Willie Evans, in the present volume, is particularly mean in using the house of two maiden ladies who treasure him like a son to store his burgled goods. The story is a mere anecdote, without probability, with little characterisation. It is readable: that is all.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER. DAWN AND MORNING. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. Heinemann. 6*s.*

Mr. Cannan, an enthusiastic sponsor, declares that *John Christopher* is "the first great book of the twentieth century." The present volume gives us only the beginning, or fifth part of it, and takes us no further than the musician-hero's fifteenth year. It is a remarkable study in a child's imagination and growth in knowledge and experience which are powerfully suggested. The story represents a reaction from realism towards a sentimental idealism. Its sentimental shrillness at times makes us inclined to question Mr. Cannan's enthusiastic judgment.

PRESTER JOHN. By JOHN BUCHAN. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2*s.* net.

Mr. Buchan has done a very bold thing. He has written a book for boys, without fags, or football, or any of the conventional properties. But that is not the full extent of his inspired audacity. He has written a book for adults, without a love-interest. In a word, he is in the line and tradition of Defoe and Stevenson. For the essence of the true book for boys is

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that it shall be purloined by parents. *Prester John*, if we mistake not, will be the cause and occasion of many such "furtive abstractions."

ALONGSHORE. By STEPHEN REYNOLDS. Macmillan and Co. 6*s*.

South Devon coast, with the red cliffs topped with green and split by the combes down which the northerly winds rush in sudden squalls. Devonshire fishermen with their hardihood, their simplicity, their weather wisdom, their life-long battle for a livelihood to be won out of deep waters.

Mr. Reynolds shows us admirably the life of clean air and salt spray, toil and simple living, led by the men and women who live by the sorrowful edges where the land ends and the sea waits and calls.

A LARGE ROOM. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. Heinemann. 6*s*.

Mrs. Dudeney's new heroine is a puzzle. She is called Amaza, and she deserves her name. She is so easily betrayed that we can scarcely be interested in her as in a normal human being, but rather as in a half-witted person. Her fate is sufficiently tragic, however, for she is tricked into a mock marriage, and is afterwards turned out of the house by a husband who is real enough, but the more pleasant for that. And it is only the sudden symbol of the Cross in the end saves her from committing suicide. Mrs. Dudeney, a clever and distinguished writer, shows little insight and little grip of character in this unreal story. It is a manufactured story, not a story born in the refining fire of the imagination.

EMPIRE OF THE WORLD. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Everett. 6*s*.

Luckily, it was an Englishman who discovered the way with which you could sink a battleship at almost any distance. Jack Scarlett, M.P., was a bad M.P. and a down-at-heels man, but, on the other hand, he was a fiery patriot and a marvellous inventor. For a time, when he begins to threaten the Bank of England safes with that ray of his, he seems likely to turn out a superman rather than a true-blue English patriot. It will be guessed that Mr. Hyne has written a story for the unsophisticated.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. 3*s*. 6*d*. net. THE DEUCE AND ALL. 3*s*. 6*d*. net. ON THE LOOSE. 1*s*. net. By GEORGE RAFFALOVITCH. Published at *The Equinox* Office.

In describing the first of these three books as "an attempt at psychology" the author has done wisely—the attempt is so painfully obvious through the first two-thirds of the book. At that point laboured effort is replaced by some rather fine characterisation, and an impression is gained by the reader that the man who wrote has at last succeeded in interesting himself in his subject, for the Tesnard family, and more especially Madeleine, are realised in a way which gives them photographic distinctness. Lucien Fiarol, whose soul is supposed to be under scrutiny, not only fails to impress as a personality, but grows monotonous before the final page is reached—he is such a terrible fellow for futile self-analysis. The plot of the book is so slight as to be of small consequence, and, with the exception of two chapters, there is not sufficient force in the characters to make them interesting, while the views seriously expressed by the author through his people are so conflicting as to leave one in doubt as to his meaning. Stilted

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description and forced metaphor abound, while old truths are presented in forms which, intended as new, are recognisable. If such a "soul" ever existed as that of Lucien Fiarol, it is hardly worth worrying about. Apparently the author took up new tools when he set out to write this book, and, finding them unsuited to his hand, completed his task as best he could.

In *The Deuce and All*, and *On the Loose*, both of which volumes are made up of short stories, Mr. Raffalovitch is more at home, and evidences fine, though somewhat wild, imaginative power. The novelette "Drones" in the first of these two volumes is a remarkably clever presentment of a rather unusual and highly interesting type, and is also a sketch in which deference to the laws governing conventional fiction is apparent. This last, for Mr. Raffalovitch, is unusual, and detracts from the effectiveness of a fine story. The more fantastic sketches which help to make up the two books are reminiscent of Swift, in a way, but they lack Swift's accuracy and force—this present writer has not yet learned the trick of flinging a scene before his readers with the fine intensity which made Swift a genius. Yet there is much to enjoy in the stories, much of amusement, and much of interest.

The reader is left in doubt as to whether these three volumes are intended as light fiction, or as serious work. In the former field Mr. Raffalovitch may yet make a permanent place, but in the latter—well, he has little material with which to teach.

MARIE-CLAIRE. By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. With a Preface by OCTAVE MIRBEAU. Paris: Eugène Fasquelle.

M. Octave Mirbeau in his Preface declares roundly that this book is a masterpiece, and the praise to some extent is justified.

The book has set the reading public throughout the world talking, and it must be admitted that alike in its merits and shortcomings it is an astonishing performance.

Every one by this time knows the story of the poor orphan child, who was brought up by charity in a sisterhood, sent at the age of thirteen to be a shepherdess and maid-of-all-work at a farm in Sologne, and at twenty made her way to Paris with a few francs in her pockets to begin life again as a sempstress.

The book is extraordinarily restrained. A series of pictures is shown us —all done, so to speak, in faded silks, nothing but half-tints and subdued tones. It is like life lived at a distance: the noise and hubbub of life is here diminished to a murmur, the garish colours all subdued, the pleasure and pain half numbed by time.

Marie-Claire, we are told, was written three times. Madame Marguerite Audoux, the sempstress author, would have rewritten it again, could she but have spared the time, but as it is, the French in which it is written seems astonishingly perfect. Yet the book can hardly hope to live; there is not force enough in it for that, not passion or interest enough to give it enduring life. In its way, however, the book is extraordinary, and the writer more extraordinary still. How did the poor orphan drudge learn to write this seventeenth-century French? How did the little shepherdess and kitchen-maid learn to feel with this distinction? It only shows that

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talent has nothing to do with education; that a charity-school girl and kitchen-maid may have the soul of a great lady, and the scrupulous simplicity of speech of a great writer.

SIR GEORGE'S OBJECTION. By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD. Nelson and Sons. 2*s.* net.

Mrs. Clifford's work is always marked by grace and distinction, and her new novel exhibits these qualities quite as felicitously as any of its predecessors. It has not, indeed, the subtlety of that remarkable study of two warring temperaments, *A Woman Alone*, a book which, for delicacy of treatment and insight into character, has few equals and no superiors among the works of contemporary women writers. Her new book is altogether simpler in texture—it is a comedy of character in which the plot is developed in a series of "situations" of no great intricacy, but of much conversational charm. Its prevailing characteristic is its extreme naturalness; the reader when he has reached the end feels that he has known these delightful people all his life. The note of infallible good breeding, delicacy of mind, and genial charity is never absent from the book, but there is also a sweet wholesomeness about it which captivates the heart. Here, as so often, Mrs. Clifford seems to combine in a rare degree the domesticity of the mid-Victorian writers—of Mrs. Gaskell, for example—with the knowledge of the world which is too exclusively the possession of the woman writer of to-day. The burden of the writer's outlook on life is well summarised in Sir George's conversion: "Well, but for the grace of God, any of us may yield to a sudden temptation. It is the things in our nature, the habits we may transmit, that matter most." The same note is struck in the quotation prefacing the book from a great thinker to whose name Mrs. Clifford has added further lustre: "I want to accept the facts as they are, however bitter or severe; to be a student and a lover, not a lawgiver."

A KNIGHT OF POLAND. By M. E. CARR. Smith, Elder and Co.

A stirring narrative having for its chief interest the last struggles of heroic Poles against the great Bear that was to crush nationality out of them. The writer betrays her sex in the handling of the battle scenes, and she moves somewhat unfamiliarly—as does her hero—amid the Bret Harte surroundings of the later chapters. A change from Warsaw to the Californian Sierras, whether in life or in literature, is a severe test of versatility. But the human interest of the story does not flag and Miss Carr has displayed considerable power in the depiction of emotion and scenes of stress.

GENERAL LITERATURE

MACBETH. Translated by MAETERLINCK. With Preface and Notes.

If one had to choose a Frenchman out of the whole race to translate and annotate *Macbeth* worthily one would choose Maurice Maeterlinck. Even then, one would open his book gingerly with all sorts of misgivings: can Shakespeare be rendered into French; can the most imaginative poetic speech ever used by man be rendered into that fluent, thin, analytic language

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which has been the chosen tongue of precise diplomatists for now half a dozen centuries? Ten years ago Marcel Schwob tried to translate or rather adapt *Hamlet* for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. But when one reads Schwob's *Hamlet* or Maeterlinck's *Macbeth*, one understands the difficulty a Frenchman must have to realise Shakespeare at all. One instance and only one. There is a very simple phrase in *Macbeth*, not a difficult one to translate, one would imagine: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Maurice Maeterlinck translates this "Après les convulsions fievreuses de la vie, il dort bien." That is, he understands "fitful" to mean "full of fits" or the analogy apparently of tearful or fearful.

No, M. Maeterlinck, "fitful" has nothing to do with fits, and cannot be rendered by "convulsions" any more than *Glaube* can be rendered in French by *le crédit*, as young Heine thought, but inadequately by *la religion*.

Chinese Folk-Lore Tales. By Rev. J. MacGowan. Macmillan. 3*s*. net.

In these days we demand, very rightly, that the folklorists shall do their best to give us verbatim reports and not vague adaptations of the stories they gather. Mr. MacGowan's folk-lore is coloured in too high a degree by the memory in which it has been stored, and by the author's consciousness that he is addressing a western audience. Regarded as stories for the general reader, the tales are both entertaining and highly moral. But, if the author had had more artistic sense, he would never have sacrificed so much of the Oriental atmosphere to a conventional English way of story-telling.

The First Principles of Investment. By J. Beattie Crozier, LL.D. *The Financial Review of Reviews*. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

In the introduction to this work it is stated that "to the security and welfare of the individual investor under this [Mr. Lowenfeld's] scheme . . . the following pages will be devoted." The first, practically, of Mr. Lowenfeld's postulates consists in that universal Free Trade is not an ideal condition so far as the individual investor is concerned. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, exponents of the old economy, started from false premises and, naturally, arrived at erroneous conclusions, says the author of this work.

Finance is ever a fascinating subject, and it loses none of its fascination under Mr. Crozier's treatment. And, no matter what may be one's personal view at the outset, one is forced, at the end of a careful perusal of this book, to admit that Mr. Henry Lowenfeld has made out a particularly strong case for his New Economy, that he has arranged and set out his facts with convincing clearness. The scheme for Mr. Crozier's book in stating the case for the New Economy is good, the aim of the work is never once lost sight of, and what might easily have become a dull, heavy, obtrusively instructive manual is made interesting—and more than interesting—from the first page of its introduction to the final word on Mr. Lowenfeld's scheme.

Points, by the way, of interest to others than actual investors are numerous. As instance—"Some debts are the sole means of opening up

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the hidden resources of a country or of developing them still further, and so are a blessing in disguise"; and with regard to high rates of interest—"They do not *necessarily* mean insecurity, but only that most failures have been connected with them."

Space will not admit of further excerpts. It may be safely said that the book will prove a pleasant surprise to any who take it up in the expectation of finding a mass of dry and uninteresting facts. The facts are there, but the manner in which they are presented makes a treatise of more than common interest.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND "PUNCH." By WALTER JERROLD. Macmillan. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

The prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him that hears it; and by some inscrutable law of humour, the jest of one generation seldom "prospers" in the next. Is there anything drearier to-day than the admired wit of the eighteenth century—unless, indeed, it be the admired wit of the Early Victorian epoch? Jerrold made some neat hits, the best of them, it is to be feared, tinged with malice, for he seems to have been a quarrelsome person. His contributions to *Punch* were not always so spontaneous, and a stout volume composed largely of the painful puns and turgid sentiment which constituted the staple of the Early Charivarian humorist is hard reading.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE KILTARTAN MOLIÈRE. By LADY GREGORY. Maunsel. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Lady Gregory challenges all our prejudices by offering us these plays of Molière done into an Irish brogue. Her brogue, however, is a brogue of idiom, not of misspelling—a brogue, and every one who has seen her plays knows, which is an admirable instrument of comedy. In the result, we doubt whether the humour of *The Miser*, *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, and *The Rogueries of Scapin*—the three plays translated here—has ever been so richly conveyed into English before. Mr. W. B. Yeats defends this translation into the Kiltartan dialect on the ground that "in vital translation . . . a work of art does not go upon its travels; it is reborn in a strange land." Molière reborn into Anglo-Ireland is successful beyond anything we could have believed possible.

POEMS AND DRAMAS. By FIONA MACLEOD. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

This is the last volume of the uniform edition of "Fiona Macleod's" works. It is in some ways the least satisfactory. These poems do not suggest an authentic and first-hand vision. Much of "Fiona Macleod's" prose can still be read with pleasure, but, apart from an occasional poem, the poetry has lost most of its early glamour.

THE NEW INFERNO. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Lane. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a very honest piece of ethical verse, giving us a modern man's conception of hell. It is not altogether a success, however, for the author's imagination is less strong than his moral instinct. His sincerity grips us, however, in his description of the return of lecherous and

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drunken souls to their old haunts of sin in London, and the enjoyment they get from watching newer generations following the ancient vices. Napoleon's glacier-hell, too, is effective enough as a stage-picture. There is no reason why *The New Inferno* should not achieve a popular success.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE. Edited by A. D. GODLEY. Henry Frowde. *3s. 6d.*

If Mr. Tom Moore had written nothing but humorous verse, he would probably have a much less questionable reputation to-day. Moore himself, it seems, wished to be judged by his prose rather than by his verse, but, as Mr. Godley sees, it is as a rhyming wit that he is most likely to survive. The present volume will put many readers for the first time in possession of Moore's collected *jeux d'esprit*, as well as of the more ordinary body of his work. Many of his jests at the Peerage are sharp for use at the present day. Mr. Godley, though he adopts a somewhat superior attitude to things Irish, gives us a brilliant and acute study of Moore's talent in this introduction to the book.

THE CHANT OF THE STONE WALL. By HELM KELLER. Hodder and Stoughton. *2s. 6d.* net.

This is a notable and a deeply moving work. Miss Keller sings of the stone wall (one of the rough walls that divide field from field near her home in New England) because, being blind, she makes it her guide and it is thus a link to her with Nature; further, because of the kinship she feels in it with the character of those old Puritans, the early settlers and first builders; and lastly, though this is hardly alluded to, because in its darkness and mute endurance it reminds her of herself. She calls her work an epic, and, brief as it is, it is hardly less.

POEMS AND BALLADS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. London: John Murray. *3s. 6d.* net.

Mr. Stacpoole rhymes fluently and pleasantly, but he is not a poet. He puts us into a delightful atmosphere of romance and then as likely as not lets us down with any sentimental platitude that happens to rhyme. He will write you a swinging song about anything you mention in the beautiful past without having any very definite ideas on the subject. There is something in his poems that suggests the facility of the three-colour process, the charming effect of which may vanish at any moment for want of care and taste.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MRS. HORACE DOBELL. Smith, Elder and Co. *10s. 6d.* net.

In this edition of Mrs. Dobell's works, much is retained that might, with advantage to the authoress, have been left unpublished. The biographical sketch which precedes the poems, for instance, is lengthened by the retention of a number of early efforts which, save that they indicate a desire to write verse, serve no purpose but that of tempting the reader to skip a page. Throughout the book, too, are many verses which Mrs. Dobell herself would, on mature reflection, have condemned as unworthy of perpetuation in a collected edition.

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This impression is given by the real poetic value of many verses. Too often the note is one of gloom rather than of gladness, and too often strength is sacrificed to ornate expression, but there remain, after these defects have been estimated, fine expressions of the spirit of poetry. Because of them, Mrs. Dobell deserves a greater place than she is likely to win among the versifiers of her time. A judicious selection from the mass which this volume embodies would have done more than these collected works are likely to achieve in the direction of giving her the place she deserves.

THE RUBÁ'IYÁT OF HAFIZ. Translated with introduction by SYED ABDUL MAJID, LL.D. Rendered into English verse by L. CRANMER-BYNG Wisdom of the East Series. London. John Murray. 1*s.* net.

The latest volume in the Wisdom of the East Series is a welcome version of some of the Rubái'yát of Hafiz, a poet undoubtedly richer in thought and language than Omar. Mr. Majid's introduction is particularly interesting, and we are fascinated by some of the literal translations he gives, which retain some of the form as well as the thought of the original. Unfortunately these rather shake our confidence in Mr. Cranmer-Byng; when he is most poetical we suspect him of being farthest from Hafiz.

VERSES. By HILAIRE BELLOC. London. Duckworth and Co. 5*s.* net.

We have had a long time to wait for Mr. Belloc's poems and now that they have arrived we are a little disappointed to find that we have seen them all or nearly all before. Of course we wanted a "collected edition," bringing together such scattered treasures as "The South Country" and the "West Sussex Drinking Song" from *The Book of the Horace Club*, and the "Balliol Song" from *The Nation*. But we hoped that with these would appear a larger number of hitherto unpublished. As it is we actually have the impression that Mr. Belloc (who surely before he went into Parliament used to write a song or a sonnet every day after dinner) has had to search and scrape to find as many poems as are here included. Surely, for instance, the "Newdigate Prize Poem" and the "Yellow Mustard" and "The End of the Road" are better in their respective places in *Lambkin's Remains* and *Caliban* and *The Path to Rome*, and the various dedicatory poems more appropriate in the books they were meant to dedicate. And as the books from which these verses are cut are not even mentioned many of them will seem rather pointless.

But in all moods Mr. Belloc is delightful: singing or poesy seems to be one of his natural functions, whether he is defending his friends—("Remote and ineffectual Don, that dared attack my Chesterton")—enjoying wine and the beauty of the world, or attacking all that is ugly and mean and strong in modern life: in satire, indeed, we do not believe any living writer can equal Mr. Belloc's powerful indignation and lambent wit; and we think our belief justified by the first poem in this book, "To Dives."

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietor will not be responsible for the loss of, or damage or any other accidents that may occur to, the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration.

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